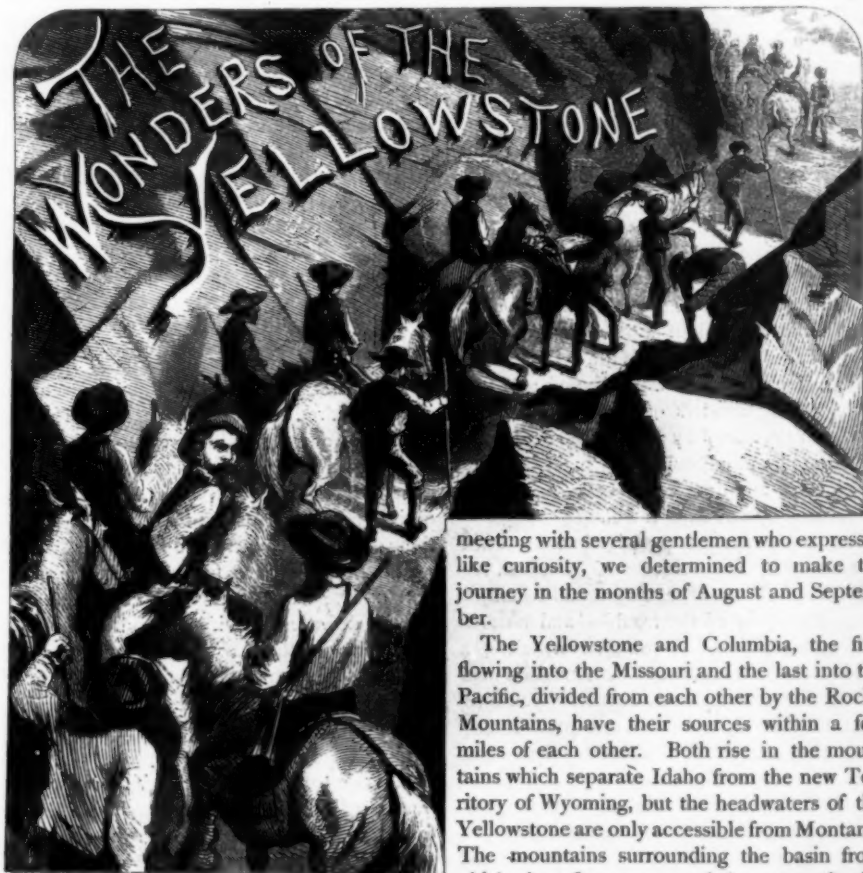


SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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NO. I.



I HAD indulged, for several years, a great curiosity to see the wonders of the upper valley of the Yellowstone. The stories told by trappers and mountaineers of the natural phenomena of that region were so strange and marvelous that, as long ago as 1866, I first contemplated the possibility of organizing an expedition for the express purpose of exploring it. During the past year,

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meeting with several gentlemen who expressed like curiosity, we determined to make the journey in the months of August and September.

The Yellowstone and Columbia, the first flowing into the Missouri and the last into the Pacific, divided from each other by the Rocky Mountains, have their sources within a few miles of each other. Both rise in the mountains which separate Idaho from the new Territory of Wyoming, but the headwaters of the Yellowstone are only accessible from Montana. The mountains surrounding the basin from which they flow are very lofty, covered with pines, and on the southeastern side present to the traveler a precipitous wall of rock, several thousand feet in height. This barrier prevented Captain Reynolds from visiting the headwaters of the Yellowstone while prosecuting an expedition planned by the Government and placed under his command, for the purpose of exploring that river, in 1859.

The source of the Yellowstone is in a

magnificent lake, nearly 9,000 feet above the level of the ocean. In its course of 1,300 miles to the Missouri, it falls about 7,200 feet. Its upper waters flow through deep cañons and gorges, and are broken by immense cataracts and fearful rapids, presenting at various points some of the grandest scenery on the continent. This country is entirely volcanic, and abounds in boiling springs, mud volcanoes, huge mountains of sulphur, and geysers more extensive and numerous than those of Iceland.

Old mountaineers and trappers are great romancers. I have met with many, but never one who was not fond of practicing upon the credulity of those who listened to his adventures. Bridger, than whom perhaps no man has experienced more of wild mountain life, has been so much in the habit of embellishing his Indian adventures, that they are received by all who know him with many grains of allowance. This want of faith will account for the skepticism with which the oft-repeated stories of the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone were received by people who had lived within one hundred and twenty miles of them, and who at any time could have established their verity by ten days' travel.

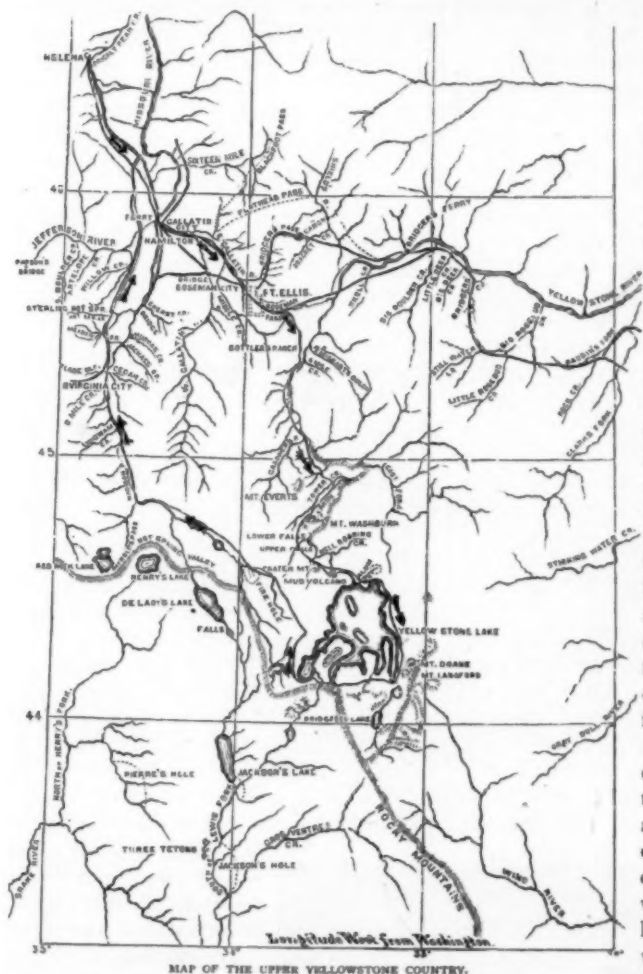
Our company, composed of some of the officials and leading citizens of Montana, felt that if the half was true, they would be amply compensated for all the troubles and hazards of the expedition. It was, nevertheless, a serious undertaking, and as the time drew near for our departure, several who had been foremost to join us, upon the receipt of intelligence that a large party of Indians had come into the Upper Yellowstone valley, found excuse for their withdrawal in various emergent occupations, so that when the day for our departure arrived, our company was reduced in numbers to nine, and consisted of the following-named gentlemen: General H. D. Washburn, who served with distinction during the war of the rebellion, and subsequently represented the Clinton District of Indiana in the Congress of the United States; Samuel T. Hauser, President of the First National Bank of Helena; Cornelius Hedges, a leading member of the bar of Montana; Hon. Truman C. Everts, late United States Assess-

or for Montana; Walter Trumbull, son of Senator Trumbull; Ben. Stickney, Jr.; Warren C. Gillette; Jacob Smith, and the writer.

The preparation was simple. Each man was supplied with a strong horse, well equipped with California saddle, bridle, and cantinas. A needle-gun, a belt filled with cartridges, a pair of revolvers, a hunting-knife, added to the usual costume of the mountains, completed the personal outfit of each member of the expedition. When mounted and ready to start, we resembled more a band of brigands than sober men in search of natural wonders. Our provisions, consisting of bacon, dried fruit, flour, &c., were securely lashed to the backs of twelve bronchos, which were placed in charge of a couple of packers. We also employed two colored boys as cooks.

Major-General Hancock, in favorable response to our application for a military escort, had given orders for a company of cavalry to accompany us, which we expected to join at Fort Ellis, in the Gallatin Valley—a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Helena. We were none the less obliged to Gen. Hancock for his prompt compliance with our application for an escort, because of his own desire, previously expressed, to learn something of the country we explored which would be of service to him in the disposition of the troops under his command, for frontier defense; and if the result of our explorations in the least contributed to that end, we still remain the debtor of that officer for his courtesy and kindness, without which we might have failed altogether in our undertaking.

Our ride to Fort Ellis, through a well-settled portion of the Territory, was accomplished in four days. That portion of the valleys of the Missouri and Gallatin through which we passed, dotted with numerous ranches, presented large fields of wheat, oats, potatoes, and other evidences of thrift common in agricultural districts. Large droves of cattle were feeding upon the bunch grass which carpeted the valleys and foot-hills. Even the mountains, so wild, solemn, and unsocial a few years ago, seemed to be domesticated as they reared their familiar summits in long and continuous succession along the bordering uplands. At the



three forks, where the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin unite and form the Missouri, a thriving agricultural community has sprung up, which must eventually grow into a town of considerable importance. Entering the magnificent valley of the Gallatin at this point, our course up the river lay through one of the finest agricultural regions on the continent. The soil is remarkably fertile, and the valley stretches away on either side, a distance of twenty miles, to immense mountain ranges, which traverse its entire length, enclosing a territory as large as one of the larger New

England States, every foot of which is susceptible of the highest cultivation.

Bozeman, a picturesque village of seven hundred inhabitants, situated at the foot of the Belt Range of mountains, is considered one of the most important prospective business locations in Montana. It is near the mouth of one of the few mountain passes of the Territory deemed practicable for railroad improvement. Its inhabitants are patiently awaiting the time when the cars of the "Northern Pacific" shall descend into their streets. The village is neatly built of wood and brick. Its surroundings are magnificent. The eye can distinctly trace the mountains by which it is encircled, a distance of four hundred miles.

Fort Ellis, three miles distant, is built upon a table of land elevated above the valley, and which overlooks it for a great distance. Our party was welcomed by Colonel Baker, the commandant, and we pitched our tent near the post.

On the morning succeeding our arrival we were informed that, owing to the absence on duty of most of the soldiers, a fraction of a company—five cavalymen and a lieutenant in command—were all that could be afforded for our escort; but, realizing that a small body of white men can more easily elude a band of Indians than can a large party, and without hesitating to consider the possible defense which we could make against a war party of hostile Sioux with this limited number, we declared ourselves satisfied, and took our departure for the *terra incognita* as fully

assured of a successful journey as if our number had been multiplied by hundreds.

Our pack-horses were brought up and their loads fastened to them with that incredible rapidity and skill which is the result only of life-long practice. The dexterity with which a skillful packer will load and unload his horses is remarkable. The rope is thrown around the body of the animal and securely fastened in less time than it takes to tell it. No matter what the character of the beast, wild or tame, it is under the perfect control of its master. The broncho is, however, a refractory customer. He has many tricks, unknown to his well-trained brother of the East. Bucking is a frequent vice, for which there is small remedy; but, as was proved in a single instance on the morning we left the fort, that horse must be more expert than was any in our train who can foil an experienced packer. Every leap of the enraged brute only increased the tension of the cord which bound and finally subdued him, and rendered him tractable.

Once under way, our little company, now increased to nineteen, presented quite a formidable appearance, as by dint of whip and spur our steeds gayly wheeled across the plain towards the mountains. After a tedious ride of several hours up steep acclivities, over rocks, and through dark defiles, we at length passed over the summit of the mountain

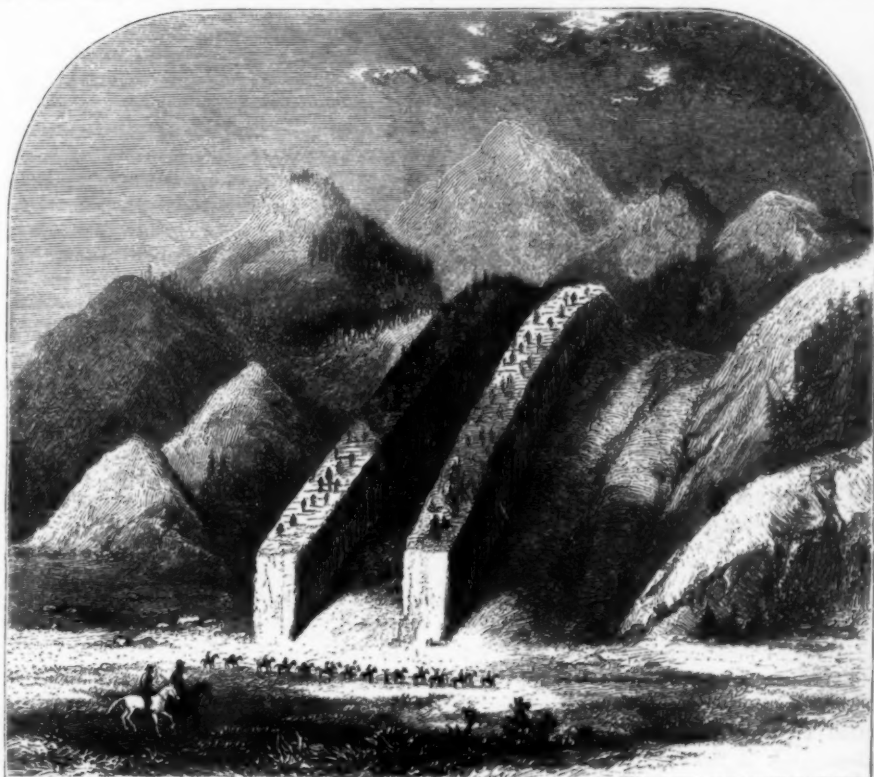
range, took a last look of the beautiful valley of the Gallatin, and descended into a ravine coursed by the waters of Trail Creek. Following this two days, we came to the Yellowstone, up which we rode to the solitary ranch of the brothers Boteler—the last abode of civilized man in the direction of our travels. These hardy mountaineers received and entertained us in hearty mountain style—giving us the best of everything their ranch afforded, together with a great deal of information and advice about the country, which we afterwards found to be invaluable. The Botelers belong to that class of pioneers, of which there are many in the new Territories, who are only satisfied when their location and field of operations are a little in advance of civilization—exposed to privation and danger—and yet unite with these discomforts some advantages of hunting, trapping, and fishing not enjoyed by men contented to dwell in safety. Free-hearted, jolly and brave, living upon such means as the country afforded, accustomed to roam for days and weeks in the mountains in pursuit of game and furs, their experience renewed our courage, and the descriptions which they gave us of the wonders they had seen increased our curiosity. It was not pleasant, however, to learn that twenty-five lodges of Crows had gone up the valley a few days before our arrival, or to be told by a trapper whom we met that he had

been robbed by them, and, in common parlance, "been set on foot," by having his horse and provisions stolen.

In anticipation of possible trouble from this source, we organized our company, and elected Gen. H. D. Washburn, Surveyor-General of Montana, commander. It was understood that we should make but one march each day—starting at 8 A.M., and camping at 3 P.M. This obviated the necessity of unpacking and cooking a dinner. At night the horses were to be carefully picketed, a fire built



ONE GUARD.



THE DEVIL'S SLIDE, MONTANA.

beyond them, and two of the company to keep guard until one o'clock; then to be relieved by two others, who were to watch until daylight. This divided the labor among fourteen, who were to serve as picket-men twice each week.

These precautionary measures being fully understood, we left Boteler's, plunging at once into the vast unknown which lay before us. Following the slight Indian trail, we traveled near the bank of the river, amid the wildest imaginable scenery of river, rock, and mountain. The foot-hills were covered with verdure, which an autumnal sun had sprinkled with maroon-colored tints, very delicate and beautiful. The path was narrow, rocky, and uneven, frequently leading over high hills, in ascent and descent more or less abrupt and difficult. The increasing altitude of the route was more perceptible than any over which

we had ever traveled, and the river, whenever visible, was a perfect mountain torrent.*

While descending a hill into one of the broad openings of the valley, our attention was suddenly arrested by half a dozen or more mounted Indians, who were riding down the foot-hills on the opposite side of the river. Two of our company, who had lingered behind, came up with the information that they had seen several more making observations from behind a small butte, from which they fled in great haste on being discovered. They soon rode down on the plateau to a point where their horses were hobbled, and for a long time watched our party as it continued its course of travel up the river. Our camp was guarded that night with more than ordinary vigilance. A hard rain-storm, which set in early, in the afternoon and continued



COLUMBIAN ROCK.

through the night, may have saved us from an attack by these prowlers.

When we started the next morning, Gen. Washburn detailed four of our company to guard the pack train, while he, with four others, rode in advance to make the most practicable selection of routes. Six miles above our camp we ascended the spur of a mountain, which came down boldly to the river's edge. From its summit we had a beautiful view of the valley stretched out before us—the river fringed with cottonwood trees—the foot-hills covered with luxuriant, many-tinted herbage, and over all the snow-crowned summits of the mountains, many miles away, but seemingly rising from the midst of the plateau at our feet. Looking up the river, the valley opened widely, and from the rock on which we stood was visible the train of pack-horses, slowly winding their way along the sinuous trail, which followed the inequalities of the mountain-side. The whole formed a scene of great interest. Pursuing our course a few miles farther, we camped just below the lower cañon of the river. Our hunters provided us with a sumptuous meal of antelope, rabbit, duck, grouse, and trout.

The night was very cold, the mercury stand-

ing at 40° when we broke camp, at eight o'clock the next morning. We remained some time at the lower cañon of the Yellowstone, which, as a single isolated piece of scenery, is very beautiful. It is less than a mile in length, and perhaps does not exceed 1,000 feet in depth. Its walls are vertical, and, seen from the summit of the precipice, the river seems forced through a narrow gorge, and is surging and boiling at a fearful rate—the water breaking into millions of prismatic drops against every projecting rock.

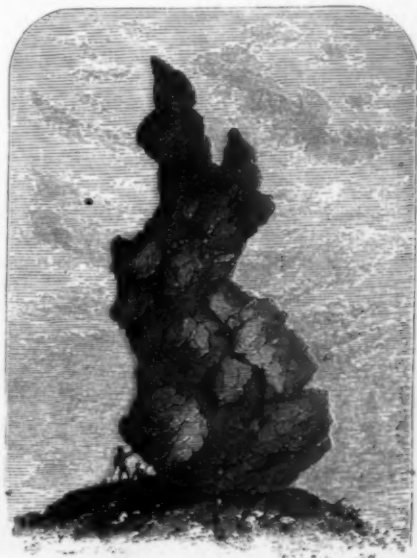
After traveling six miles over the mountains above the cañon, we again descended into a broad and open valley, skirted by a level upland for several miles. Here an object met our attention which deserves more than a casual notice. It was two parallel vertical walls of rock, projecting from the side of a mountain to the height of 125 feet, traversing the mountain from base to summit, a distance of 1,500 feet. These walls were not to exceed thirty feet in width, and their tops for the whole length were crowned with a growth of pines. The sides were as even as if they had been worked by line and plumb—the whole space between, and on either side of them, having been completely eroded and washed

away. We had seen many of the capricious works wrought by erosion upon the friable rocks of Montana, but never before upon so majestic a scale. Here an entire mountain-side, by wind and water, had been removed, leaving as the evidences of their protracted toil these vertical projections, which, but for their immensity, might as readily be mistaken for works of art as of nature. Their smooth sides, uniform width and height, and great length, considered in connection with the causes which had wrought their insulation, excited our wonder and admiration. They were all the more curious because of their dissimilarity to any other striking objects in natural scenery that we had ever seen or heard of. In future years, when the wonders of the Yellowstone are incorporated into the family of fashionable resorts, there will be few of its attractions surpassing in interest this marvelous freak of the elements. For some reason, best understood by himself, one of our companions gave to these rocks the name of the "Devil's Slide." The suggestion was unfortunate, as, with more reason perhaps, but with no better taste, we frequently had occasion to appropriate other portions of the person of his Satanic Majesty, or of his dominion, in signification of the varied marvels we met with. Some little excuse may be found for this in the fact that the old mountaineers and trappers who preceded us had been peculiarly lavish in the use of the infernal vocabulary. Every river and glen and mountain had suggested to their imaginations some fancied resemblance to portions of a region which their pious grandmothers had warned them to avoid. It is common for them, when speaking of this region, to designate portions of its physical features, as "Fire Hole Prairie,"—the "Devil's Glen,"—"Hell Roaring River," &c.—and these names, from a remarkable fitness of things, are not likely to be speedily superseded by others less impressive. We camped at the close of this day's travel near the southwestern corner of Montana, at the mouth of Gardiner's River.

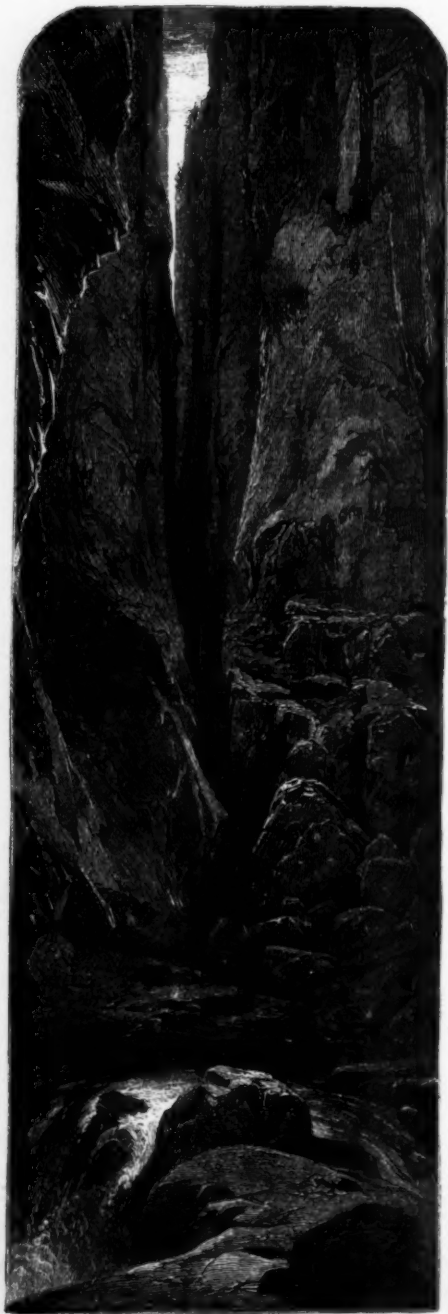
Crossing this stream the next morning, we passed over several rocky ridges into a valley which, for a long distance, was crowded with the spires of protruding rocks, which gave it

such a dismal aspect that we named it "The Valley of Desolation." The trail was so rough and mountainous that we were able to travel but six miles before the usual hour for camping. Much of the distance was through fallen timber, almost impassable by the pack train. A mile before camping we discovered on the trail the fresh tracks of unshod ponies, indicating that a party of Indians had recently passed over it. Lieutenant Doane, with one of our company, had left us in the morning, and did not come into camp this evening. One of our horses broke his lariat during the night and galloped through the camp, rousing the sleepers, who grasped their guns, supposing the Indians were really upon them.

We started early the next morning and soon struck the trail which had been traveled the preceding day by Lieutenant Doane. - It led over a more practicable route than the one we left. The marks made in the soil by the *travaux* (lodge-poles) on the side of the trail showed that it had been recently traveled by a number of lodges of Indians,—and a little colt, which we overtook soon after making the discovery, convinced us that we were in their immediate vicinity. Our party was separated, and if we had been attacked, our pack-train,



THE DEVIL'S HOOF.



THE GREAT CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

horses, and stores would have been an easy conquest. Fortunately we were unmolested, and, when again united, made a fresh resolution to travel as much in company as possible. All precautionary measures, however, unless enforced by the sternest discipline, are soon forgotten—and danger, until actually impending, is seldom borne in mind. A day had scarcely passed when we were as reckless as ever.

From the summit of a commanding range, which separated the waters of Antelope and Tower Creeks, we descended through a picturesque gorge, leading our horses to a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. Four miles of travel, a great part of it down the precipitous slopes of the mountain, brought us to the banks of Tower Creek, and within the volcanic region, where the wonders were supposed to commence. On the right of the trail our attention was first attracted by a small hot sulphur spring, a little below the boiling point in temperature. Leaving the spring we ascended a high ridge, from which the most noticeable feature, in a landscape of great extent and beauty, was Column Rock, stretching for two miles along the eastern bank of the Yellowstone. At the distance from which we saw it, we could compare it in appearance to nothing but a section of the Giant's Causeway. It was composed of successive pillars of basalt overlying and underlying a thick stratum of cement and gravel resembling pudding-stone. In both rows, the pillars, standing in close proximity, were each about thirty feet high and from three to five feet in diameter. This interesting object, more from the novelty of its formation and its beautiful surroundings of mountain and river scenery than anything grand or impressive in its appearance, excited our attention, until the gathering shades of evening reminded us of the necessity of selecting a suitable camp. We descended the declivity to the banks of Tower Creek, and camped on a rocky terrace one mile distant from, and four hundred feet above the Yellowstone.

Tower Creek is a mountain torrent flowing through a gorge about forty yards wide. Just below our camp it falls perpendicularly over an even ledge 112 feet, forming one of the most beautiful cataracts in the world. For some dis-



ROCK PINNACLES ABOVE TOWER FALLS.

tance above the fall the stream is broken into a great number of channels, each of which has worked a tortuous course through a compact body of shale to the verge of the precipice, where they re-unite and form the fall. The countless shapes into which the shale has been wrought by the action of the angry waters, add a feature of great interest to the scene. Spires of solid shale, capped with slate, beautifully rounded and polished, faultless in symmetry, raise their tapering forms to the height of from 80 to 150 feet, all over the plateau above the cataract. Some resemble towers, others the spires of churches, and others still shoot up as lithe and slender as the minarets of a mosque. Some of the loftiest of these formations, standing like sentinels upon the very brink of the fall, are accessible to an expert and adventurous climber. The position attained on one of their narrow summits, amid the uproar of waters and at a height of 250 feet above the boiling chasm, as the writer can affirm, requires a steady head and strong nerves; yet the view which rewards the temerity of the exploit is full of compensa-

tions. Below the fall the stream descends in numerous rapids, with frightful velocity, through a gloomy gorge, to its union with the Yellowstone. Its bed is filled with enormous boulders, against which the rushing waters break with great fury.

Many of the capricious formations wrought from the shale excite merriment as well as wonder. Of this kind especially was a huge mass sixty feet in height, which, from its supposed resemblance to the proverbial foot of his Satanic Majesty, we called the "Devil's Hoof." The scenery of mountain, rock, and forest surrounding the falls is very beautiful. Here, too, the hunter and fisherman can indulge their tastes with the certainty of ample reward. As a half-way resort to the greater wonders still farther up the marvelous river, the visitor of future years will find no more delightful resting-place. No account of this beautiful fall has ever been given by any of the former visitors to this region. The name of "Tower Falls," which we gave it, was suggested by some of the most conspicuous features of the scenery.



TOWER FALLS, ON TOWER CREEK, WYOMING.

Early the next morning several of our company left in advance, to explore a passage for our pack-train over the mountains, which were very steep and lofty. We had been following a bend in the river,—but as no sign of a change in its course was apparent, our object was, by finding a shorter route across the country, to avoid several days of toilsome travel. The advance party ascended a lofty peak,—by barometrical measurement, 10,580 feet above ocean level,—which, in honor of our commander, was called Mount Washburn. From its summit, 400 feet above the line of perpetual snow, we were able to trace the course of the river to its source in Yellowstone Lake. At the point where we crossed the line of vegetation the snow covered the

side of the apex of the mountain to the depth of twenty feet, and seemed to be as solid as the rocks upon which it rested. Descending the mountain, we came upon the trail made by the pack-train at its base, which we followed into camp at the head of a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. Following the stream in the direction of its mouth, at the distance of a mile below our camp, we crossed an immense bed of volcanic ashes, thirty feet deep, extending one hundred yards along both sides of the creek. Less than a mile beyond, we suddenly came upon a hideous-looking glen filled with the sulphurous vapor emitted from six or eight boiling springs of great size and activity. One of our company aptly compared it to the entrance to the infernal regions. It looked like nothing earthly we had ever seen, and the pungent fumes which filled the atmosphere were not unaccompanied by a disagreeable sense of possible suffocation. Entering the basin cautiously, we found the entire surface of the earth covered with the incrustated sinter thrown from the springs.

Jets of hot vapor were expelled through a hundred natural orifices with which it was pierced, and through every fracture made by passing over it. The springs themselves were as diabolical in appearance as the witches' caldron in Macbeth, and needed but the presence of Hecate and her weird band to realize that horrible creation of poetic fancy. They were all in a state of violent ebullition, throwing their liquid contents to the height of three or four feet. The largest had a basin twenty by forty feet in diameter. Its greenish-yellow water was covered with bubbles, which were constantly rising, bursting, and emitting sulphurous gas from various parts of its surface. The central spring seethed and bubbled like a boiling caldron. Fearful

volumes of vapor were constantly escaping it. Near it was another, not so large, but more infernal in appearance. Its contents, of the consistency of paint, were in constant noisy ebullition. A stick thrust into it, on being withdrawn, was coated with lead-colored slime a quarter of an inch in thickness. Nothing flows from this spring. Seemingly, it is boiling down. A fourth spring, which exhibited the same physical features, was partly covered by an overhanging ledge of rock. We tried to fathom it, but the bottom was beyond the reach of the longest pole we could find. Rocks cast into it increased the agitation of its waters. There were several other springs in the group, smaller in size, but presenting the same characteristics.

The approach to them was unsafe, the incrustation surrounding them bending in many places beneath our weight,—and from the fractures thus created would ooze a sulphury slime of the consistency of mucilage. It was with great difficulty that we obtained specimens from the natural apertures with which the crust is filled,—a feat which was accomplished by one only of our party, who extended himself at full length upon that portion of the incrustation which yielded the least, but which was not sufficiently strong to bear his weight while in an upright position, and at imminent risk of sinking into the infernal mixture, rolled over and over to the edge of the opening, and with the crust slowly bending and sinking beneath him, hurriedly secured the coveted prize.

There was something so revolting in the general appearance of the springs and their surroundings—the foulness of the vapors, the infernal contents, the treacherous incrustation, the noisy ebullition, the general appearance of desolation, and the seclusion and wildness of the location—that, though awe-struck, we were not unreluctant to continue our journey without making them a second visit. They

were probably never before seen by white man. The name of "Hell Broth Springs," which we gave them, fully expressed our appreciation of their character.

Our journey the next day still continued through a country until then untraveled. Owing to the high lateral mountain spurs, the numerous ravines, and the interminable patches of fallen timber, we made very slow progress; but when the hour for camping arrived we were greatly surprised to find ourselves descending the mountain along the banks of a beautiful stream in the immediate vicinity of the Great Falls of the Yellowstone. This stream, which we called Cascade Creek, is very rapid. Just before its union with the river it passes through a gloomy gorge, of abrupt descent, which on either side is filled with continuous masses of obsidian that have been worn by the water into many fantastic shapes and cavernous recesses. This we named "The Devil's Den." Near the foot of the gorge the creek breaks from fearful rapids into a cascade of great beauty. The first fall of five feet is immediately succeeded by another of fifteen, into a pool as clear as amber, nestled beneath over-arching rocks. Here it lingers as if half reluctant to continue its course, and then gracefully emerges from the grotto, and, veiling the rocks down an abrupt descent of eighty-four feet, passes rapidly on to the



GETTING A SPECIMEN.

Yellowstone. It received the name of "Crystal."

The Great Falls are at the head of one of the most remarkable cañons in the world—a gorge through volcanic rocks fifty miles long, and varying from one thousand to nearly five thousand feet in depth. In its descent through this wonderful chasm the river falls almost three thousand feet. At one point, where the passage has been worn through a mountain range, our hunters assured us it was more than a vertical mile in depth, and the river, broken into rapids and cascades, appeared no wider than a ribbon. The brain reels as we gaze into this profound and solemn solitude.* We shrink from the dizzy verge appalled, glad to feel the solid earth under our feet, and venture no more, except with forms extended, and faces barely protruding over the edge of the precipice. The stillness is horrible. Down, down, down, we see the river attenuated to a thread, tossing its miniature waves, and dashing, with puny strength, the massive walls which imprison it. All access to its margin is denied, and the dark gray rocks hold it in dismal shadow.

Even the voice of its waters in their convulsive agony cannot be heard. Uncheered by plant or shrub, obstructed with massive boulders and by jutting points, it rushes madly on its solitary course, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the rocky firmament. The solemn grandeur of the scene surpasses description. It must be seen to be felt. The sense of danger with which it impresses you is harrowing in the extreme. You feel the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence. If you could only hear that gurgling river, if you could see a living tree in the depth beneath you, if a bird would fly past, if the wind would move any object in the awful chasm, to break for a moment the solemn silence that reigns there, it would relieve that tension of the nerves which the scene



LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING: (350 FEET IN HEIGHT.)

has excited, and you would rise from your prostrate condition and thank God that he had permitted you to gaze, unharmed, upon this majestic display of natural architecture. As it is, sympathizing in spirit with the deep gloom of the scene, you crawl from the dreadful verge, scared lest the firm rock give way beneath and precipitate you into the horrid gulf.

We had been told by trappers and mountaineers that there were cataracts in this vicinity a thousand feet high; but, if so, they must be lower down the cañon, in that portion of it which, by our journey across the bend in the river, we failed to see. We regretted, when too late, that we had not made a fuller exploration—for by no other theory than that there was a stupendous fall below us,

or that the river was broken by a continued succession of cascades, could we account for a difference of nearly 3,000 feet in altitude between the head and the mouth of the cañon. In that part of the cañon which we saw, the inclination of the river was marked by frequent falls fifteen and twenty feet in height, sufficient, if continuous through it, to accomplish the entire descent.

The fearful descent into this terrific cañon was accomplished with great difficulty by Messrs. Hauser and Stickney, at a point about two miles below the falls. By trigonometrical measurement they found the chasm at that point to be 1,190 feet deep. Their ascent from it was perilous, and it was only by making good use of hands and feet, and keeping the nerves braced to the utmost tension, that they were enabled to clamber up the precipitous rocks to a safe landing-place. The effort was successfully made, but none others of the company were disposed to venture.

From a first view of the cañon we followed the river to the falls. A grander scene than the lower cataract of the Yellowstone was never witnessed by mortal eyes. The volume seemed to be adapted to all the harmonies of the surrounding scenery. Had it been greater or smaller it would have been less impressive. The river, from a width of two hundred feet above the fall, is compressed by converging rocks to one hundred and fifty feet, where it takes the plunge. The shelf over which it falls is as level and even as a work of art. The height, by actual line measurement, is a few inches more than 350 feet. It is a sheer, compact, solid, perpendicular sheet, faultless in all the elements of grandeur and picturesque beauties. The cañon which commences at the upper fall, half a mile above this cataract, is here a thousand feet in depth. Its vertical sides rise gray and dark above the fall to shelving summits, from which one can look down into the boiling, spray-filled chasm, enlivened with rainbows, and glittering like a shower of diamonds. From a shelf protruding over the stream, 500 feet below the top of the cañon, and 180 above the verge of the cataract, a member of our company, lying prone upon the rock, let down a cord with a stone attached

into the gulf, and measured its profoundest depths. The life and sound of the cataract, with its sparkling spray and fleecy foam, contrasts strangely with the sombre stillness of the cañon a mile below. There all was darkness, gloom, and shadow; here all was vivacity, gayety, and delight. One was the most unsocial, the other the most social scene in nature. We could talk, and sing, and whoop, waking the echoes with our mirth and laughter in presence of the falls, but we could not thus profane the silence of the cañon. Seen through the cañon below the falls, the river for a mile or more is broken by rapids and cascades of great variety and beauty.

Between the lower and upper falls the cañon is two hundred to nearly four hundred feet deep. The river runs over a level bed of rock, and is undisturbed by rapids until near the verge of the lower fall. The upper fall is entirely unlike the other, but in its peculiar character equally interesting. For some distance above it the river breaks into frightful rapids. The stream is narrowed between the rocks as it approaches the brink, and bounds with impatient struggles for release, leaping through the stony jaws, in a sheet of snow-white foam, over a precipice nearly perpendicular, 115 feet high. Midway in its descent the entire volume of water is carried, by the sloping surface of an intervening ledge, twelve or fifteen feet beyond the vertical base of the precipice, gaining therefrom a novel and interesting feature. The churning of the water upon the rocks reduces it to a mass of foam and spray, through which all the colors of the solar spectrum are reproduced in astonishing profusion. What this cataract lacks in sublimity is more than compensated by picturesqueness. The rocks which overshadow it do not veil it from the open light. It is up amid the pine foliage which crowns the adjacent hills, the grand feature of a landscape unrivaled for beauties of vegetation as well as of rock and glen. The two confronting rocks, overhanging the verge at the height of a hundred feet or more, could be readily united by a bridge, from which some of the grandest views of natural scenery in the world could be obtained—while just in front of, and within reaching distance of the arrowy water, from



UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING.

a table one-third of the way below the brink of the fall, all its nearest beauties and terrors may be caught at a glance.

We rambled around the falls and cañon two days, and left them with the unpleasant conviction that the greatest wonder of our journey had been seen.

We indulged in a last and lingering glance at the falls on the morning of the first day of Autumn. The sun shone brightly, and the laughing waters of the upper fall were filled with the glitter of rainbows and diamonds. Nature, in the excess of her prodigality, had seemingly determined that this last look should

be the brightest, for there was everything in the landscape, illuminated by the rising sun, to invite a longer stay. Even the dismal cañon, so dark and gray and still, reflected here and there on its vertical surface patches of sunshine, as much as to say, "See what I can do when I try." Everything had "put a jocund humor on." Long vistas of light broke through the pines which crowned the contiguous mountains, and the snow-crowned peaks in the distance glistened like crystal. Catching the spirit of the scene, we laughed and sung, and whooped as we rambled hurriedly from point to point, lingering only when

the final moment came to receive the very last impression.

At length we turned our backs upon the scene, and wended our way slowly up the river-bank along a beaten trail. The last vestige of the rapids disappeared at the distance of half a mile above the Upper Fall. The river, expanded to the width of 400 feet, rolled peacefully between low verdant banks. The water for some distance was of that emerald hue which is so distinguishing a feature of Niagara. The bottom was pebbly, and but for the treacherous quicksands and crevices, of which it was full, we could easily have forded the stream at any point between the falls and our camping-place. We crossed a little creek strongly impregnated with alum,—and three miles beyond found ourselves in the midst of volcanic wonders of great variety and profusion. The region was filled with boiling springs and craters. Two hills, each 300 feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile across, had been formed wholly of the sinter thrown from adjacent springs—lava, sulphur, and reddish-brown clay. Hot streams of vapor were pouring from crevices scattered over them. Their surfaces answered in hollow intonations to every footstep, and in several places yielded to the weight of our horses. Steaming vapor rushed hissing from the fractures, and all around the natural vents large quantities of sulphur in crystallized form, perfectly pure, had been deposited. This could be readily gathered with pick and shovel. A great many exhausted craters dotted the hillside. One near the summit, still alive, changed its hues like steel under the process of tempering, to every kiss of the passing breeze. The hottest vapors were active beneath the incrustated surface everywhere. A thick leathern glove was no protection to the hand exposed to them. Around these immense thermal deposits, the country, for a great distance in all directions, is filled with boiling springs, all exhibiting separate characteristics.

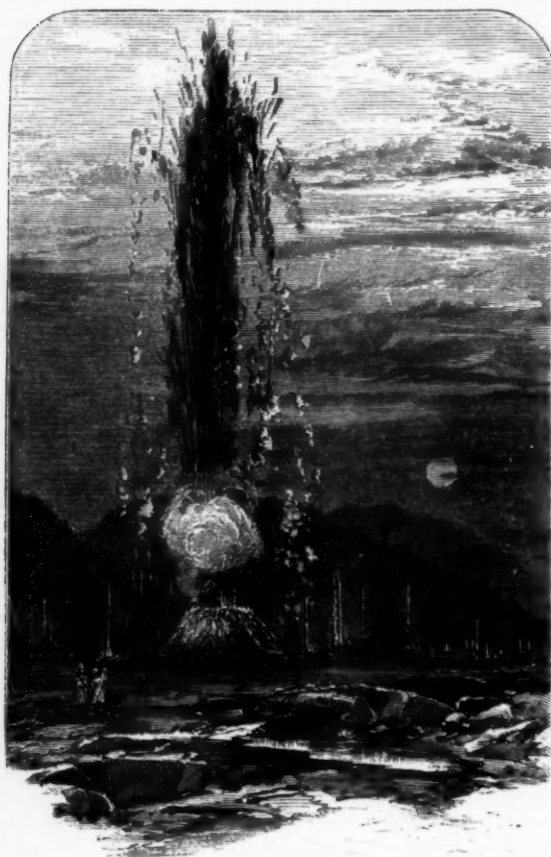
The most conspicuous of the cluster is a sulphur spring twelve by twenty feet in diameter, encircled by a beautifully scalloped sedimentary border, in which the water is thrown to a height of from three to seven feet. The regular formation of this border, and the

perfect shading of the scallops forming it, are among the most delicate and wonderful freaks of nature's handiwork. They look like an elaborate work of art. This spring is located at the western base of Crater Hill, above described, and the gentle slope around it for a distance of 300 feet is covered to considerable depth with a mixture of sulphur and brown lava. The moistened bed of a small channel, leading from the spring down the slope, indicated that it had recently overflowed.

A few rods north of this spring, at the base of the hill, is a cavern whose mouth is about seven feet in diameter, from which a dense jet of sulphurous vapor explodes with a regular report like a high-pressure engine. A little farther along we came upon another boiling spring, seventy feet long by forty wide, the water of which is dark and muddy, and in unceasing agitation.

About a hundred yards distant we discovered a boiling alum spring, surrounded with beautiful crystals, from the border of which we gathered a quantity of alum, nearly pure, but slightly impregnated with iron. The violent ebullition of the water had undermined the surrounding surface in many places, and for the distance of several feet from the margin had so thoroughly saturated the incrustation with its liquid contents, that it was unsafe to approach the edge. As one of our company was unconcernedly passing near the brink, the incrustation suddenly sloughed off beneath his feet. A shout of alarm from his comrades aroused him to a sense of his peril, and he only avoided being plunged into the boiling mixture by falling suddenly backward at full length upon the firm portion of the crust, and rolling over to a place of safety. His escape from a horrible death was most marvellous, and in another instant he would have been beyond all human aid. Our efforts to sound the depths of this spring with a pole thirty-five feet in length were fruitless.

Beyond this we entered a basin covered with the ancient deposit of some extinct crater, which contained about thirty springs of boiling clay. These unsightly caldrons varied in size from two to ten feet in diameter, their surfaces being from three to eight feet below the level of the plain. The contents of most of them were



THE MUD VOLCANO.

of the consistency of thick paint, which they greatly resembled, some being yellow, others pink, and others dark brown. This semi-fluid was boiling at a fearful rate, much after the fashion of a hasty-pudding in the last stages of completion. The bubbles, often two feet in height, would explode with a puff, emitting at each time a villainous smell of sulphuretted vapor. Springs six and eight feet in diameter, but four feet asunder, presented distinct phenomenal characteristics. There was no connection between them, above or below. The sediment varied in color, and not unfrequently there would be an inequality of five feet in their surfaces. Each, seemingly, was supplied with a separate force. They were embraced within a radius of 1,200 feet, which

was covered with a strong incrustation, the various vents in which emitted streams of heated vapor. Our silver watches, and other metallic articles, assumed a dark leaden hue. The atmosphere was filled with sulphurous gases, and the river opposite our camp was impregnated with the mineral bases of adjacent springs. The valley through which we had made our day's journey was level and beautiful, spreading away to grassy foot-hills, which terminated in a horizon of mountains.

We spent the next day in examining the wonders surrounding us. At the base of adjacent foot-hills we found three springs of boiling mud, the largest of which, forty feet in diameter, encircled by an elevated rim of solid tufa, resembles an immense caldron. The seething, bubbling contents, covered with steam, are five feet below the rim. The disgusting appearance of this spring is scarcely atoned for by the wonder with which it fills the beholder. The other two springs, much smaller, but presenting the same general features, are located near a large sulphur spring of milder temperature, but too hot for bathing.

On the brow of an adjacent hillock, amid the green pines, heated vapor issues in scorching jets from several craters and fissures. Passing over the hill, we struck a small stream of perfectly transparent water flowing from a cavern, the roof of which tapers back to the water, which is boiling furiously, at a distance of twenty feet from the mouth, and is ejected through it in uniform jets of great force. The sides and entrance of the cavern are covered with soft green sediment, which renders the rock on which it is deposited as soft and pliable as putty.

About two hundred yards from this cave is a most singular phenomenon, which we called the Muddy Geyser. It presents a funnel-shaped orifice, in the midst of a basin one

hundred and fifty feet in diameter, with sloping sides of clay and sand. The crater or orifice, at the surface, is thirty by fifty feet in diameter. It tapers quite uniformly to the depth of about thirty feet, where the water may be seen, when the geyser is in repose, presenting a surface of six or seven feet in breadth. The flow of this geyser is regular every six hours. The water rises gradually, commencing to boil when about half way to the surface, and occasionally breaking forth in great violence. When the crater is filled, it is expelled from it in a splashing, scattered mass, ten or fifteen feet in thickness, to the height of forty feet. The water is of a dark lead color, and deposits the substance it holds in solution in the form of miniature stalagmites upon the sides and top of the crater. As this was the first object which approached a geyser, we, naturally enough, regarded it with intense curiosity. The deposit contained in the water of this geyser comprises about one-fifteenth of its bulk, and an analysis of it, made by Prof. Augustus Steitz, of Montana, gives the following result:—Silica, 36.7; alumina, 52.4; oxide of iron, 1.8; oxide of calcium, 3.2; oxide of magnesia, 1.8; soda and potassa, 4.1 = 100.

While returning by a new route to our camp, dull, thundering sounds, which General Washburn likened to frequent discharges of a distant mortar, broke upon our ears. We followed their direction, and found them to

proceed from a mud volcano, which occupied the slope of a small hill, embowered in a grove of pines. Dense volumes of steam shot into the air with each report, through a crater thirty feet in diameter. The reports, though irregular, occurred as often as every five seconds, and could be distinctly heard half a mile. Each alternate report shook the ground a distance of two hundred yards or more, and the massive jets of vapor which accompanied them burst forth like the smoke of burning gunpowder. It was impossible to stand on the edge of that side of the crater opposite the wind, and one of our party, Mr. Hedges, was rewarded for his temerity in venturing too near the rim, by being thrown by the force of the volume of steam violently down the outer side of the crater. From hasty views, afforded by occasional gusts of wind, we could see at a depth of sixty feet the regurgitating contents.

This volcano, as is evident from the freshness of the vegetation and the particles of dried clay adhering to the topmost branches of the trees surrounding it, is of very recent formation. Probably it burst forth but a few months ago. Its first explosion must have been terrible. We saw limbs of trees 125 feet high encased in clay, and found its scattered contents two hundred feet from it. We closed this day's labor by a visit to several other springs, so like those already described that they require no special notice.

(To be continued.)

UNRECONCILED.

At morn he stood before her,
With heart and tongue aflame,
To her entreating glances
No kiss replying came.

At night he leaned above her—
White embers lacking flame,—
To his belated kisses
No answering kisses came.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

TO THE EDITOR: You with much urgency beg me to give you some reminiscences of the Brontë family.

The life of Charlotte Brontë, viewed apart from her high gifts and genius as an authoress, was a very unsensational life; for the most part it was a life of domestic duty, self-sacrifice, fidelity to whatever she believed to be right, fortitude in suffering, and patient resignation under all inevitable trials; and these are not elements of attraction to readers who care for excitement. What is said of Charlotte may, with almost equal truth, be said of Emily and Anne; though they differed greatly in many points of character and disposition, they were each and all on common ground if a *principle* had to be maintained or a *sham* to be detected. They were all jealous of anything hollow or unreal. All were resolutely single-minded, eminently courageous, eminently simple in their habits, and eminently tender-hearted.

For many years past I have from time to time received urgent requests from your countrymen (who have at all times evinced the highest appreciation of Charlotte Brontë's writings) for a further publication of her letters.

In 1867 some communication arose on the subject with your now lamented countryman, Henry J. Raymond. He wrote to intimate he should possibly see me on this subject in England, while on his way to join some members of his family in Europe. He advised a further publication of C. B.'s letters, said "they would in any case be a considerable success," and begged to assure me that "he should be glad to aid in the enterprise as far as it might be in his power." I had entertained strong doubts as to the desirability of adding (at least for some time to come) to the letters already given in the *Memoir* (which were many more than were at first anticipated), when close upon Mr. Raymond's advice another kind of urgency rose up, which has often been very active among some of C. B.'s warmest admirers.

With painful frequency it has been said to me, "Why do not you defend your friend's memory from the oft-made charge of irreligion?" Every chord of affection vibrated in response to such an appeal, soothed however, for the time, by the promise to one's self that, on some future day, her own letters should be her defence, *after* (as I thought) my own web of life had run its course. But a series of events (which I need not specify) seemed to call, and to call so repeatedly, I could no longer refuse or delay to set about giving, as a tribute of justice to herself, a few more of her own words, the words of her *heart* and *feelings*, as they were elicited by the common accidents and incidents of daily life. The doing of this involves some sacrifice; but to shrink from possible annoyance or discomfort when duly called upon in defence of one we have loved, is indeed to be cowardly and craven-hearted, and unworthy of Charlotte Brontë's faithful love and friendship.

It is hoped the few more letters now given* will not fail to show with deep truth that her religion, though it did not manifest itself in phraseology and shibboleth, yet existed in a higher and better sense, finding its expression in the thought and action which springs from trustful, obedient faith. Why should she be condemned on points of doctrine which she had no call to pronounce? Why question her faith in our Saviour when her whole life was a practical illustration of His teachings,—her constant attendance at celebrations of the Holy Eucharist, a declaration of her faith in His atonement,—her self-sacrifice to duty, offered so freely and entirely without one thought of merit or of praise to be won, and this, too, when tempted by a combination of circumstance and affection which none of less religious principle could have resisted;—when she never shirked a duty because it was irksome, or advised another to do what she herself did not fully count the cost of doing,—above all, when her goodness was not of the stand-still order,—when there was new beauty, when there were new developments and growths of goodness to admire and attract in every succeeding renewal of intercourse,—when daily she was a Christian heroine, who bore her cross with the firmness of a martyr saint!

E.

SCHOOL DAYS AT ROE HEAD.

ARRIVING at school about a week after the general assembling of the pupils, I was not expected to accompany them when the time came for their daily exercise, but while they were out, I was led into the school-room, and quietly left to make my observations. I had come to the conclusion it was very nice and comfortable for a school-room, though I had little knowledge of school-rooms in general, when, turning to the window to observe the look-out I became aware for the first time that I was not alone; there was a silent, weeping, dark little figure in the large bay-window; she must, I thought, have risen from the floor. As soon as I had recovered from my surprise, I went from the far end of the room, where the book-shelves were, the contents of which I must have contemplated with a little awe in anticipation of coming studies. A crimson cloth covered the long table down the center of the room, which helped, no doubt, to hide the shrinking little

* [The letters referred to appeared in the last volume of *HOURS AT HOME*, although many of great interest still remain unpublished.—E.]



THE ROSE HEAD SCHOOL.

figure from my view. I was touched and troubled at once to see her so sad and so tearful.

I said *shrinking*, because her attitude, when I saw her, was that of one who wished to hide both herself and her grief. She did not shrink, however, when spoken to, but in very few words confessed she was "homesick." After a little of such comfort as could be offered, it was suggested to her that there was a possibility of her too having to comfort the speaker by and by for the same cause. A faint quivering smile then lighted her face; the tear-drops fell; we silently took each other's hands, and at once we felt that genuine sympathy which always consoles, even though it be unexpressed. We did not talk or stir till we heard the approaching footsteps of other pupils coming in from their play; it had been a game called "French and English," which was always very vigorously played, but in which Charlotte Brontë never could be induced to join. Perhaps the merry voices contesting for victory, which reached our ears in the school-room, jarred upon her then sensitive misery, and caused her ever after to dislike the game; but she was physically unequal to that exercise of muscle, which was keen enjoyment to strong, healthy girls, both older and younger than herself. Miss Wooler's system of education required that a good deal of her pupils' work should be done in classes, and to effect this, new pupils had

generally a season of solitary study; but Charlotte's fervent application made this period a very short one to her,—she was quickly up to the needful standard, and ready for the daily routine and arrangement of studies, and as quickly did she outstrip her companions, rising from the bottom of the classes to the top, a position which, when she had once gained, she never had to regain. She was first in everything but play, yet never was a word heard of envy or jealousy from her companions; every one felt she had won her laurels by an amount of diligence and hard labor of which they were incapable. She never exulted in her successes or seemed conscious of them; her mind was so wholly set on attaining knowledge that she apparently forgot all else.

Charlotte's appearance did not strike me at first as it did others. I saw her grief, not herself particularly, till afterwards. She never seemed to me the unattractive little person others designated her, but certainly she was at this time anything but *pretty*; even her good points were lost. Her naturally beautiful hair of soft silky brown being then dry and frizzy-looking, screwed up in tight little curls, showing features that were all the plainer from her exceeding thinness and want of complexion, she looked "dried in." A dark, rusty green stuff dress of old-fashioned make detracted still more from her appearance; but let her wear what she might, or do what she would, she

had ever the demeanor of a born gentlewoman; vulgarity was an element that never won the slightest affinity with her nature. Some of the elder girls, who had been years at school, thought her ignorant. This was true in one sense; ignorant she was indeed in the elementary education which is given in schools, but she far surpassed her most advanced school-fellows in knowledge of what was passing in the world at large, and in the literature of her country. She knew a thousand things in these matters unknown to them.

She had taught herself a little French before she came to school; this little knowledge of the language was very useful to her when afterwards she was engaged in translation or dictation. She soon began to make a good figure in French lessons. Music she wished to acquire, for which she had both ear and taste, but her nearsightedness caused her to stoop so dreadfully in order to see her notes, she was dissuaded from persevering in the acquirement, especially as she had at this time an invincible objection to wearing glasses. Her very taper fingers, tipped with the most circular nails, did not seem very suited for instrumental execution; but when wielding the pen or the pencil, they appeared in the very office they were created for.

Her appetite was of the smallest; for years she had not tasted animal food; she had the greatest dislike to it; she always had something specially provided for her at our midday repast. Towards the close of the first half-year she was induced to take, by little and little, meat gravy with vegetable, and in the second half-year she commenced taking a very small portion of animal food daily. She then grew a little bit plumper, looked younger and more animated, though she was never what is called lively at this period. She always seemed to feel that a deep responsibility rested upon her; that she was an object of expense to those at home, and that she must use every moment to attain the purpose for which she was sent to school, *i.e.*, to fit herself for governess life. She had almost too much opportunity for her conscientious diligence; we were so little restricted in our doings, the industrious might accomplish the ap-

pointed tasks of the day and enjoy a little leisure, but she chose in many things to do *double* lessons when not prevented by class arrangement or a companion. In two of her studies she was associated with her friend, and great was her distress if her companion failed to be ready, when she was, with the lesson of the day. She liked the stated task to be over, that she might be free to pursue her self-appointed ones. Such, however, was her conscientiousness that she never did what some girls think it generous to do; generous and unselfish though she was, she never whispered help to a companion in class (as she might have done), to rid herself of the trouble of having to appear again. All her school-fellows regarded her, I believe, as a model of high rectitude, close application, and great abilities. She did not play or amuse herself when others did. When her companions were merry round the fire, or otherwise enjoying themselves during the twilight, which was always a precious time of relaxation, she would be kneeling close to the window busy with her studies, and this would last so long that she was accused of seeing in the dark; yet though she did not play, as girls style play, she was ever ready to help with suggestions in those plays which required taste or arrangement.

When her companions formed the idea of having a coronation performance on a half-holiday, it was Charlotte Brontë who drew up the programme, arranged the titles to be adopted by her companions for the occasion, wrote the invitations to those who were to grace the ceremony, and selected for each a title, either for sound that pleased the ear or for historical association. The preparations for these extra half-holidays (which were very rare occurrences) sometimes occupied spare moments for weeks before the event. On this occasion Charlotte prepared a very elegant little speech for the one who was selected to present the crown. Miss W.'s younger sister consented after much entreaty to be crowned as our queen (a very noble, stately queen she made), and did her pupils all the honor she could by adapting herself to the rôle of the moment. The following exquisite little speech shows Charlotte's aptitude, even

then, at giving fitting expression to her thoughts:—

"Powerful Queen! accept this Crown, the symbol of dominion, from the hands of your faithful and affectionate subjects! And if their earnest and united wishes have any efficacy, you will long be permitted to reign over this peaceful, though circumscribed, empire.
[Signed, &c., &c.]

"Your loyal subjects."

The little fête finished off with what was called a ball; but for lack of numbers we had to content ourselves with one quadrille and two Scotch reels. Last of all there was a supper, which was considered very *recherché*, most of it having been coaxed out of yielding mammas and elder sisters, in addition to some wise expenditure of pocket-money. The grand feature, however, of the supper was the attendance of a mulatto servant. We descended for a moment from our assumed dignities to improvise this distinguishing appanage. The liveliest of our party, "Jessie York," volunteered this office, and surpassed our expectations. Charlotte evidently enjoyed the fun, in her own quiet way, as much as any one, and ever after with great zest helped, when with old school-fellows, to recall the performances of the exceptional half-holidays.

About a month after the assembling of the school, one of the pupils had an illness.

There was great competition among the girls for permission to sit with the invalid, but Charlotte was never of the number, though she was as assiduous in kindness and attention as the rest in spare moments; but to sit with the patient was indulgence and leisure, and these she would not permit herself.

It was shortly after this illness that Charlotte caused such a panic of terror by her thrilling relations of the wanderings of a somnambulist. She brought together all the horrors her imagination could create, from surging seas, raging breakers, towering castle walls, high precipices, invisible chasms and dangers. Having wrought these materials to the highest pitch of effect, she brought out, in almost cloud-height, her somnambulist, walking on shaking turrets,—all told in a voice that conveyed more than words alone can express. A shivering terror seized the recovered invalid; a pause ensued; then a subdued cry of pain came from Charlotte herself, with a terrified command to others to call for help. She was in bitter distress. Something like remorse seemed to linger in her mind after this incident; for weeks there was no prevailing upon her to resume her tales, and she never again created terrors for her listeners. Tales, however, were made again in time, till Miss W. discovered there was "late talking." That was forbidden; but under-



THE "FIELD HEAD" OF SHURLEV.



THE "BRIARFIELD" CHURCH, OF SHIRLEY.

standing it was "late talk" only which was prohibited, we talked and listened to tales again, not expecting to hear Miss C. H. W. say, one morning, "All the ladies who talked last night must pay fines. I am sure Miss Brontë and Miss — were not of the number." Miss Brontë and Miss — were, however, transgressors like the rest, and rather enjoyed the fact of having to pay like them, till they saw Miss W.'s grieved and disappointed look. It was then a distress that they had failed where they were reckoned upon, though unintentionally. This was the only school-fine Charlotte ever incurred.

At the close of the first half-year, Charlotte bore off three prizes. For one she had to draw lots with her friend—a moment of painful suspense to both; for neither wished to deprive the other of her reward. Happily, Charlotte won it, and so had the gratifying pleasure of carrying home three tangible proofs of her goodness and industry. Miss W. had two badges of conduct for her pupils which were wonderfully effective, except with the most careless. A black ribbon, worn in the style of the Order of the Garter, which the pupils passed from one to another for any breach of rules, unlady-like manners, or incorrect grammar. Charlotte might, in her very earliest school-days, have worn "the mark," as we styled it, but I never remember her having it. The silver medal, which was

the badge for the fulfillment of duties, she won the right to in her first half-year. This she never afterwards forfeited, and it was presented to her on leaving school. She was only three half-years at school. In this time she went through all the elementary teaching contained in our school-books. She was in the habit of committing long pieces of poetry to memory, and seemed to do so with real enjoyment and hardly any effort.

In these early days, whenever she was certain of being quite alone with her friend, she would talk much of her two dead sisters, Maria and Elizabeth. Her love for them was most intense; a kind of adoration dwelt in her feelings which, as she conversed, almost imparted itself to her listener.

She described Maria as a little mother among the rest, superhuman in goodness and cleverness. But the most touching of all were the revelations of her sufferings,—how she suffered with the sensibility of a grown-up person, and endured with a patience and fortitude that were Christ-like. Charlotte would still weep and suffer when thinking of her. She talked of Elizabeth also, but never with the anguish of expression which accompanied her recollections of Maria. When surprise was expressed that she should know so much about her sisters when they were so young, and she herself still younger, she said she began to analyze character when she was five years

old, and instanced two guests who were at her home for a day or two, and of whom she had taken stock, and of whom after-knowledge confirmed first impressions.

The following lines, though not regarded of sufficient merit for publication in the volume of poems, yet have an interest as they depict her then desolated heart:—

MEMORY.

When the dead in their cold graves are lying
Asleep, to wake never again!
When past are their smiles and their sighing,
Oh, why should their memories remain?
Though sunshine and spring may have lightened
The wild flowers that blow on their graves,
Though summer their tombstones have brightened,
And autumn have palled them with leaves,
And winter have wildly bewailed them
With his dirge-wind as sad as a knell,
And the shroud of his snow-wreath have veiled them,
Still—how deep in our bosoms they dwell!

The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,
The cloud and the light fleet away,
But man from his heart may not banish
Even thoughts that are torment to stay.
When quenched is the glow of the ember,
When the life-fire ceases to burn,
Oh! why should the spirit remember?
Oh! why should the parted return?

During one of our brief holidays Charlotte was guest in a family who had known her father when he was curate in their parish. They were naturally inclined to show kindness to his daughter, but the kindness here took a form which was little agreeable. They had had no opportunity of knowing her abilities or disposition, and they took her shyness and smallness as indications of extreme youth. She was slow, very slow, to express anything that bordered on ingratitude, but here she was mortified and hurt. "They took me for a child, and treated me just like one," she said. I can now recall the expression of that ever honest face as she added, "one tall lady would nurse me."

The tradition of a lady ghost who moved about in rustling silk in the upper stories of Roe Head had a great charm for Charlotte. She was a ready listener to any girl who could relate stories of others having seen her; but on Miss W. hearing us talk of our ghost,

she adopted an effective measure for putting our belief in such an existence to the test, by selecting one or other from among us to ascend the stairs after the dimness of evening hours had set in, to bring something down which could easily be found. No ghost made herself visible even to the frightened imaginations of the foolish and the timid; the whitened face of apprehension soon disappeared, nerves were braced, and a general laugh soon set us all right again.

It was while Charlotte was at school that she imbibed the germ of many of those characters which she afterwards produced in *Shirley*; but no one could have imagined that, in the unceasing industry of her daily applications, she was receiving any kind of impress external to her school-life.

She was particularly impressed with the goodness and saintliness of one of Miss W.'s guests,—the Miss Ainley of *Shirley*, long since gone to her rest. The character is not of course a literal portrait, for the very reasons Charlotte herself gave. She said, "You are not to suppose any of the characters in *Shirley* intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art nor of my own feelings to write in that style. We only suffer reality to suggest, never to dictate. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting." I may remark here that nothing angered Charlotte more, than for any one to suppose they could not be in her society without incurring the risk of "being put in her books." She always stoutly maintained she never thought of persons in this light when she was with them.

In the seldom recurring holidays Charlotte made sometimes short visits with those of her companions whose homes were within reach of school. Here she made acquaintance with the scenes and prominent characters of the Luddite period; her father materially helped to fix her impressions, for he had held more than one curacy in the very neighborhood which she describes in *Shirley*. He was present in some of the scenes, an active participator as far as his position permitted. Sometimes on the defensive, sometimes aiding the sufferers, uniting his strength and influence

with the Mr. Helstone of *Shirley*. Between these two men there seems to have been in some respects a striking affinity of character which Charlotte was not slow to perceive, and she blended the two into one, though she never personally beheld the original of Mr. Helstone, except once when she was ten years old. He was a man of remarkable vigor and energy, both of mind and will. An absolute disciplinarian, he was sometimes called "Duke Ecclesiastic," a very Wellington in the Church.

Mr. Brontë used to delight in recalling the days he spent in the vicinity of this man. Many a breakfast hour he enlivened by his animated relations of his friend's unflinching courage and dauntless self-reliance,—and how the ignorant and prejudiced population around misunderstood and misrepresented his worthiest deeds. In depicting the Luddite period Charlotte had the power of giving an almost literal description of the scenes then enacted, for, in addition to her father's personal acquaintance with what occurred, she had likewise the aid of authentic records of the eventful time, courteously lent to her by the editors of the *Leeds Mercury*.

I must not forget to state that no girl in the school was equal to Charlotte in Sunday lessons. Her acquaintance with Holy Writ surpassed others in this as in everything else. She was very familiar with all the sublimest passages, especially those in Isaiah, in which she took great delight. Her confirmation took place while she was at school, and in her preparation for that, as in all other studies, she



THE HOUSE THAT CHARLOTTE VISITED.

distinguished herself by application and proficiency.

At school she acquired that habit which she and her sisters kept up to the very last, that of pacing to and fro in the room. In days when out-of-door exercise was impracticable, Miss Wooler would join us in our evening hour of relaxation and converse (for which she had rare talent); her pupils used to hang about her as she walked up and down the room, delighted to listen to her, or have a chance of being nearest in the walk. The last day Charlotte was at school she seemed to realize what a sedate, hard-working season it had been to her. She said, "I should for once like to feel *out and out* a school-girl; I wish something would happen! Let us run round the fruit garden [running was what she never did]; perhaps we shall meet some one, or we may have a fine for trespass." She evidently was longing for some never-to-be-forgotten incident. Nothing, however, arose from her little enterprise. She had to leave school as calmly and quietly as she had there lived.

CHARLOTTE'S EARLY LIFE AT HAWORTH.

Charlotte's first visit from Haworth was made about three months after she left school. She traveled in a two-wheeled gig, the only conveyance to be had in Haworth except the covered cart which brought her to school. Mr. Brontë sent Branwell as an escort; he was *then* a very dear brother, as dear to Charlotte as her own soul; they were in perfect accord of taste and feeling, and it was mutual delight to be together.

Branwell probably had never been far from home before; he was in wild ecstasy with everything. He walked about in unrestrained boyish enjoyment, taking views in every direction of the old turret-roofed house, the fine chestnut trees on the lawn (one tree especially interested him because it was "iron-garthed," having been split by storms, but still flourishing in great majesty), and a large rookery, which gave to the house a good background—all these he noted and commented upon with perfect enthusiasm. He told his sister he "was leaving her in Paradise, and if she were not intensely happy she never would be!" Happy, indeed, she then was, *in himself*, for



HAWORTH PARSONAGE AND GRAVEYARD.

she, with her own enthusiasms, looked forward to what her brother's great promise and talent might effect. He would at this time be between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

The visit passed without much to mark it (at this distance of time) except that we crept away together from household life as much as we could. Charlotte liked to pace the plantations or seek seclusion in the fruit-garden; she was safe from visitors in these retreats. She was so painfully shy she could not bear any special notice. One day, on being led in to dinner by a stranger, she trembled and nearly burst into tears; but notwithstanding her excessive shyness, which was often painful to others as well as herself, she won the respect and affection of all who had opportunity enough to become acquainted with her.

Charlotte's shyness did not arise, I am sure, either from vanity or self-consciousness, as some suppose shyness to arise; its source was (as Mr. Arthur Helps says very truly in one of his recent essays) in her "not being understood." She felt herself apart from others;

they did not *understand* her, and she keenly felt the distance.

My first visit to Haworth was full of novelty and freshness. The scenery for some miles before we reached Haworth was wild and uncultivated, with hardly any population; at last we came to what seemed a terrific hill, such a steep declivity no one thought of riding down it; the horse had to be carefully led. We no sooner reached the foot of this hill than we had to begin to mount again, over a narrow, rough, stone-paved road; the horses' feet seemed to catch at boulders, as if climbing. When we reached the top of the village there was apparently no outlet, but we were directed to drive into an entry which just admitted the gig; we wound round in this entry and then saw the church close at hand, and we entered on the short lane which led to the parsonage gate-way. Here Charlotte was waiting, having caught the sound of the approaching gig. When greetings and introductions were over, Miss Branwell (the aunt of the Brontës) took possession of their guest and



REV. PATRICK BRONTË.

treated her with the care and solicitude due to a weary traveler. Mr. Brontë, also, was stirred out of his usual retirement by his own kind consideration, for not only the guest but the man-servant and the horse were to be made comfortable. He made inquiries about the man, of his length of service, &c., with the kind purpose of making a few moments of conversation agreeable to him.

Even at this time, Mr. Brontë struck me as looking very venerable, with his snow-white hair and powdered coat-collar. His manner and mode of speech always had the tone of high-bred courtesy. He was considered somewhat of an invalid, and always lived in the most abstemious and simple manner. His white cravat was not then so remarkable as it grew to be afterwards. He was in the habit of covering this cravat himself. We never saw the operation, but we always had to wind for him the white sewing-silk which he used. Charlotte said it was her father's one extravagance—he cut up yards and yards of white lutestring (silk) in covering his cravat; and, like Dr. Joseph Woolffe (the renowned and learned traveler), who, when on a visit and in a long fit of absence, "went into a clean shirt every day for a week, without taking one off," so Mr. Brontë's cravat went into new silk and new size without taking any off, till at length nearly half his head was enveloped in cravat. His liability to bronchial attacks, no doubt, attached him to this increasing growth of cravat.

Miss Branwell was a very small, antiquated little lady. She wore caps large enough for half a dozen of the present fashion, and a front of light auburn curls over her forehead. She always dressed in silk. She had a horror of the climate so far north, and of the stone floors in the parsonage. She amused us by clicking about in pattens whenever she had to go into the kitchen or look after household operations.

She talked a great deal of her younger days; the gayeties of her dear native town, Penzance, in Cornwall; the soft, warm climate, etc. The social life of her younger days she used to recall with regret; she gave one the idea that she had been a belle among her own home acquaintances. She took snuff out of a very pretty gold snuff-box, which she sometimes presented to you with a little laugh, as if she enjoyed the slight shock and astonishment visible in your countenance. In summer she spent part of the afternoon in reading aloud to Mr. Brontë. In the winter evenings she must have enjoyed this; for she and Mr. Brontë had often to finish their discussions on what she had read when we all met for tea. She would be very lively and intelligent, and tilt arguments against Mr. Brontë without fear.

"Tabby," the faithful, trustworthy old servant, was very quaint in appearance—very active, and, in these days, the general servant and factotum. We were all "childer" and "bairns," in her estimation. She still kept to her duty of walking out with the "childer," if they went any distance from home, unless Branwell were sent by his father as a protector. Poor "Tabby," in later days, after she had been attacked with paralysis, would most anxiously look out for such duties as she was still capable of. The post-man was her special point of attention. She did not approve of the inspection which the younger eyes of her fellow-servant bestowed on his deliveries. She jealously seized them when she could, and carried them off with hobbling step, and shaking head and hand, to the safe custody of Charlotte.

Emily Brontë had by this time acquired a lithesome, graceful figure. She was the tallest person in the house, except her father. Her hair, which was naturally as beautiful as

Charlotte's, was in the same unbecoming tight curl and frizz, and there was the same want of complexion. She had very beautiful eyes—kind, kindling, liquid eyes; but she did not often look at you: she was too reserved. Their color might be said to be dark gray, at other times dark blue, they varied so. She talked very little. She and Anne were like twins—inseparable companions, and in the very closest sympathy, which never had any interruption.

Anne—dear, gentle Anne—was quite different in appearance from the others. She was her aunt's favorite. Her hair was a very pretty light brown, and fell on her neck in graceful curls. She had lovely violet-blue eyes, fine penciled eyebrows, and clear, almost transparent complexion. She still pursued her studies, and especially her sewing, under the surveillance of her aunt. Emily had now begun to have the disposal of her own time.

Branwell studied regularly with his father, and used to paint in oils, which was regarded as study for what might be eventually his profession. All the household entertained the idea of his becoming an artist, and hoped he would be a distinguished one.

In fine and suitable weather delightful rambles were made over the moors, and down into the glens and ravines that here and there broke the monotony of the moorland. The

rugged bank and rippling brook were treasures of delight. Emily, Anne, and Branwell used to ford the streams, and sometimes placed stepping-stones for the other two; there was always a lingering delight in these spots,—every moss, every flower, every tint and form, were noted and enjoyed. Emily especially had a gleesome delight in these nooks of beauty,—her reserve for the time vanished. One long ramble made in these early days was far away over the moors, to a spot familiar to Emily and Anne, which they called "The Meeting of the Waters." It was a small oasis of emerald green turf, broken here and there by small clear springs; a few large stones served as resting-places; seated here, we were hidden from all the world, nothing appearing in view but miles and miles of heather, a glorious blue sky, and brightening sun. A fresh breeze wafted on us its exhilarating influence; we laughed and made mirth of each other, and settled we would call ourselves the quartette. Emily, half reclining on a slab of stone, played like a young child with the tadpoles in the water, making them swim about, and then fell to moralizing on the strong and the weak, the brave and the cowardly, as she chased them with her hand. No serious care or sorrow had so far cast its gloom on nature's youth and buoyancy, and nature's simplest offerings were fountains of pleasure and enjoyment.



HAWORTH VILLAGE.



HAWORTH CHURCH.

The interior of the now far-famed parsonage lacked drapery of all kinds. Mr. Brontë's horror of fire forbade curtains to the windows; they never had these accessories to comfort and appearance till long after Charlotte was the only inmate of the family sitting-room,—she then ventured on the innovation when her friend was with her; it did not please her father, but it was not forbidden.

There was not much carpet anywhere except in the sitting-room, and on the study floor. The hall floor and stairs were done with sand-stone, always beautifully clean, as everything was about the house; the walls were not papered, but stained in a pretty dove-colored tint; hair-seated chairs and mahogany tables, book-shelves in the study, but not many of these elsewhere. Scant and bare indeed, many will say, yet it was not a scantness that made itself felt. Mind and thought, I had almost said elegance, but certainly refinement, diffused themselves over all, and made nothing really wanting.

A little later on, there was the addition of a piano. Emily, after some application, played with precision and brilliancy. Anne played also, but she preferred soft harmonies and

vocal music. She sang a little; her voice was weak, but very sweet in tone.

Mr. Brontë's health caused him to retire early. He assembled his household for family worship at eight o'clock; at nine he locked and barred the front door, always giving, as he passed the sitting-room door, a kindly admonition to the "children" not to be late; half way up the stairs he stayed his steps to wind up the clock, the clock that in after days seemed to click like a dirge in the refrain of Longfellow's poem, "The old Clock on the Stairs:"—

"Forever—never!

Never—forever!"

Every morning was heard the firing of a pistol from Mr. Brontë's room window,—it was the discharging of the loading which was made every night. Mr. Brontë's tastes led him to delight in the perusal of battle-scenes, and in following the artifice of war; had he entered on military service instead of ecclesiastical, he would probably have had a very distinguished career. The self-denials and privations of camp-life would have agreed entirely with his nature, for he was remarkably independent of the luxuries and comforts of life. The only dread he had was of *fire*, and this dread was so intense it caused him to

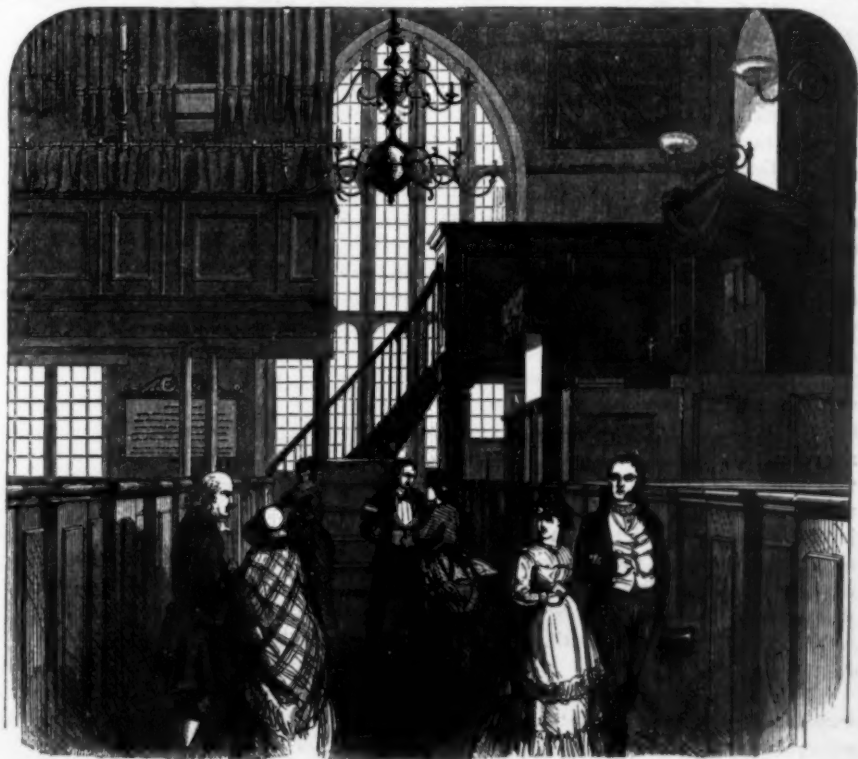
prohibit all but silk or woollen dresses for his daughters; indeed, for any one to wear any other kind of fabric was almost to forfeit his respect.

Mr. Brontë at times would relate strange stories, which had been told to him by some of the oldest inhabitants of the parish, of the extraordinary lives and doings of people who had resided in far-off, out-of-the-way places, but in contiguity with Haworth, — stories which made one shiver and shrink from hearing; but they were full of grim humor and interest to Mr. Brontë and his children, as revealing the characteristics of a class in the human race, and as such Emily Brontë has stereotyped them in her *Wuthering Heights*.

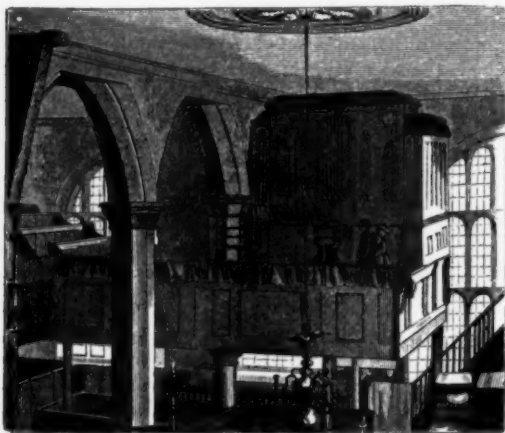
During Miss Branwell's reign at the parsonage, the love of animals had to be kept in due subjection. There was then but one dog, which was admitted to the parlor at stated times. Emily and Anne always gave him a

portion of their breakfast, which was, by their own choice, the old north country diet of oatmeal porridge. Later on, there were three household pets — the tawny, strong-limbed "Keeper," Emily's favorite: he was so completely under her control, she could quite easily make him spring and roar like a lion. She taught him this kind of occasional play without any coercion. "Flossy" — long, silky-haired, black and white "Flossy" — was Anne's favorite; and black "Tom," the tabby, was everybody's favorite. It received such gentle treatment it seemed to have lost cat's nature, and subsided into luxurious amiability and contentment. The Brontës' love of dumb creatures made them very sensitive of the treatment bestowed upon them. For any one to offend in this respect was with them an infallible bad sign, and a blot on the disposition.

The services in church in these days were such as can only be seen (if ever seen again)



INTERIOR OF HAWORTH CHURCH.



THE ORGAN LOFT, OVER THE BRONTË TABLET AND FEW.

in localities like Haworth. The people assembled, but it was apparently to *listen*. Any part beyond that was quite out of their reckoning. All through the prayers, a stolid look of apathy was fixed on the generality of their faces. There they sat, or leaned, in their pews; some few, perhaps, were resting, after a long walk over the moors. The children, many of them in clogs (or sabots), pattered in from the school after service had commenced, and pattered out again before the sermon. The sexton, with a long staff, continually walked round in the aisles, "knobbing" sleepers when he dare, shaking his head at and threatening unruly children; but when the sermon began there was a change. Attitudes took the listening forms, eyes were turned on the preacher. It was curious, now, to note the expression. A rustic, untaught intelligence, gleamed in their faces; in some, a daring, doubting, questioning look, as if they would like to offer some defiant objection. Mr. Brontë always addressed his hearers in extempore style. Very often he selected a parable from one of the Gospels, which he explained in the simplest manner—sometimes going over his own words and explaining them also, so as to be perfectly intelligible to the lowest comprehension.

The parishioners respected Mr. Brontë because, as one of them said, "he's a grand man; he lets other folks' business alone." No doubt Mr. Brontë's knowledge of human

nature made him aware that this was the best course to pursue, till their independence had acquired a more civilized standard. There were exceptions, however, among them. Two or three individuals deserve particular note—they were men remarkable for self-culture and intelligence. One, it was said, vied with Mr. Brontë himself in his knowledge of the dead languages. He and another had, in addition to their mental stamina, such stalwart frames and stature they looked capable of doing duty as guards to the whole village. The third individual was an ailing, suffering man; but he wrote such a critique on Charlotte's writings, when they became known, that it was

valued more than any other coming from such a source. The villagers would have liked Tabby to talk to them about the family in the parsonage; but Tabby was invincible and impenetrable. When they asked her "if they were not fearfully larn'd," she left them in a "huff;" but she did not deny her "childer" the laugh she knew they would have if she told them the village query.

Haworth of the present day, like many other secluded places, has made a step onwards, in that it has now its railway station, and its institutions for the easy acquirement of learning, politics, and literature. The parsonage is quite another habitation from the parsonage of former days. The garden, which was nearly all grass, and possessed only a few stunted thorns and shrubs, and a few cur-



THE NEW BRONTË TABLET.

rant bushes which Emily and Anne treasured as their own bit of fruit-garden, is now a perfect Arcadia of floral culture and beauty. At first the alteration, in spite of its improvement, strikes one with heart-ache and regret; for it is quite impossible, even in imagination, to people those rooms with their former inhabitants. But after-thought shows one the folly of such regret; for what the Brontës cared for and *lived* in most were the surroundings of nature, the free expanse of hill and mountain, the purple heather, the dells, and glens,

and brooks, the broad sky view, the whistling winds, the snowy expanse, the starry heavens, and the charm of that solitude and seclusion which sees things from a distance without the disturbing atmosphere which lesser minds are apt to create. For it was not the seclusion of a *solitary* person, such as Charlotte endured in after days, and which in time becomes awfully oppressive and injurious. It was solitude and seclusion shared and enjoyed with intelligent companionship, and intense family affection.

THE MOABITE STONE.

As long ago as the summer of 1868, Rev. Mr. Klein, a missionary, was traveling through the old country of Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and while investigating the ruins of the ancient city of Dibon, still bearing the old name, the *o* being merely changed into *a*, he discovered a large, thick, black slab of basalt, on one side of which was an inscription in Semitic characters. From the measurements of Captain Warren, an English engineer, the stone was about three feet five inches high, and one foot nine inches wide. Mr. Klein duly reported the discovery, but no notice was taken of it for about a year, when Mr. Ganneau, *attaché* of the French Consulate at Jerusalem, sent an Arab to take a "squeeze" of the stone. This was successfully done, but before the paper was dry a scuffle arose, and the impression was torn to tatters, which were fortunately preserved. Subsequently an effort was made to buy the stone of the nation, but this excited the suspicion of the Turkish authorities, who caused a fire to be made under it, and water to be poured upon it when hot, so that the slab was reduced to fragments. Still those pieces large enough to allow subsequent impressions to be taken in squeeze paper, even those which were so small as to contain a single letter, were faithfully copied, and from them all a restored text was gained, tolerably full, and doubtless accurate as far as it goes. We present it on our pages in about one-tenth of the original size. The lines a, b, and c, d, e indicate the two chief fractures. The points over certain letters show what remains

more or less illegible. The English, under the lead of Captain Warren of the Royal Engineers, and the French authorities vied with each other in securing all the results which a discovery like this would bring to light. The learned world have greeted this as one of the most remarkable events of our time, and nearly all the journals of the chief literary societies have devoted pages to the Moabite Stone.

To the great multitude of general readers this discovery is profoundly interesting; first, because it throws light on and confirms the Bible; and second, because it is the oldest alphabetical writing in existence. It differs from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the cuneiform letters of Assyria, in being alphabetical language. It dates from an epoch about nine hundred years before Christ, and of course is earlier than the Babylonish captivity. It is the record of the doings of Mesha, a King of Moab, and the contemporary of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat. You may find his history, so far as it was connected with the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, in 2 Kings iii., a most interesting passage in itself, and one which acquires new attractions when we think that Elisha, the prophet of Israel, stood over against the hosts of this same Mesha, and inspired with courage the combination which was made for the overthrow of the Moabite king. And aside from its biblical interest, the passage is instructive from the fact that in it are found many of the letters of our own language, P, M, N, E, O, and Q, for in-

stance. They have come to us through the channel of the Greek, whose alphabet was directly derived from this old Semitic tongue.

The following is a translation of the inscription. The words within the brackets correspond with the italics in our Bibles, and are used to elucidate the sense:—

I, Mesha, son of Kemosh-gad, King of Moab, the Dibonite—my father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father. And I made this high place for Kemosh in Korchoh, a place of deliverance, because he delivered me from all enemies and let me look [with pleasure] upon [the destruction of] all my haters. Then arose Omri, King of Israel, and he oppressed Moab many days, because Kemosh was angry with his land. And his son [Ahab] succeeded him, and he too said, "I will oppress Moab." In my days he said this, but I looked upon [the ruin of] him and his house, and Israel perished forever. And Omri had taken possession of the plain of Medeba and dwelt in it, and they oppressed Moab, he and his son, forty years, but looked upon him [i. e. Moab] Kemosh in my days. And I built [i. e. restored or fortified] Baal-Meon, and constructed in it the moat; and I built Kirjathaim. And the men of Gad were dwelling in the land of Ataroth from of old, and the King of Israel had built for himself the city; and I fought against the city, and took it, and slew all the inhabitants of the city, [as] a [pleasing] sight to Kemosh and to Moab; and I carried off thence the . . . of Jehovah, and dragged it [for them] before Kemosh at Keriath. And I made dwell in it [viz. Ataroth] the



THE MOABITE STONE.

people of Shiran and the people of M-ch-rath. And Kemosh said to me, "Go, take Nebo from Israel;" and I went by night, and fought against it from the dawning of the morning until midday, and I took it, and

slaw the whole [population] of it, seven thousand, . . . for to Ashtor-Kemosh I had devoted it; and I took away thence the vessels of Jehovah, and dragged them before Kemosh. And the King of Israel [Ahaziah] built Johaz, and abode in it while he was fighting against me; but Kemosh drove him out before me; and I took of Moab two hundred men, all his headmen, and I led them up to Johaz and took it, in addition to Dibon. I built Korchoh, the wall of the woods and the wall of the mound; and I built its gates, and I built its towers; and I built the palace; and I made the reservoirs for rain-water in the midst of the city. And there was not a cistern in the midst of the city, in Korchoh; and I said to the whole people, "Make for yourselves each a cistern in his house." And I cut the moat for Korchoh with [the labor of] the captives of Israel. I built Aroer, and I made the road over the Arnon. I [&c.] built Beth-Bomoth, for it had been pulled down. I built Bezer, for . . . men of Dibon, fifty [in number], for all Dibon was submission [submissive to me]. And I . . . in the cities which I added to the land. And I built . . . and Beth-Diblain, and Beth-Baal-Meon; and I took up thither

the . . . the land. And Horonaim there dwelt in it. B . . . And Kemosh said to me, "Go down, fight against Horonaim." And I . . . Kemosh in my days. And . . . year . . .

The reader will not fail to notice the familiar names of Jehovah, Chemosh or Kemosh, Omri, Ahab, Aroer, Dibon, Arnon, and others: all found in our Scriptures. Our limits prevent our making any commentary on this ancient and most interesting account: dry indeed, if not taken in connection with our Bible narrative, but suggestive and precious when viewed as the transcript of a stone manuscript nine hundred years older than Christ. To find a record dating back to the time of Omri, Jehoshaphat, and Elisha, is an event which startles not alone the world of scholars, but whose echoes penetrate every home of the least cultivation.

"AYE-AYE!"



FIG. 1.—The AYE-AYE hunting for grubs by tapping upon the bark with its middle finger.

So exclaimed the natives of the east coast of Madagascar, when first shown the little animal figured above. But the exclamation was not of affirmation, but astonishment; for they had never seen it before, and indeed there are reasons for thinking it is confined to the other

side of that great continental island, which is so little known, yet in which Christianity has long numbered its devotees, its martyrs, and its apostates.

"But," says some reader, whose tastes lead him to politics, poetry, or fiction, rather than

to Nature, and whose acquaintance with the latter is limited to the creatures which he may eat or be eaten by—"even if I did care to know anything at all about this little beast, with the head of a cat, the tail of a squirrel, the hands of a miser, and the feet of a monkey, all I have to do is to glance at my 'Webster's Unabridged,' and find in a nutshell all about the aye-aye."

We pray that reader to listen for a single moment to the following statement, which is made with great regret, since we too once had equal faith in the magnificent work above mentioned. The figure named aye-aye, upon page 99, would answer equally well for at least a dozen other mammiferous vertebrates, and no one who has ever seen a correct picture of the aye-aye would recognize this as meant for one; the description of its appearance and habits, though equal in length to that of the elephant, is incorrect in several important points, and neither the figure nor the description afford any information respecting the real peculiarities which distinguish the aye-aye from all known animals. It is true that similar defects exist in the account given in Wood's *Illustrated Natural History of Mammalia*; and there is some excuse for this as for the dictionary, since both were issued before the appearance of Prof. Owen's splendid *Monograph of the Aye-aye*, in 1866; but neither this nor any other excuse can be urged for the deficiencies and misstatements of certain late text-books of zoölogy.

We trust this is sufficient reason for offering now some further account of the aye-aye.

One word as to the name. Its origin is as stated above, and not from any sound made by the creature itself; for, although one observer states that it sometimes utters a low grunt, another, the Superintendent of the Zoölogical Gardens in London, says he has never

heard it make any sound whatever. Now it could not be expected that scientific naturalists would rest content with so brief a title as aye-aye for so wonderful an animal. It must have two names at the least—the first to designate its genus, the second to signify the species, just as we say sugar (genus), white or brown, etc. (species); so in 1790 the aye-aye was called *Sciurus* (squirrel) *Madagascariensis* (native of Madagascar). In 1800 it was rechristened as *Le-mur* (ghost) *psilodactylus*

(long-fingered). But it is now generally known by the title bestowed by Cuvier—*Chiromys Madagascariensis*—which signifies "a rat-like animal with hands, and living in Madagascar."

The scientific title of the aye-aye, then, fully atones for the brevity of its common name; and it must be further remembered that the technical names of animals and plants bear no definite relation to their own size or importance; for example, the elephant is simply *Elephas Indicus* or *Africanus*, according to the species, while the little changeable mole of the Cape of Good Hope is called *Chrysochloris holosericea*, and a microscopic rhizopod shell rejoices in the high-sounding title of *Quinquenoculina meridionalis*. Even this, however, would not be so bad if each species bore but a single name instead of a dozen, as often happens, and if, on the other hand, the same names were not sometimes by mistake applied to totally distinct species. It has been well said that the zeal of zoölogists to give names to species and groups is the greatest bane of Natural History, a constant hindrance to our own progress, and a subject of well-deserved reproach from the public; if we would all make it a rule not to publish the name of a supposed new species for a year after its discovery, and until a thorough search had been made for previous records, our own glory might be less appar-



FIG. 3.—Bones of the left hand of the AYE-AYE.



FIG. 2.—Right hand of the AYE-AYE, with the skin dissected off the palm to show the tendons.

ent, but we should be more considerate of our fellows, and more surely, though more slowly, advance the knowledge of natural objects.

The aye-aye is about the size of a cat, but the head is rather larger, the ears are wider and less pointed, the limbs project more freely from the trunk, and the bushy tail forms rather more than half the total length of three feet. This tail, moreover, has a gentle downward curve, instead of an upward tendency, as with the cat and the dog. The trunk is clothed with a silky coat of short grayish hair; but the color is given by the longer hairs, which are dark brown or nearly black, although along the spine some of them are tipped with white.

So far the aye-aye has presented nothing very wonderful; but a glance at figures 2 and 3 will detect its most striking feature. The aye-aye's hand is unlike that of every other known animal. Its medius or middle digit is about as long as the annularis or ring-finger, but *only half as thick*. It is skinny and bony, as if stricken with palsy, and has been aptly compared to a crooked nail. As may be seen in Fig. 3, its knuckle-joint is projected beyond those of the other digits; its first phalanx is longer than that of any excepting the annularis, and its terminal phalanges very slender. But in Fig. 2 we see that the tendon of the medius is quite as large as those of the other digits; and we are told that the ten-

dons and muscles are so arranged that great power may be exerted upon this one slender digit, for a purpose we shall presently describe. The pollex, or thumb, is the shortest and thickest of all—has one less phalanx, as is usual among the mammalia, and is armed with a claw like the others. The acute angle which it forms with the palm does not indicate any great degree of opposability.

The hinder foot (pes) reminds us at once of that of a monkey; for the primus, or great toe, stands out boldly from the side of the foot, and is evidently opposed in grasping to the other four dactyls, as is our thumb. It bears a small nail, whereas the four smaller dactyls are armed with curved and pointed claws. Both digits and dactyls, moreover, are a little thickened at the tip, so as to form fleshy pads. That of the primus is most apparent.

The aye-aye has strange teeth, too; for some of them suggest the squirrel, and others the monkey. In the first place, it has only two front or incisor teeth, above and below, and these are narrow, but deep, and bevelled off to a cutting edge, like the incisor teeth of the beaver, the squirrel, the rabbit, and other "rodentia" or gnawing animals, which have a hard case of enamel upon the front surface, the rest of the tooth being softer and more easily worn away by use. These teeth are like chisels in this respect; but they have two very decided advantages over the best steel instrument of human contrivance. The first is, that their very use keeps them sharp and in perfect order, since the edge of the lower tooth strikes just behind the edge of the upper, and both are continually worn away behind by the attrition of the hard wood which they attack. The second peculiarity is, that this constant loss of substance at the free end of the tooth is constantly repaired by new growth at the opposite extremity. The tooth grows during the life of the animal; and as the crown is worn away, the addition of fresh material to the root pushes the whole tooth slowly forward in its long socket, and it is thus ever ready for use. These ever-growing teeth are organic chisels which are forever in use, yet never in need of the grindstone—forever wearing away, yet never worn out.



FIG. 4.—Skull of AYE-AYE seen from in front, and showing the two great gnawing teeth in each jaw.

But while the scalpriform incisors so nearly resemble those of the real rodent mammals, and while this resemblance is further increased by the absence of any canine or eye-teeth, and by the provision for a sliding forward and backward movement of the lower jaw, yet the molar or grinding teeth differ from those of the typical rodents; their crowns are rounded and slightly tuberculous, like those of the pigs, the monkeys, and man, and do not seem adapted to a strictly vegetable diet; add to this the peculiar character of the ears, which are large and naked, like a bat's, and are inclined forward as if for offensive purposes, rather than backward like the hare's, in order to warn it of pursuit, and we must evidently be cautious in drawing conclusions as to the manner of life and the zoölogical affinities of this singular animal. The limbs show that it climbs trees like a monkey, the eyes that it is active at dusk like the owl and the cat, the teeth that it gnaws wood like the squirrel, while the internal organs of digestion would lead us to suppose that it feeds upon insects; and the extraordinary middle digit is so utterly unlike anything that we have seen before, that conjecture as to its purpose seems to be in vain.

Deferring a discussion of the aye-aye's place in a system of animals, and confining ourselves to what we have learned of its structure, let us see how nearly correct the reader has been in any surmises as to its mode of existence by consulting the statements of those who have observed the aye-aye in life.

The first of these was the traveler Sonnerat,

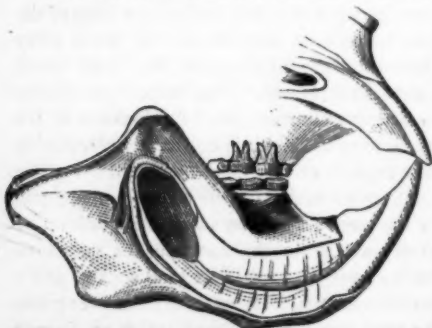


FIG. 5.—Right side of the lower jaw of the AYE-AYE, with part of the upper jaw: the bone is cut away so as to show the long and curved gnawing teeth and their hollow ever-growing roots.

whose *Voyage aux Indes Orientales et à la Chine, depuis 1774 jusqu'en 1781*, was published at Paris in 1782. He appears to have been the first civilized discoverer of the aye-aye, and states, either from his own observation or from the reports of the natives, that "it makes use of the long, slender and naked middle digit to draw out of holes in trees the worms which form its food." Sonnerat had a male and a female aye-aye which lived for two months on board ship, being fed with rice.

The next recorded observation upon the habits of the aye-aye was communicated to the French Academy of Sciences in 1855, by M. Liénard, of the Mauritius. He states that when a mango-fruit was offered, the aye-aye first made a hole in the rind with his strong front teeth, inserted therein his slender middle digit, and then, lowering his mouth to the hole, put into it the pulp which the finger had scooped out of the fruit. A third observer, M. A. Vinson, states that in the same year an aye-aye drank "Café au lait" or "eau sucrée" by passing its long and slender digit from the vessel to its mouth with incredible rapidity.

But in 1859 Dr. H. Sandwith, the Colonial Secretary from England to the Mauritius, wrote to Professor Owen that he had secured a fine, healthy, adult male aye-aye from Madagascar, which, after having once escaped and been recaptured, was put into spirit and sent to England. This specimen formed the subject of a most complete and suggestive work of the learned Professor, which is contained in the fifth volume of the Transactions of the Zoölogical Society of London, and has supplied most of the material for the present paper. But a long communication from Dr. Sandwith himself is printed in the Society's Proceedings for 1859, and some observations upon the habits of a female aye-aye which reached the Society's collection in August, 1862, are printed in the Society's Proceedings for that year, and in the *Annals of Natural History*, Vol. xii.

From these various sources we learn the following as to the aye-aye's mode of life:—

During the day the aye-aye sleeps; it then lies upon one side, with the body curved and nearly covered by the great bushy tail. It



FIG. 6.—AYE-AYE making its toilet whilst suspended from a branch.

is sensitive to cold, and sometimes covers itself with a piece of flannel, even in warm weather.

At dusk it awakes and climbs about, securely grasping the branches with its prehensile feet, and often hanging suspended by them, and using its fingers as a comb for its long tail (Fig. 6). In this operation the middle digit is especially serviceable, and it is also used in clearing dust from its face and other parts, the other digits being then often partially closed. It was found that the captive aye-aye in the Zoological Gardens used only the *left* hand in feeding from a dish, although the right seemed equally at its command.

The fourth digit (*annularis*), which is the

longest and largest, is thrust forward into the food, the slender *medius* raised upward and backward above the rest, while the *pollex* is lowered so as to be seen below and behind the chin. In this position (an almost impossible one, by the way, for men or monkeys) the hand is drawn backward and forward rapidly, the inner side of the finger passing between the lips, the head of the animal being held sideways, thus depositing the food in the mouth at each movement; the tongue, jaws, and lips are kept in full motion all the time. Sometimes the animal will lap from the dish like a cat, but this is unusual. During all the hours in which the Superintendent of the gardens watched it, no sound was made, nor was there any manifestation of anger or shyness.

This specimen seemed to care nothing for insects, but fed freely upon a mixture of milk, honey, eggs, and such sweet and glutinous things, and the observer concluded, therefore, that its natural food is rather fruit than insects;

but this only indicated that the aye-aye did not like British meal-worms, grasshoppers, wasp-larvæ, and the like, and no more proved that it was not insectivorous than a man's refusal to eat turnips would show that he cared nothing for potatoes. And surely nothing can be more conclusive than the following account which Dr. Sandwith gives of the proceedings of his specimen:—

"I found he would eat bananas and dates; and he drank by dipping a finger into the water and drawing it through his mouth so rapidly that the water seemed to flow in a stream; after a while he lapped like a cat, but the former was the more usual method and seemed to be his way of reaching water in the clefts of the trees."



FIG. 7.—AYE-AYE preparing to devour a grub which it has picked out of the hole made in the wood by its teeth.

"I happened to put into his cage some thick sticks, which were bored in all directions by a large and destructive grub called the 'Mou-touk.' Just at sunset the aye-aye crept from under his blanket, yawned, stretched, and betook himself to his tree, where his movements are lively and graceful, though by no means so quick as those of a squirrel. Presently he came to one of the worm-eaten branches, which he began to examine most attentively; and, bending forward his ears and applying his nose close to the bark, he rapidly tapped the surface with the (Fig. 1) curious middle digit, as a woodpecker taps a tree, though with much less noise, from time to time inserting the end of the slender finger into the worm-holes, as a surgeon would a probe. At length he came to a part of the branch which evidently gave out an interesting sound, for he began to tear it with his strong teeth; he rapidly stripped off the bark, cut into the wood, and exposed the nest of a grub, which he daintily picked out of its

bed with the slender, tapering finger, and conveyed to his mouth."

This medius, then, can be used in turn as a pleximeter, a probe, and a scoop; and not the least remarkable circumstance is the coincidence between the diameter of the hole made in the wood by the incisor teeth and the width of this digit; for although we cannot say that the size and power of the head are such as to limit the width of the teeth, yet, granting that their size is so limited, it is evident that none of the ordinary digits would be of the least service as an instrument of either discovery or extraction: and whatever view we may adopt as to the means by which these structures were produced, we must surely, with the great anatomist, recognize not only "the direct adaptation of instruments to functions, of feet to grasp, of teeth to erode, of a digit to feel and to extract, but we discern a correlation of these several modifications with each other, and with modifications of the nervous system and sense-organs,—of eyes to catch the least glimmer of light, and of ears to

detect the feeblest grating of sound,—the whole forming a compound mechanism to the perfect performance of a particular kind of work." The aye-aye obviously belongs to the branch of Vertebrates and the class of Mammalia; but some zoölogists have placed it with the squirrels in the order Rodentia, and others with the Lemurs, in the order Quadrumana or Cheiopoda; there is also a certain superficial resemblance to a cat; but the real issue has been between those who follow Buffon and Cuvier in giving prominence to the ever-growing incisor teeth, which agree with those of the rodents, and those who, like Schreber and de Blainville, regard the limbs as of more importance, and point out their resemblance to those of monkeys.

It is now generally conceded that Prof. Owen's researches have decided the question in favor of the latter view, for he shows that the only rodent features are the teeth, and similar ever-growing incisors are found in at least one other mammal, the marsupial wom-

bat, which no one has thought of calling a rodent : on the contrary, the hair, the tail, the form of the head and body, the length of the intestines, the heart and blood-vessels, the brain, and the limbs tend to separate the aye-aye from the rodents, and to join it with the Cheiropoda ; and although the extraordinary middle digit has no fellow in the whole animal kingdom, yet this modification of the terminal segment of a limb is another link between the aye-aye and that lowest family

of the Cheiropoda, the Lemuridæ, which, like it, are mostly natives of Madagascar, and, besides being nocturnal in their habits, whence the name Lemures (ghosts), are also distinguished from all other mammals and from each other by peculiar and, at present, unaccountable modifications of the fingers and the toes. In one species the forefinger is as if amputated ; in another a single toe bears a claw, while the others bear nails ; and in a third, two toes are thus provided with claws.

THROUGH THE CLOUD AND THE SEA.

I SAT alone at the organ one day and played,
In a desolate, weary mood, a strange, sad strain.
Through mazes of questioning chords my fingers strayed,
While I looked for the end in vain.

For ever there strove in my heart a doubt and a hope ;
Light and darkness there in an even struggle warred,
While ever some door in the sky seemed ready to ope,
And ever was shut and barred.

And now the chords would swell like a wave, when the tide
Lunges against the coasts, and storms prevail ;
And now, as backward flung by the cliffs, it died
Away in a passionate wail :

Till I looked where a window looked on the west, and lo !
The setting sun was fair, for the storm was o'er,
And he touched the pictured panes with a rosier glow,
Which quivered along the floor,

And lighted the patient face of my saint with smiles,
Till his wistful, far-off eyes grew wondrous sweet ;
And a glory streamed adown the throbbing aisles,
That softly fell at my feet.

And that sacred calm bade my foolish troubles cease
With the storm and the cloud without, and there somehow stole
From the face, or the shining heavens, the hush of peace
That softly possessed my soul.

Then Hope overcame, as with happy tears I bowed,
While the swelling voice of the organ shook the air,
And rolled through the arches, and rose, like a pillar of cloud,
And the glory of God was there.

While the glad pipes thrilled to the rushing flood of sound
That filled all the place ; and the phantoms that followed me,
Like the hosts of the cruel king, were whelmed and drowned
In the surge of that mighty sea.

LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS.



ASHER BROWN DURAND.

ASHER BROWN DURAND, EX-PRESIDENT N. A. D.

ON one of the southward-looking slopes of "The great mountain Watchung," a mile or so beyond the most southern of the villages of Orange, stands one of those picturesque cottages of modern build for which these garden hills of New Jersey are becoming famous. To this one, indeed, we might lend

a higher sounding name than cottage, for it is wide and lofty, is many-windowed, has a broad piazza and projecting eaves, reminding us a good deal of those graceful chalets which Calmelet paints so well. In its gables are two great windows, just below the eaves, which mar the symmetry of the building some-

what, but which, we fancy, have a use so noble that we may well bear with this. Were we up beside that solitary sparrow—a Madison Square aristocrat, who has winged it out thus far for a breath of country air, maybe—we would know for certain what those wide windows mean; for he is looking in, and earnestly, as if he saw foreshadowings of the coming spring behind those panes. But as we are, alas! unfeathered bipeds only, our inquisitiveness must wait. Let us be patient and ring the bell.

We are in the home of Asher B. Durand, our oldest living landscape painter; a man whose life has been one of over threescore years of wedded love and labor, unbroken by romantic incident; with its shadows, it is true, but in the main radiant with light and peace, as are the creations of his brain and hand.

Passing through the broad hall, its walls well-nigh hidden by rare engravings, we reach the painter's library, and rest a moment. "Tis a nipping and an eager air" without, but here a hospitable glow comes from behind the polished grate. This is an artist's snugger, sure enough! From floor to ceiling, on one side, ascend long rows of well-read books; the remainder of the walls is hidden with works of art, and odds and ends of interest hide the table-covers. A large engraving of one of Turner's masterpieces is above the mantel; elsewhere we note examples of the works of others no less renowned; and here and there—disposed for favorable effect of light—are little gems, enframed, the touch of each of which we recognize—the gifts of brother artists.

"Will you step this way, sir? Mr. Durand is disengaged."

And we leave the glowing grate and the pictures and the books behind us; but the hospitable warmth, and the joy, begotten of things of beauty, these go with us, as we pass through the hall again, and upward to the studio.

Cold as the day is, with the hills outside whiter even than this snowy head that bends in kindly greeting, the artist has been at work. And now as with a glance we note the studio-walls, covered from floor to ceiling with a

wealth of color,—the artist's studies of more than fifty years,—we no longer wonder why that sparrow sat so lovingly on the bare bough outside.

Soon seated, in comfortable chat, we exchange the pleasant gossip of the day. Fresh from the studios, we have much to give away, but for this are bountifully repaid; for the good old man is eloquent in art-lore and wise with the gathered knowledge of five-and-seventy years.

How well he wears! As stately in his gait, and in face expressive as when Huntington painted him twenty years ago. Vigorous in mind too; no faltering in speech or memory, and as eager in his talk of work as if another half century of loving labor lay before him. Nature, whom he has loved so dearly, rewards him with a ripe old age. This is no nervous touch upon the canvas here; each spray and leaf is given with a nice result. No doubting the texture of these rocks, this river's bed; the stream is limpid and we sound its depths; the silver birch reflects the sunlight lovingly; this lonely pine is rugged truth itself. And yet the color is still moist upon the canvas, and the hand that laid it there has known sixty years of labor!

And now we come to the duty immediately before us: to tell you the story of this veteran painter's life—as much of it as we may within the narrow limits here prescribed. We have thus prefaced our sketch that you might guess the source of it. There is nothing of it ours but the way of telling.

Scarce a stone's throw from his present home—you can see the old stone well there, to this day—stood the birth-place of the painter, Asher Brown Durand. His father was a watchmaker and the descendant of a Huguenot surgeon, who sought refuge in this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The workshop of the mechanic was in the village of Jefferson, about a mile distant, where Asher was taught to make himself useful at a very early age. In those days it fell to the tradesman's lot, whatever his specialty, to be called upon for odd jobs not strictly in his line of business. Durand, the watchmaker, was skillful and inherited good taste. It frequently happened that the silver

of the neighboring gentry and well-to-do farmers was intrusted to him to cipher. Asher, who had, when a school-boy, given many evidences of a love for drawing, soon became of consequence in the workshop, owing to the facility with which he made the designs for this occasional work, and the skill with which, after a few months' practice, he put them upon the metal.

He thus unconsciously, we might say, acquired the rudiments of the art for which he afterwards became so famous. Among his father's books was one upon engraving. This had been his frequent reading for many years. It told of the work and of the fame of the old masters of the art, and the soul of the young mechanic was stirred to ambitious effort. When the graver became an obedient instrument in his hand, a world of delightful labor opened up to him. He copied, on scraps of sheet copper, the designs on the circular cards which it was the custom then to insert in the concaves of watch-cases. The sheet copper, however, was not always attainable, and he confesses that he owes much of the gratification of his taste and of the pleasure of his youth to the offices of a friendly blacksmith, who hammered a spare cent out for him, now and then, to the necessary shape and smoothness.

For three years he continued to work in his father's shop, devoting all his leisure to his hobby and to sketching tree-forms with his pencil, afterwards reproducing these upon the metal. With the plates thus made, and ink made of lampblack, he gave to the little world about him the first results of his genius, in black and white.

The father did not fail to appreciate the talent of the boy. Although he would have preferred that he should inherit the little business which he himself had founded, he was touched by his son's desire, so frequently expressed, to become an engraver, and consented to make the necessary inquiries in New York. He did so. There was an opening for an apprentice, but the fee was a thousand dollars.

Poor Asher! This was bad news from New York; and there seemed nothing for it now but to work diligently among the dainty wheels, to keep the village time, and be content with

the poor results obtained on pennyworths of copper.

But it came to pass one day, that a caller at the shop was attracted by the young engraver's work; and better still it happened, that he had the knowledge which enabled him to appreciate the talent it displayed, crude as the efforts were. He heard the story of Asher's labors and ambition; he repeated it in the city, and returned with the welcome tidings that there was corn in Egypt.

Asher, accompanied by his father and his friend, paid an early visit to New York and waited upon Mr. Maverick, then an engraver of reputation. His story was here repeated, and the specimens of his skill were exhibited. Maverick was well pleased, and said so. The artist heart of the man was touched with sympathy for the boy, and he proposed to receive him at once into his workshop as an apprentice. He considered the progress he had made as equivalent to that of three years' teaching, and accepted him without a fee. Thus Asher began his work in earnest.

In the workshop of the engraver, with all the facilities for good work at his disposal, the apprentice soon distinguished himself. When the term of his engagement ended he became the partner of his master.

But long before this noticeable event came about, he had made his first essay as a painter. The graver, after all, moved slowly, and the thing accomplished lacked the soul of color. The stately pines, the graceful elms, the glistening birches had lost no charm for him; his happiest hours were still among the wooded hills about his father's home—away from the daily increasing din of city life. He made many sketches in color before he took courage to show one to Mr. Maverick. When he did so the engraver shook his head and said, "Ah, Asher, you won't content yourself with our slow work; you'll be a painter." But he did content himself; at least for many years; until he had made a reputation as an engraver equal to that of his employer; until he became his partner; until he married and soon after went into business for himself. It was not, indeed, until he was thirty years old—in the winter of 1826—that he ventured to send a picture for public exhibition. This was to the National

Academy of Design, just then inaugurated. It was the portrait of his child, and attracted some attention. Although his taste drew him more towards landscape than portrait or figure painting, subjects for the latter were more available, as he was now, comparatively, imprisoned in the city; and then there was the young father's love, no doubt, to inspire the work on this first offering to the muse.

From this time he continued to send contributions to the Academy exhibitions, landscape or figure subjects, steadily pursuing his work as an engraver with characteristic energy and with most flattering results. His engraving of Vanderlyn's painting of "Ariadne" crowned his efforts in this direction, for it ranked him the first engraver of the New World, and secured him a European reputation.

But it is less with the engraver than with the painter that we have now to do, and so we proceed, having suggested the light and shade of our picture, to lay the color on.

Durand exhibited at the National Academy, of which he was a founder, for nine successive years, each year his landscapes attracting more and more attention. In 1834, and not till then, he abandoned the graver, completely, for the pencil and the palette. He was then Recording Secretary of the Academy, which office he held during six years. In 1844 he was chosen Vice-President, and in the following year President, which last-named office he held for sixteen years, when he declined the honor, again proffered him, in favor of Prof. Morse, who had just then returned for a brief time to his brother artists from his successful labors in Electric Telegraphy, and to whom this compliment was as touching, doubtless, as the applause of the outside world then ringing in his ears.

In this re-election, year after year, to the presidency of the first Art Institute of the country, until he himself resigned the office in favor of a distinguished brother artist, the young watchmaker of Jefferson village, the engraver of New York, the rising landscape painter, had received the highest honors in the gift of the most cultured of his fellow-countrymen. His life of industry and perseverance, his early-born and never-waning love of art, was fully crowned.

It now remains for us but to name a few of his works most highly prized, then close this brief biography. Of these, those which attracted most attention at the Exhibitions, and for which he received the most generous prices, are:—

"An Old Man's Reminiscences," painted in 1845; "Passage in the Life of Woman," in 1846; "The Beeches," in 1846; "Kindred Spirits," in 1849; "Progress," in 1853; "Primeval Forest," in 1854; "June Shower," in 1854; "In the Woods," in 1855; "The Symbol," in 1856; "Lake Hamlet," in 1857; "Sunday Morning," in 1860; "Francisca Notch," "Thanatopsis," "Lake George," "Berkshire," and "Mountain Forest," since then—the two last-named in 1870.

But need we say, as we glance through the records of the Academy, and other sources of information available to us, that we might compile a list of Mr. Durand's works to cover many of these pages—portraits, figure subjects, and landscapes. Few artists of any country have been more prolific of good work, carried religiously to completion. There have been and are those from whose easels the canvases have passed much more rapidly, it is true; but few to whom it has been vouchsafed to follow their loving labor for half a century. How the results of even the most fastidious workers accumulate in fifty years! There is no collection in the country without its example or examples of Durand; few of the homes of our cultured people unadorned with some charming bit of forest loveliness or peaceful pastoral from his pencil. In all of these there is the irresistible charm of subtle truthfulness. Be it but a passage of tree forms or a brook's bed, there is that in it which tells of the depth of the artist's love for Nature, the evidences of his search for her minutest beauties.

There are those who dazzle us with strong effects of color, and seize upon our admiration without preface, as Durand does not; but we have none who have been more successful in the translation of Nature's more frequent joys—of her hours of calm repose; at the still noon-tide in her shady places, or at that yet more peaceful hour—

"When the bright sunset fills

The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows on the hollows of the hills,

And wide the upland glows."

DANIEL HUNTINGTON, EX-PRESIDENT N. A. D.

As the Army of the Revolution passed through Peekskill, Royalists and Republicans were out of doors to see the goodly show. A conspicuous figure among these was that of a pretty young girl who, seated on a garden wall, looked down with pleasure undisguised at Washington and his generals, and the long files of men who followed after. The graceful pose and charming face of the young beauty did not fail to attract attention; nay, more than that, the pleasing picture became a tender memory to one, at least, of the passers-by. This smitten one was Genl. Jed Huntington, then on the personal staff of Washington; the beauty was Miss Anne Moore, the daughter of a wealthy Royalist. But the doors of the Royalist were not inhospitable ones, for the young general of the Republic was ere long his guest, and despite the difference in politics, and in religion too—for Huntington was Puritan, while the Moores were High Church folk—an honored and a favored one, for the beauty of the garden wall, in course of time, was given to the soldier with her father's blessing.

Of the fruit of this fair union was the mother of the artist, Daniel Huntington, the story of whose art life is before us. His father was Benjamin Huntington, of Norwich, Connecticut, who came to New York early in life as a merchant, and here met his namesake, the daughter of the garden-flower of Peekskill, and married her. An enterprising and industrious merchant, he made a handsome fortune, but lost it by the fall of the United States Bank, wrecks at sea, and other unforeseen disasters. When these misfortunes happened, his three sons were being educated with a view to professional life. Although sadly reduced in means, he did not permit his change of circumstances to interfere with the wishes of his sons—they received a liberal education. The three boys were, Jed—named after his grandfather by the mother's side—Daniel, and Gurdon. These in their youth were thrown much into the society of the Moores, and from their great uncle, Moore of Virginia, and their cousin, Thomas W. C. Moore of New York—an accomplished amateur of fine arts—im-

bibed, each after his fashion, a love for the Church and a passion for Art. The latter feeling was greatly fostered by visits made with their mother to the studio of her relative, Col. Trumbull, who at this time occupied large rooms in the old Alms-House in the Park, where he painted and exhibited his various works, finished and in progress.

The oldest brother, Jed, was skillful in pen-drawing, and might have become a successful artist but for a stronger, and may we not say a better love?—impelled by which he entered holy orders, devoting his life to the services of religion and to literature. He was the author of *Lady Alice*, *Alban*, *Rosemary*, and other works. Gurdon, the youngest of the three, is now an Episcopal clergyman, but still finds a leisure hour for the gratification of the taste which he inherits; he has a skillful pencil and a good eye for color. And so this leaves us but the second eldest, Daniel, to dispose of, whose position as a leader, among the most thoughtful and cultured of our people, has been nobly won and diligently sustained by conscientious, painstaking labor, and the modest bearing which, better than great force of character, make friends and fortune—the fortune which is best worth the wearing.

Daniel's love of art was developed early. His devotion to the Muse, unlike that of his older and his younger brothers, was undivided. His first noticeable efforts were copies which he made from the plates of an encyclopedia. These, with all a loving mother's pride, were shown one evening to Col. Trumbull, who had dropped in for tea. "Better be a tea-water man's horse, in New York, than a portrait painter anywhere," said the Colonel, with characteristic gruffness. This was an unwelcome disturber of the fond mother's dreams, and fell as a cloud on the hopes of the young artist. They did not then know that Trumbull was a chronic grumbler, and discouraged all aspirants.

But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and bubbles joyfully from beneath the shadows that *will* fall upon the day-dreams of the young. Our artist, of a dozen

summers or so, soon forgot the gruff Colonel's speech, and proceeded with his drawing, illustrating the margin of his school-books with sketches and caricatures. His first essay in color was made at Rome, New York, where he was living with his uncle Gurdon, of whose kindness he speaks with affectionate recollection. Here he attended the collegiate school of Mr. Oliver Grosvenor, and became famous among his school-mates for his illustrations, in water-colors, of cards which were given weekly to the boys, as prizes, by their teacher. On the walls of his uncle's home hung a number of rude paintings, made by a cousin, one Mathew Brown, representing a justice's court and other amusing scenes. These, crude as they were, were full of character and suggestiveness, and, we are told, had much influence in giving a certain direction to the thought of the art student.

When fourteen years old young Huntington entered Smith's Academy, at New Haven, where he was prepared for college under the tuition of Horace Bushnell, since so distinguished as a preacher and theological writer. "Wilkison and Hodge," says the artist, "who were my fellow-students, will remember the classic atmosphere we breathed under our enthusiastic master, who inspired us all with a love of letters, for which he himself was much distinguished."

Thence Huntington went to Yale, but the greater part of his college life was spent at Hamilton. There Elliott came, to paint a portrait of President Davis, and this, when completed, being much admired, he was solicited by a number of the young collegians to remain that they might sit for him. He painted the heads of five of them, cabinet size, for five dollars each, a deduction of three dollars per head, the transaction being looked upon as a wholesale one. The painter passed several months among the boys, joining in their sports and sharing in their lighter studies. Here Huntington formed an acquaintance that ripened into a friendship afterwards which terminated only when death laid his cold hand upon the heart of Elliott.

From Elliott young Huntington borrowed canvas and colors, and under his instruction copied some prints, eventually essaying sev-

eral small portraits of his classmates, for which he was well rewarded by their laudations and the more valued praise of Elliott. His first noticeable success was made soon after this, when he painted the portrait, life-size, of a solemn-faced fellow who swept the College rooms, and whom the boys had dubbed the "Professor of Dust and Ashes." This was pronounced a hit, and may be seen this day in the library, where it hangs beside other works of the artist painted for the College in his maturity.

The walls of the young artist's room were soon covered with his rude sketches and caricatures, and the place became a great attraction to his classmates. Among the drawings thus exposed was one representing "Ichabod Crane Flogging a Scholar." This especially attracted the attention of Professors Worth and Lathrop, who encouraged him to persevere, and eventually persuaded him to enter the Art Department of the New York University, then recently established under the care of Prof. Morse, which he did. Whilst a pupil of the school at Hamilton he was one of the few who witnessed the first successful experiments with the electric telegraph, during the winter of 1835-6. Here also, in conjunction with Cornelius Ver Bryck, afterwards an Academician, Mr. Hobart, now Rev. Dr. Hobart, Cleveland Coxe, now Bishop, and John Jay, now Ambassador to Austria, our young artist founded a club for social and literary purposes on a plan which has since extended to other colleges.

Whilst a pupil of Prof. Morse, Huntington painted a landscape, and a figure subject entitled "A Bar-Room Politician," both of which were purchased by Dr. Parmeley, much to the delight and encouragement of the young aspirant, who now felt as if he had indeed begun his artistic career. His uncle Gurdon, hearing of his progress, sent for him and sat for his portrait. It was a success. His uncle was lavish of his praises and generous with his purse. This was Daniel's first portrait for money, and what wonder if he felt already rich in fortune and in fame as he returned to New York, his uncle's praises singing in his ears, his golden wages jingling in his pocket!

On returning to New York he took a room

in the University Building, where he painted "A Toper Asleep," a gift for his brother, another landscape, and cabinet portraits of his parents. His mother was an invalid at this time. "Her walks to my studio," says the artist, touchingly, "were among the last she took."

In 1836 he opened a studio, and modest, yet full of faith, began in earnest the painter's life. He painted landscapes, chiefly, for two years, when a portrait of his father bending over a book attracted considerable attention and brought sitters to his studio. He now turned his attention almost exclusively for a time to portrait painting.

In 1839 he sailed for Europe, where he studied assiduously; painting several subjects in Florence and Rome, afterwards engraved and purchased on his return at handsome prices. In 1840 he was again in New York, and found ample employment at portrait painting. His first important compositions after his return were "Mercy's Dream" and "Christiana and her Children," both of which are still highly prized. About this time Mr. A. M. Cozzens called at the studio and purchased "The Shepherd's Boy," painted in Rome. Mr. Cozzens was an appreciative patron; not only did he give of his own purse to the young artist, but induced his friend Ed. Carey of Philadelphia to become his patron also. Mr. Carey bought generously. "A warm sympathy thus began," says the artist, "between Mr. Cozzens and myself, and I attribute much of my success in life to his generous friendship."

The success of Huntington as an artist was now assured. His compositions when placed on exhibition at the Academy were warmly received, and commissions for portraits came to him faster than he could execute them. In 1842 he married Sophia Richards of Brooklyn, and soon after went to Europe for the second time. When abroad he executed several profitable commissions. During his stay in Europe he was elected a National Academician. This was in 1844. In 1845 he was again at home and at work, and during the three following years painted several of his best pictures, among them "Almsgiving," "A Lesson of Charity," and "The Marys at the Sepulchre."

In 1848 his works, at the request of some forty of the most prominent artists and literary men of that day, were placed on public exhibition at the Art Union Buildings, 497 Broadway, where they were visited by many thousands of our citizens. The paintings thus exhibited, and of which the catalogue is now before us, numbered no less than one hundred and fifty. This catalogue, by the by, is very interesting in itself. It was compiled by the artist, and is replete with valuable and not unfrequently witty comments.

In 1851 he visited England, and there painted the portraits of several distinguished men, among them those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, and the Earl of Carlisle. He also painted while there several figure subjects—compositions. Thence he went once more to Paris, where he painted "The Good Samaritan" for Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, the well-known amateur of this city; and "The Sketcher," for the Graham Institute of Brooklyn.

Touching this painting of "The Good Samaritan," the following incident, related by Huntington, is characteristic: "Before I left New York Mr. Roberts called and said, 'Paint me something while you are in Europe.' I expressed great pleasure, and inquired about size and subject. These were hinted at only. 'And about what amount of money?' I asked. 'About one thousand dollars, not much over that,' was the reply. After beginning the picture in Paris, I wrote to Mr. Roberts, describing the work, and adding, 'May I draw on you for two or three hundred dollars now and then, if I need them, as the work progresses?' The return mail brought a draft for 1,500 dollars."

Whilst in London, Huntington studied for some time at the Kensington Life Academy—a private society of which Mulready, J. Philip, Frith, O'Neal, Barlow, Holman Hunt and others were members. During this stay in Europe, which lasted until 1858, he painted several of his most important pictures. Among these were "Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel," for Mr. Wm. H. Osborne, of New York; "The Counterfeit Note," for Mr. Oliphant, and another "Mercy's Dream,"

varied, however, in its details from his first picture of this subject.

In 1858 he again arrived at home, where he was received with open arms by his brother artists, and where patronage to his heart's content awaited him. Early in the following year he was called upon by Mr. Alexander H. Ritchie, the celebrated engraver, who suggested as a subject for a canvas the well-known picture, "Mrs. Washington's Reception;" or, as it is otherwise known, "The Republican Court." Mr. Huntington accepted the commission, and at the price named by Mr. Ritchie. It was eighteen months before it was completed, as the work developed in quite a remarkable way on the hands of the artist, or in his mind rather. His original scheme for the composition embraced only ten or twelve figures; when finished it had not less than forty. This was one of the representative American pictures sent to the Universal Exposition at Paris. The fine line engraving of it by Ritchie is well known. From Mr. Ritchie's possession it passed to that of Mr. H. W. Derby, Mr. Ritchie realizing handsomely by its sale. And here be it recorded, to Mr. Ritchie's honor, that, remembering the price agreed upon and paid to Huntington was but indifferent payment for the time he gave to its elaboration, he called upon the painter, soon after the sale of the picture, and, with a unique generosity, gave him a check which represented a handsome proportion of his profit. Mr. Derby, if we remember aright, exhibited this picture on its return from Paris, and soon after sold it to Mr. A. T. Stewart (in whose possession it now is) for \$20,000. Name it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Ascalon—the artist's price was \$2,500!

In 1862 Mr. Huntington was elected President of the National Academy of Design, with the working of which he had been closely identified when at home for many years. He laid the foundation-stone of the Venetian building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, in raising funds for which he had been an industrious worker. He held the Presidency for eight years, when he resigned.

This brings us almost to the present day in this brief history of our artist, and yet we have

but hinted at the number of his contributions to American Art. In such a sketch as this it would be impossible, if desirable, to enumerate them all; indeed, we feel urged to apologize for the extent to which we have gone in recording titles; but this much of cataloguing we could not well avoid and do justice to the artist's reputation. His Shakespearean subjects are well known to art lovers; his Shylock is familiar to the members and visitors of the Century Club, where almost all his important compositions and portraits have been exhibited. His exhibition picture of 1867 was a large landscape—"Chocurua Peak"—still in his possession and worked upon at intervals. It is very much improved by this retouching during the four years since its exhibition. In 1868 he exhibited two allegorical subjects—"Philosophy and Christian Art" and "Sowing the Word"—the first a commission from Mr. Robert Hoe, the latter from Mr. Anson Phelps. In 1870 his still vigorous brush was seen in a group representing the family of one of our merchant princes—Benj. H. Field. A list of eminent Americans, their wives and daughters, painted by Mr. Huntington during the past ten years, would cover at least an entire page of this magazine. His portraits number probably a hundred, and are to be found in the homes of our wealthy metropolitans, in our colleges, and in the State and national collections.

Huntington's studio—which we lately visited—is at his residence on Fifteenth street. The walls of his reception rooms are hung with pictures—his purchases and the gifts of his brother artists; rare plants are in his windows, and objects of virtu crop out here and there to challenge criticism and admiration.

We found him at work. The portrait of a fair young girl was upon his easel; her spirit had passed, but a few weeks before, into the presence of the Great Artist. He was painting this picture partly from a sketch made after death, and partly from his recollection of the face. He knew the lady well.

In the huge canvas, covering an entire side of the studio almost, we recognized the landscape, "Chocurua Peak," to which we have referred, and did not fail to note the added



DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

strength, secured by his late work upon it. Another important picture which, in its turn, takes possession of his easel at this writing, is an order from Mrs. Saltus of Brooklyn—a composition of several figures, representing an incident in the life of Charles V.

Mr. Huntington is tall, fair, and of regular features; looking younger than he is, despite his studious life. He has an easy, graceful presence, and a manner winning as a woman's. Did he need a motto for his crest, we would

suggest "*suaviter in modo*," but not "*fortiter in re*," at least not in the broad application of the phrase. For he impresses us as one whose nature shrinks from controversy; a man to mould the manners of his time where the stuff is plastic, but not to hew them into shape with rough words and ways.

But fifty-five years old, with twenty years, we trust, of work before him, it may be that the most brilliant pages of his artist-life have yet to come. But should he lay his easel by

to-day, he has done enough to keep his memory green, while the records of our nation's history remain, and while we continue to

revere the men, the refining influences of whose creations touch our lives with gentle hand, and shape them daily into fairer forms.

NORAH: THE STORY OF A WILD IRISH GIRL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is one thing about Ireland which I don't remember ever to have heard any one notice but myself, which seems a conceited thing to say, as I really know so little about it. It is nothing political, though it may have a connection with Irish politics, for anything I can tell. It is the immense, the extraordinary number of Irish gentry afloat upon the world. I never was in a country neighborhood in England where there were not two or three families, at least; and every one who has ever lived abroad knows what heaps there are at every (so-called) English center, where living is supposed to be cheap, and there is a little society. One stumbles against them wherever one goes; and my opinion is, that it is very pleasant, generally, to make their acquaintance. But the fact has always surprised me. No doubt, one falls upon a Scotch house here and there in the quiet parts of England; but I never knew a village yet without its Irish family. And there was one accordingly at Dinglefield Green.

Almost as much as a matter of course, it was in the funny, tumble-down house at the east end of the Green, which somebody, I suppose in mockery, had nicknamed the Mansion, that they established themselves. The house must have had another name for formal purposes; but it never was called anything but the Mansion among us. It stood in a little, overgrown, very weedy garden; and I know it was damp. But of course, poor things, they could not tell that. It was partly built of wood, and partly covered with creepers; and between the two, you cannot conceive a more moist and mouldy place for people to live in. Creepers are very pretty, but they are not good for the walls, nor for

one's comfort. I do not say it was not rather picturesque, when the Virginia creeper was growing scarlet, and the trees changing color. There were two very fine chestnuts on the lawn in front of the house, and a good deal of wood behind—rather more wood, indeed, than I should have liked. The garden was walled all round, except in front, where the chestnuts made a very nice screen, and showed a pretty peep of the house between them. I have no doubt it was that peep which determined Lady Louisa; and as she knew nobody on the Green, it was impossible for us to warn her that things were not quite so satisfactory within.

However, they came and settled down in summer; after the season, Lady Louisa said. "I hate it myself, me dear," she informed us all; "I'm an old woman, and what's thim balls and kettle-drums to me? Though I don't quarrel with a good dinner when it takes that form, sure it's for *them*, poor things. You can't put an old head on young shoulders; and, upon me honor, I never was the woman to try." So the Beresfords came and settled down among us after their gayeties. We are always curious about a new neighbor on the Green. There are not many of us, and nice people are always an acquisition; whereas, on the contrary, when they are not nice, as has happened now and then, it is very uncomfortable for us all. Personally, the first that I saw of the Beresfords was Norah. Every afternoon when I went out, for the first fortnight after their arrival, I met a young lady who was a stranger to me, and who must, I knew, be one of the new people at the Mansion. She had a quick way of walking, which made it difficult for a shortsighted person like myself to see her face. But when I began to compare notes with my

neighbors, I found that everybody had seen her, and had noticed exactly what I did. We all called her the Girl with the Blue Veil. That was the most conspicuous point about her; and what was still more conspicuous was, that the veil had a hole in it. We made a little merry over this, I confess. One could not but say it was very Irish. Sometimes her veil was thrown over her face, and then the tip of a pretty little nose would be seen through the crevice, or a laughing, dancing, merry eye. I have no doubt she did it on purpose, saucy girl as she was. By degrees, the whole household became known. Lady Louisa herself was a stout little woman, very droll and dowdy; and her eldest daughter was exactly like her, and about the same age, I should think. They both dressed in the same way, and a very funny way it was; and they were exactly the same height, and trudged about everywhere together. Mr. Beresford was a quiet little old man with headaches, and we saw very little of him. Sometimes one of the sons came down from town, and sometimes other Irish families—very fine, shabby, homely people like themselves, with queer old gowns, and heavy old chains, and bracelets, and titles—used to come to see them. We all wondered, at first, how it was they were not ashamed to ask Countesses and Viscountesses, and all sorts of grand-sounding people, to go to the Mansion among the weeds and the damp, and with the remarkable furniture which we knew the house to contain. But, good souls, they were not in the least ashamed of anything; and the other lords and ladies took to it quite kindly too.

We all called, of course, as soon as it could be supposed that they had settled down. If anybody else had gone to the Mansion in the same homely way, the ladies on the Green might have hesitated; but there could be no question about Lady Louisa. They were all in, as it happened, the day I made my visit. They were not the kind of people to throw any glare about the odd little place; but of course, with so many in the room, it could not help but look more cheerful. The windows were ridiculous little casement windows, but they were open; and Norah was there, without her blue veil. Now I don't mean to say

that she was beautiful, or even absolutely pretty, perhaps; but she was the kind of creature that takes you by storm. Her eyes laughed, as if life were the greatest fun in the world; and up to this time I think she had found it so. They were curious eyes. Some people called them green, which was a libel, and some called them gray, which was almost as bad. I have seen them look as near blue as green, and I have seen them darken into hazel for a moment, if any shadow flitted across Norah's sky. But on ordinary occasions they were eyes of gold; they were like crystal, or sparkling running water, with a great yellow sunset shining through it. Her hair was of the Irish kind of hair which I have seen on many beautiful heads—dusky brown, neither light nor fair, with a certain paleness like dead leaves. And she was pale; her lips, even, were not too vivid in color,—everything about her toned down, except the eyes with the light in them, and the whitest teeth I ever saw. She was such a contrast to the others that I cannot help describing her. They were like two little steady old hens trolling about together, the mother and Priscilla; whereas Norah was like a bird and had wings. She was standing as I came in, which perhaps made me distinguish her the more; while Lady Louisa and Miss Beresford sat one on each side of my dear old Lady Denzil, who had called that afternoon too.

"Here's Mrs. Mulgrave at last," said Lady Louisa, as if she had known me all my life. "Me dear ma'am, don't look so surprised. Haven't I heard of you from me Lady here, and heaps of friends; and ye may imagine me feelings when I thought you were not going to call. Mr. Beresford has one of his bad headaches; so he'll not have the pleasure of seeing you to-day. But here's me girls, and very glad to make your acquaintance at last."

"I am sure you are very good," I said; and faltered out excuses (though I might have had the sense to see they were not necessary) for having let a whole fortnight pass. Lady Louisa did not pretend to pay the least attention. She was off at a tangent before I had said half a dozen words.

"He married an O'Farrell, me dear lady,"

she said, "and Mr. Beresford's grandmother, as ye may have heard, was step-daughter to old O'Farrell, of Castle Farrell; so he's a near relation, though we haven't seen much of him. They make fun of him because he's a widower, poor man; but ye may take me word, a widower with ten thousand a year is as pretty a thing as ye'll see in a day's journey—and neither chick nor child. They're silly girls, more's the pity, as I tell them every day."

"When a man is a widower so young as that," said Lady Denzil, "I am always sorry for him. It is bad for people beginning over again, even if there was nothing more."

"But he needn't begin over again. Why can't he stay as he is?" said Miss Beresford, with a little prim consciousness, and Norah clapped her hands and went off into wild laughter most exhilarating to hear.

"I would if I were him," she said, "if it was only for the fun of cheating mamma and you. But the man is old,—he's five-and-thirty. He might be one's grandfather—and a widower. If I were Prissy, I know what I should say."

"You would stop till you were asked, me dear," said Lady Louisa; "and so will your sister—and sure it's the height of bad breeding to be speaking of a thing Mrs. Mulgrave hasn't heard of till now. It's Col. Fitzgerald, me dear ma'am, that's come to the Castle—a cousin of their own, and ye hear how they're making fun of him. His wife, poor little soul, died within the year, and ye may take me word, being a young man, he's looking out again. So I don't see why they should not have the chance, as well as another. Now don't ye agree with me?"

"It depends on what the young ladies think," said I, so much amazed that I really could not for the moment see the fun, notwithstanding the dancing laughter in Norah's eyes.

"Ah, then, and what do they know?" said Lady Louisa, "a pack of girls! Norah, me child, sit down and be quiet, do, or the ladies will think ye a tomboy, and it's not far wrong they would be. It's a young woman's duty to marry, as I always tell them, and I don't see, that there's much prospect here, where

you've no gentlemen to speak of—unless it's the officers. We'd have laughed in my time to think of the men failing. They used to be as plenty as blackberries in the old days."

"We have got our brothers," said Miss Priscilla, "and I don't know what more we want. You would not find it so easy to get on without us as you think, mamma."

"I don't think of meself, me dear," said Lady Louisa; and abandoned the subject abruptly, with that fine sense of the genius of conversation which belongs to her race. "Mr. Beresford would have called on Sir Thomas, me dear Lady, but for his headaches. Sure we all know what a man is when he is ill. You can't tell how I'm hoping the place will suit him. We've done nothing but wander about since me children were babies. As for our own country, it's out of the question. The damp, and the heat, and the cold, and altogether. But I hear you've a fine bracing air on the Green?"

"Yes," said Lady Denzil and myself, both together, but there was, of course, a certain hesitation in our voices, which Lady Louisa was much too sharp not to observe. We were thinking of the Mansion itself and the damp, but that we could not explain.

"Ah, well," she said, looking at us. "It is not easy to know who to trust. Time will show. It is a droll little bit of a house, but we make it do. We had some friends over to lunch yesterday, our cousin Lady Langdale, and young Everton, her eldest son. That's a fine young fellow now—very handsome, me dear lady, and I fear, if one must believe all the tales one hears, very fast too—but the best of sons. As pleased to come down here with his dear mother as if he had been going to—well, I was going to say the Castle, but that's not very exciting now-a-days, me dear ma'am."

"Why, he came to have some fun, mamma," said Norah. "Don't you know it's great fun coming to this tumble-down old place? I like it of all things. One can skip about as one pleases, and nobody minds—instead of having to mend one's glove, and put up one's hair, and look as proper as four pins."

"But we rather pique ourselves upon being proper all the same," said Lady Denzil, "and

you must not teach the girls to be wild, my dear, though it is very nice to see you skipping about—even with holes in your gloves."

We looked at each other, my old friend and I, and had a little difficulty in keeping our countenances. It was all of a piece, somehow, and though one might be didactic as one's duty, one had no particular desire to set it right.

After the little glimpse we had been having of the Mansion and its inmates, there was something quite harmonious in that hole in Norah's veil.

"But Norah is quite particular about her gloves, I assure you," said Miss Beresford. "She is not such a wild Irish girl as people think, though she will run about. Mamma has no proper maid just now—"

"Ah," sighed Lady Louisa, "don't remind me of it, me dear. I've never had a proper maid, me dear ladies, I give you my word, since that fool of a girl went and married under me very nose, as it were. They will marry, the fools! as soon as they've got to be a bit useful to ye. And to prove it, I've got no cook in the house at this minute, if ye'll believe it, me dear ma'am, which is worse, when there's a man to be fed, than the want of a good maid."

"Oh dear, I am very sorry," said I. "Can—one—be of any use, Lady Louisa? Of course it is strange on so short an acquaintance—but if my servants can do anything—"

"It's like your kindness," said Lady Louisa, pressing my hand. "But we do the best we can. There's the lad that came with us; sure he's the son of an old butler of ours, and he's seen a good deal for his condition in life, and a very pretty notion of a dinner he has, I assure you; and me maid, such as she is—I don't call her a clever maid—but she can take a turn at anything. It's handy, me dear ladies, when you're moving about, and can't carry a full establishment at your tails. And we get along. Mr. Beresford's an invalid, thank God, and not so unreasonable as most men about the cooking. And oh, I assure ye, we get along."

Lady Denzil had turned to Norah, and was speaking to the child over her shoulder as this revelation was made to me, and I could

do nothing but falter a hope that she would soon feel herself settled down, and be supplied with cooks and everything necessary, as I rose to go away.

"Ah, then, it does not take so long to settle down," said Lady Louisa, rising, "when ye are used to it like me. I come in, me dear ma'am, and I give meself a shake, and I'm at home, whatever the place may be. It isn't a palace," she continued, looking round, "and the furniture is old-fashioned, but we've put in some of our own knick-knacks, ye see, which I always carry about with me, and that does more than anything to give the home-look. Norah, ring for old Ferns to show me Lady Denzil the door."

"Is this the man of all work, who has a pretty notion of a dinner?" I could not refrain from whispering as we went out. We had shaken hands and got quite clear of the drawing-room—indeed, we were outside the door; out of all possibility, as I thought, of being overheard. But before Lady Denzil could answer, a fresh, sweet, ringing peal of laughter came upon my astonished ear.

"Oh no, not that old fellow; but I'll show him to you if you please," said Norah Beresford, suddenly making her appearance round the corner. "He's the stable boy, and the cleverest boy I know."

You may suppose how I started! That Mansion is one of the most awkward places for back doors and side doors, so that you never know when you are safe. Of course I made some stupid excuses, but Norah only went off into another fit of laughing. The girl was wild with fun and spirits; she could not be more than eighteen—a kind of dancing fawn—and I took a fancy to the creature on the spot; though, no doubt, if she had been one of our own girls on the Green, who have always been brought up to behave themselves, one might have thought differently. But a young face of that age running over with fun and nonsense is pleasant, when it is sweet nonsense and not wicked. Norah laughed as most people breathe, and it was not from the lips outward, but with all her heart.

"What a light-hearted creature!" I said, with a little sigh, such as middle-aged people are apt to indulge in at such a sight. It

meant *poor thing, she knows no better!* I suppose one cannot help that half-envying, half-melancholy thought.

Lady Denzil was old, not middle aged, and had ceased to feel this little prick of compassion and superiority. She smiled only, she did not sigh, as she waved her hand to Norah. "It is a nice, innocent, cordial sort of laugh,—it does one's heart good to hear it," she said.

"And what a household!" I went on, for we were now quite free of the Mansion and its inmates. "So frank and so queer about everything! Are they half out of their minds, do you think—or is it all a joke?"

"My dear, they are Irish," said Lady Denzil quietly. "And then, why *should* they be ashamed? It is not their own house. I dare say their own place is very nice, if you could see it. And then they have a certain rank, you know. That makes people very easy about what they say. She is Lady Louisa if she lived in a garret. She can't be mistaken; and they take the good of their own mishaps, and see the fun of them just as we do, whereas *our* mishaps only amuse our neighbors, not ourselves," Lady Denzil added. It was very true, perhaps; but one did not like to hear such a sentiment from my Lady's lips.

And before a week was over, as might have been expected, the Green rang with stories of the Irish family. "Fancy, she says Colonel Fitzgerald is a widower with £10,000 a year, and her daughters may as well have the chance as another," Mrs. Stoke said to me, pale with consternation, though such calculations could not be absolutely foreign to her own experience. She was so shocked that it took away her speech for a whole evening: which was very different from its effect on Lady Louisa. "And the stable boy cooks the dinner," said the Admiral, with a laugh that they must have heard on the other side of the Green, and shrugged his shoulders, and added, "Poor devil,"—meaning, no doubt, Mr. Beresford, whom Lady Louisa, on the contrary, thanked God was an invalid, and not so particular. Whenever we met, we had a new story to tell of the Mansion. But it did them no harm, as far as I could see. No cook ever came that we could find out, and

no maid; and the hole in Norah's blue veil survived triumphantly till Christmas, when she tied up the leg of a little table in the drawing-room with it, to the admiration of all beholders. "I never saw such furniture," Norah said; "it breaks if you look hard at it. I suppose it must be made expressly for furnished houses;" and then she tied up the little table, which had a sprain, with the blue veil.

But notwithstanding, they were the greatest acquisition we had met with for a long while on the Green. Norah was a favorite everywhere; our pet, and the darling of the village, though she was not always perfectly tidy. And as for Miss Priscilla, though she was by way of being the precise and old-maidenly sister, even she had a suppressed sense of fun with all her primness. I do not believe they read three books from one year's end to another. The girls knew nothing to speak of, except a smattering of languages, which they had picked up abroad in their wanderings. Really, I cannot help thinking sometimes it is great nonsense, the fuss we make about education. Norah was a great deal nicer than if she had been well educated. I am old-fashioned, I suppose, but on the other hand I am very fond of books, which have been my closest companions for years; but yet—Those lively, keen, open eyes, seeing everything—that vivacious original mind, finding out the fun first of all, and then heaps of other meanings, if they were but ever so slightly indicated to her, in everything she heard or saw—were worth a great deal more than mere knowledge. I hate dull people, uneducated or not, which I fear is a very unchristian sentiment when one thinks how many of our fellow-creatures are very dull—and I love intelligence about all things, without caring much about its amount of education. "Ah, that is because you only see the pleasant side of it," Mr. Damerel says to me. He is very highly educated, good man, and so are his children going to be. The girls (it is his pride) learn everything with their brothers. But, oh me, how heavy they all are! how it wears one out to spend an evening at the Rectory! whereas with those dear ignorant souls at the Mansion the moments flew.

It was July when the Beresfords came, so that they had still a good deal of the summer before them, and our young people did their duty in making them acquainted with all there was to be seen. They had brought a pony with them and a little carriage, not any bigger, and, I must say, very much more crazy and out of order than mine. The wheels had a jingle of their own, which distinguished Lady Louisa's pony-chaise to the whole neighborhood. It was this that was the nominal occupation of the boy who cooked the dinner, and a very clever boy he was. I have seen him myself in the yard, polishing the chaise as if his life depended on it. "Sure and it's joking my lady was," he answered, when somebody congratulated him one day on his various accomplishments. He blushed, though Lady Louisa did not. And so the quaint, funny, candid household got settled down in the midst of us. Beside Lady Denzil, who was our queen in a way, Lady Louisa looked like an old washerwoman: but notwithstanding all her good-nature, there was one point she was stiffer upon even than Lady Denzil. We were all gentry, fortunately, and people whom one could visit, but nothing could be finer than the unconsciousness that came upon the lady of quality when an interloper of a lower order came in. She became blind, deaf, and stupid in a moment, though she was the very soul of good-humor and kindness. This is a mystery I don't understand, though I am as fond of well-born people as anybody need be.

And alas! the autumn that the Beresfords came to the Green was the year that, after all his misdoings, Everard Stoke came home.

CHAPTER II.

EVERARD was Mrs. Stoke's eldest son: they were people of the very best connections, but poor—so poor that they had to live in a little cottage and practice the most rigid economy, though they "counted cousins" with half the people in the peerage. Everard had had every advantage in education, people thinking naturally that the eldest son was his mother's best prop, and that he would be glad to be able to help his own. And no doubt some boys are a help and comfort to every one belonging to them; just as there are others who

pull everybody down who has ever attempted to help them. He was meant to go into the Indian Civil Service, that being the best way, as many people think, for a young man to get on. But he would not be a Civil servant. He insisted on going into the army, where, of course, he knew he could never keep himself, much less help his family. I don't know what poor Mrs. Stoke, who was not a strong woman either in mind or body, was subjected to in the way of threats, and disobedience, and ill-temper, before she would consent. But she had to consent at last; and they got him a commission in a very nice regiment in the line. He wanted to be a Guardsman, the young fool! but of course her friends were not such idiots as that. I suspect Everard had thought of soldiering—for he was not much more than a boy, and could not be expected to have much sense—as nothing but a life of indolence and freedom, heaps of amusements and gay society. But when he found he had to obey as well as to command, it changed his ideas altogether. The way in which he tried to cover his insubordination at first was by calling his Colonel a snob, which he did whenever he came to see any of us. "His grandfather was a tailor," he would say; "fancy gentlemen having to be under a fellow like that!" He tried after a while to get his friends to arrange an exchange for him into a different regiment: but it happened to be just at the moment when Willie, the second boy, was going out to India, and no one could pay attention to Everard's grumbles. Then there came a dreadful explosion. Whether he refused to obey orders, or whether he was insolent to his commanding officer, one could never quite make out; but the result was that he was recommended to resign to avoid a court-martial. It was the 119th, and I knew one of the officers. His account was, that he never saw such an ill-conditioned cub. "Snob himself," said my friend with indignation; "our old Colonel is a man to be proud of. The little brute never obeyed an order in his life, and wouldn't—'twasn't in him. What business had his mother to be a widow? Oh yes, I suppose she couldn't help it: but she ought to have flogged the very life out of that little beggar all the same." Poor, gentle

Mrs. Stoke, to think of her whipping a boy! though I don't doubt it would have done him good.

So Everard came home, more or less disgraced, his chosen profession thrown away, or throwing him away. By that time he was one-and-twenty, and a dreadful life he led his poor mother and sisters, grumbling at every thing. They had nothing on the table fit to eat,—they had nothing decent to put on,—they made a fellow wretched with their long faces, &c., &c. Once he did me the favor to take me into his confidence, but was sufficiently startled by my answer not to try it again. Then by immense exertions—it was before the time of examinations for everything, and interest did a great deal—a place was got for him in one of the Government offices. When Mrs. Stoke asked my advice, I was against this step from the beginning, for what was a young man of his habits to do in London, where everything would tempt him to go astray? “Ah, you don't know my Everard,” said the misguided woman, with tears in her eyes. “He is very proud, I must confess. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Mulgrave, it is a grave fault, but all the Stokes are proud. How could he be expected to be superior to the character of the family? But he has no other faults, poor boy. I could trust him as I would trust one of the girls,” she said, drying her eyes. And I suppose, so strangely are people constituted, that she believed what she said.

Everard got the situation, and everything seemed to go well for a year or two. By degrees, he got quite out of the habit of coming to the Green. When he did come, they never could please him. When his poor mother remonstrated with him for neglecting her, he made her the cruellest answer. “You don't think I could stand the Green all by myself?” he said; “and what fellow would care to come down with me to a hole like this?” It was Lottie who told me, in her indignation; but Mrs. Stoke bore it all, and never made any sign. And then — It was a dreadful business; and nobody ever explained, in so many words, exactly how it was. It was not in the papers, which kept it from the knowledge of people out of society, at least. As for people in society, of course the papers are

nothing; and everybody knew. There was some public money that had to pass through his hands; and besides that, he was more than a thousand pounds in debt. It came upon the poor Stokes like a thunder-clap. That sort of thing is more dreadful to *us*, who have but a very little money, and that little our very own, than, I suppose, to mercantile people, who are used to have other people's money in their hands. He had to go away, with just a telegram to his poor mother that he was ruined, and that she would never see him more. Of course it was some days before we heard; but we all noticed and wondered at the strange commotion in the cottage, and poor Mrs. Stoke, more dead than alive, going and coming constantly to town. As soon as the first whisper got abroad I went to them at once, which was rather a bold thing to do, and might have been badly taken. But they knew me, and that I meant only to serve them; and that is what Lottie means when she speaks of the time when I stood by them in their trouble. They had to make great sacrifices to pay up what they could. I know Mrs. Stoke sold her pearls, which she had always clung to through all their poverty, for the sake of her girls. And they sent away one of their servants, and lived more plainly, and dined more poorly than ever. And Everard disappeared for a long time, like a man who has gone down at sea. It was long before they knew even if he were alive, or where he was. I cannot tell how he lived, or what he did with himself; but at the time I am writing of, everything had quieted down and been forgotten; and he came back. His poor mother, somehow, had still a remnant of belief in her boy, and wept over him as did the father of the prodigal—though Everard was far too much a young man of the period to have any confession on *his* lips. I don't believe he even said “I am sorry,” for all the dreadful trials he had dragged those poor women through. Oh, how many things such women have to bear that they cannot confide to their dearest friends! He took it all as a matter of course. He looked us all in the face, just so conscious of what we thought as to be defiant of our opinion. There had been no public stigma put upon

him, no prosecution, nor anything of that kind. And now that it had "blown over," as he thought, he had the audacity to come home.

There are some men who are more attractive in their first youth than at any other age; and some whom life so moulds and stimulates, that they who were stupid and disagreeable at twenty, are at thirty interesting men of the world. Everard had never been a nice boy. Fond as I am of young people, he was one to whom I could not open my heart. But when he came home at the time I mention, strongly prejudiced as I was against him, I could not but acknowledge that he was improved. His manners were better. One could not tell if it were false or if it were true. But it is more agreeable, all the same, to be listened to, and heard out, and have a deferential answer, than to be interrupted and contradicted. Then he had learned to talk, which was a new gift; and it was a rare gift on the Green. He had been to all sorts of places, and seen every kind of people; and whatever his motive might be (I do not pretend to guess it), he took the trouble at least to make himself agreeable. Though I have an antipathy beyond all expression for this kind of man—the being who has two or three fair starts, and always turns out a failure, and comes back upon the poor women "that own him," as Lady Louisa would have said—yet somehow I could not quite execute justice upon Everard. "He is sorry, though he does not say it," said his poor mother. "He is not one to say it; and his very coming back like this is like turning over a new leaf. Don't you think so, dear Mrs. Mulgrave?"

I could not commit myself to such a favorable judgment. But still one might hope he did mean better this time.

He was at home all the summer; and the impression he produced on our little community in general was much the same as on myself. We knew his story so well that it was needless repeating or opening it up again. We said to each other, "I wonder Everard Stoke has the assurance to come back; and what will his poor mother do with him?" And then we changed to "Everard Stoke has certainly improved—don't you think so?" And

at length somebody was so kind as to suggest that he was but nine and twenty, and that perhaps he might even yet do well. It will be easily understood that no distinct reference was made to his story so as to render it intelligible to a stranger. And the Beresfords had lived abroad a good deal, and had no connection with our district, and had heard nothing about it. This was how it happened that in a place where every detail of the business was known, Lady Louisa never heard of it. She knew, of course, that there was something. He had been in the army, and left it; he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth for a long while. But then so had she and all her family; so that did not seem so strange to her. He had been a little wild, or gone too fast, as people say,—in short, there was something. But that was all Lady Louisa knew. And we, foolish creatures as we were, not seeing an inch before us, thought it kinder not to rake up an old story. "If he gets the chance now, he may do well," we said to each other, and began to ask him to our houses. And then he amused us, which is so irresistible a spell in a dull country place. And we all agreed tacitly to take him on trial again, and ignore the sins of his youth.

All this preamble is necessary to explain how he got to meet Norah Beresford, in the familiar way which our small society made inevitable. I remember being startled, not long after they came, by the advanced state of their acquaintance, till Lottie explained to me that they were always meeting Norah in her walks, and had taken to making little expeditions together. "Everard is so kind, he always walks with us now," his sister said, with, as it seemed to me, just a touch of doubtfulness in her voice.

"That is very unlike Everard," said I, perhaps a little severely; which was a very foolish thing to say, for however much we may ourselves condemn our own, none of us like to hear another do it. Lottie flushed a little and turned upon me, as I might have known. "Everard has changed very much, Mrs. Mulgrave," she said; "he is not like the same. Indeed, I don't think he *is* the same; but of course old friends always remember the past and don't believe in the future, as we do."

"I think that is not quite fair to me, Lottie," I said; "but at all events I hope in the future with all my heart, and that your faith may be fully verified. No doubt he is much improved."

And thus my little representation was put a stop to. To be sure it was possible that Everard's kindness to his sisters might be one of the fruits of repentance. It was not like him, but still it was possible, and he was very much improved. But I can't say I quite liked, the moment after, to see him come along the road with his little sister Lucy, by way of chaperone, I suppose, and Norah by his side. It was her laugh, that sweet, fresh, mellifluous Irish laugh, that called my attention to them. And the two were talking very closely. Lucy, whose head was busy about other matters, tripped on before, and Everard was talking and Norah listening as—well, as people do. One knows when one sees, without requiring to explain. I saw the scene from my window, and immediately, on the spur of the moment, rushed out to the garden gate, and called to them to come in and have some tea. "I am sure you have been having a long walk, and you shall not pass my door," I said, with a playfulness that I did not feel. Norah was very willing, poor child; she meant no harm and knew no better. She came in to me as brightly as if my quiet house had been the gayest in the world. But her face did cloud over a little when Everard paused, and took off his hat, and excused himself. He had only meant to see Miss Beresford home, he said, and could not stay. He had letters to write. Norah's face clouded, and showed the cloud. She looked wistfully at him, as if, but for shame, she would have changed her mind, and gone home; and she looked reproachfully at me. But the thing was done, and could not be altered. "I dare say we shall meet to-morrow, somehow," she said to Lucy, as she kissed her—and so went in with me, in that cloudy condition, half smile, half tear, which was, of all others, the most natural aspect of the mobile Irish face.

"I should not have come in if I had known he would go away," said Norah frankly. "Ah, then, you won't be angry that I say it.

He was telling me something—I'd rather have heard it out, and had his company a little longer, than a dozen cups of tea."

"But the tea is better for you, my dear," said I, "though perhaps not a dozen cups."

"No, fun is best," said Norah, beginning to brighten out of the cloud. "I like to be amused above all things. You steady English, with your steady ways, you prefer being dull. But I am not an English girl, and I have been brought up abroad; I like to be amused."

"All the better," said I. "I like it too, and Everard Stoke *is* amusing. He is even interesting, sometimes, which is more surprising still."

"Why should it be surprising?" said Norah. "You all seem to speak as if you patronized Ever—Mr. Stoke, and made allowance for him, and all that; whereas," said the girl, flashing up into full animation, "there is not a man all about can hold a candle to him! Sure you know it as well as me! They are all old fogies, or young fogies, which are worse. I laugh at them till it makes me ill—and then I could cry to think one is never to see anything better than that, when up starts somebody suddenly out of the earth,—that is *Fun!* Yes; he is fun, though you shake your head—and—interesting, and all that;—and then you English put on your solemn faces. Oh, I don't like you at all! I shall never like you! That is, you are an old dear, and a jewel, and I love *you*." It was a minute at least before I could free myself from Norah's embrace, which was as impulsive and vehement as herself.

"You may not like us, my dear," said I, "and yet you must acknowledge we are not very ill-natured, after all. We might have made it impossible for Mr. Stoke to have so much as seen you, if we had thought proper to make ourselves disagreeable; and I am not sure we ought not to have done so, after all."

"It can't matter to me one way or another," said Norah with a sudden blush; and then she put her arms round me again, and looked up in my face with her shining sunset eyes, and coaxed me in her mellow Irish tones. "Ah, then, Mrs. Mulgrave, darling! do tell

me all to myself—mamma shall never hear, nor any one. Tell me what he has done?"

"Norah, if I thought it was anything to you what he had done—" I began.

"Ah, then, and what could it be to me?" said Norah. "Did I ever see him till six weeks ago? Did I ever hear his name? But I like to know everything. I am fond of stories. I suppose he has been very naughty, poor fellow!" she said, with an inimitable fall of her voice. Love itself could not have been more pathetic. Perhaps, with all her *naïveté*, there was a touch of that delicious instinctive histrionic sense which made her face unconsciously suit the emotion of the moment; or else things were worse than I thought.

And even now I had not the courage to speak out—a thing I shall never forgive myself. I had not the heart to throw the first stone at him, and he trying, or appearing to try, to amend. I thought what I did say would be enough to frighten her. I made a little fancy sketch of his insubordination, and how he had to leave his regiment, and then of his getting into debt and—being obliged to go away. The way she kept smiling at me, undismayed—the clear golden gleams, unsubdued by any cloud, out of her eyes—the proud way she held her head, never a droop of shame or even doubt in it—ought to have warned me to cut nothing out of the picture. I don't know now how it was I could have been so foolish. I had not the heart to shame him in the girl's eyes. When I had ended I watched her very closely, more anxious how she should take it than I could tell. But she took it in a way I never would have dreamed of. She jumped up from her chair and clapped her hands.

"Now that is the kind of man I love," she said. "His Colonel was a frightful old wretch. He bore it as long as he could, but that was not forever. The idea of shaking your head at a man for that! And then his independence—going away to hide his poverty from his friends, and making a living for himself with nobody to help him! I think it was grand! I knew I was right to like Everard Stoke. Ah now, how can I call him *Mister*. Don't you all say Everard? That's for telling me," she said, suddenly giving me a vehement

kiss. "Hush, whisper—I'm so glad. I thought it was something about some girl—"

"Oh, my dear Norah!" I cried; but she spoke so fast, and was in such a flood of talk, that it was impossible for me to go on.

"You never talk of such things before us," said Norah in her excitement, "but we always hear a word now and again that sets us wondering. Priscilla and I made sure it was about some girl. They say men are like that. I could have forgiven him, for you know he must have been so young. But I am glad—I can't tell you *how* glad—that it was only getting into debt and that sort of thing. Why, that's nothing. We are all in debt, every one," said Norah, with a laugh of half hysterical emotion. "Papa owes—I can't tell how much—and that's one reason why we are never at home."

"Oh, my dear, don't tell me any more," cried I, in a fright; "and Norah, stop and think before you say you are glad. He is nothing to you, and can never be anything to you; but all the same, you ought to estimate him justly. Everard Stoke has been a bad son and a bad brother—he has been—"

"And what did they ever do for him?" said Norah, with a toss of her head in defiance. "Why should he take them up on his shoulders when they don't want it? You are seeing with their eyes, and not your own nice kind ones, Mrs. Mulgrave, dear."

"And whose eyes are *you* seeing with, poor child?" I said. "He has been a burden upon them, and he has neglected them, Norah. You can't think how he has neglected them, and they always so careful of all his tastes—always so tender to him."

"They never understood him," said Norah hotly, with quick tears of vexation springing into her eyes. She had come to that last defense in which the faithless and cruel intrench themselves. And when she reached that point, her excitement, which was not under control, as it would have been with a girl more used to self-restraint, burst into tears. I stood looking on, very serious, even rueful, not attempting to comfort her. And next moment she sprang up with a wild outburst of laughter, and dried her eyes.

"Not that I care one bit," she said, "not

one bit ;—what should it matter to me ? But only he has been telling me things, and I'm so glad they are quite true. There, Mrs. Mulgrave, dear, that's all. You shall never hear me speak of Ever—Mr. Stoke again."

"I hope not, my dear," I said very gravely, giving her my hand.

"You may be quite sure. What can it matter to me ?" said Norah. "We're strangers, you know, and wild Irish. After a while we'll go away and disappear into Italy or somewhere. I know papa's ways. If one of us girls doesn't marry Colonel Fitzgerald," Norah continued, looking up at me with one of her doubtful looks, half fun, half pathos. She knew that she might have to do this, strange as it sounded, should Colonel Fitzgerald throw his handkerchief at her, and yet she could not help seeing the humor of the situation, such as it was.

I confess I was so mean that I went up stairs to my bed-room window, and watched her walk all the way home. Probably the same idea that was in my mind had been in Norah's, for she certainly paused and looked round, as with some ghost of an expectation. But Everard was too wise for that. He was not going to follow her at such a moment under my watchful eyes. Of course, if one had chosen to inquire, there was pretty sure to be "something about some girl" in his dark existence. But it had never been my business to accuse him, or investigate his sins ; was it my business now ?

I asked myself this question till it became a pain to me. Was I my brother's keeper ? Ah,—but the question sounds different when it is my little sister's keeper—the child that one sees on the edge of a precipice. It gave me a bad headache and a great deal of trouble before I could make out what I ought to do. And what I decided upon was no better than a compromise, a worldly proceeding. I made up my mind to go to his mother and speak about it to her. Norah had no money that I knew of, and though she had good connections, they were but a poor people to lean upon. He could have no motive for the part he was playing, and would surely give it up when he understood the circumstances.

With this lingering hope in my mind I got

up next morning full of my purpose, and went to the cottage to have an interview with Mrs. Stoke.

CHAPTER III.

"THIS is carrying things a great deal too far," said Mrs. Stoke, in her offended and stately tone. "I know you mean well, dear ; but why should my boy take any trouble about such a girl as Norah Beresford ? With his connections, he might look a great deal higher. She has not a penny ; and her family is good, of course, but a poor Irish family. It would be nothing to *us* to marry into the Clantorry connection. It certainly is not worth Everard's while. I know you speak from good motives——"

"Oh, mamma ! how can you talk to *her* so ?" cried Lottie. "Have you forgotten ? Dear Mrs. Mulgrave, mamma will never hear anybody say a word about Everard, you know."

"I don't want to say a word," I answered. "I never thought he wished to marry her ; and it is for his own sake as well as hers that I speak. If he should go too far, and it should get known, people will speak of the past ; and I am sure, for one, I do not want that to be raked up again."

"But you do it," said Mrs. Stoke, sitting down to cry. "I was thinking nothing about the past, for the moment ; and you have gone and brought it all back."

I stood quite still while my victim cried. I own that I felt intensely uncomfortable. What business had I to interfere ? Was it not the best thing to leave it alone, and let each one take care of his own affairs ? I to make Everard's mother cry, with so many real things in his life to vex her ! I was angry with myself.

"But, mamma," said Lottie, after a pause, "Everard never did consider anything but his own pleasure, all his life. You and I ought to know that."

"You are always the one to turn against him," said her mother. But it was not so easy to silence Lottie as me.

"Ever since the time when he would break our dolls," said Lottie, with a little bitterness. "If he liked it, he would break Norah's heart in the same way, and throw the fragments

from him. Do you mean to say you do not know your own son, after all these years?"

"Oh, Lottie, how cruel you are to me!" cried Mrs. Stoke. That was all the satisfaction I could get. I begged them not to tell Everard, so as to rouse his vanity; but only to dissuade him, lest people should talk. And then I went home with the discouraging sense, for one thing, that Lottie agreed with me, and the feeling that I had sown dispeace among them—not a pleasant thought.

Next time I saw the Beresfords after this, I found Lady Louisa, with her two daughters, in a considerable state of excitement.

"Me dear, it's the Colonel we're expecting," she said; "and I don't deny I am fluttered a little when I think of the importance it may be to *them*, poor things. For let me tell you, me dear ma'am, ten thousand a year does not go begging every day to a couple of poor girls without a penny; and I'd have them mind what they're about."

"Then is he coming—?" said I, and stopped short, confounded; for had he been coming, like a French gentleman on his promotion, to see the *fiancée* his friends had looked out for him, Lady Louisa could not have been more straightforward in her speech.

"He is coming," said Norah, "like the man in the story, to see which of the two sisters he will like best; and one will be very fine, in full dress, to make the best of herself. And the other will be in her high frock, ready to run about after dinner is over. And he'll turn round from the one that was got up all ready for him, and he'll say to the papa, 'I'll have the one with her clothes on, please.' That's how it will be."

"If it's me you mean, Norah," Miss Beresford began, with a little flash of spirit, "nobody ever saw me with my dress falling off my shoulders; though I don't sit down to dinner like a tomboy that must always be running about."

"Ah, then, don't be vexed, Prissy dear," said Norah. "It was only for fun. If one couldn't make fun of it, one would be furious," cried the little vixen, suddenly clenching her hands. "The man—the brute! coming to look at us to see which he will buy, and mam-

ma talking and settling what we're to wear, as if it were all right."

"Don't get to quarreling over him already, me dears," said Lady Louisa, with perfect calm. "Is it the man I'm thinking of? Sure the man might go to Russia, for anything I care; but he's got ten thousand a year, me children, and why should it go past our door more than another's, if I can help it?—and as nice a place as ever I set eyes on," she added, with a sigh, "in county Wicklow, me own county. And the comfort it would be to see one of ye there."

"But unless people—like each other," said I, seeing it was my turn to say something, "even a nice place would not make them happy—" and broke off here like a fool, having made my little conventional speech.

"A nice place goes a long way, me dear ma'am," said Lady Louisa, with that mellow, warm Irish worldliness, which somehow does not feel so abhorrent as the ordinary type; "and it does you a vast deal of good, take me word for it, to have plenty of money. They never knew what that was, poor things. We're poor, and we've always been poor, and I'm not ashamed of it. But I'll never let me children go and throw themselves away. If ye marry beauty, it's but skin-deep," continued this philosopher; "and as for wit and brains, and all that, it's pleasant, but where's the good of it? But sure, when ye marry money, ye know what you are doing; and that's a consolation, at the least. I'm thinking, me dear ma'am, as you've all been so kind and hospitable to us, to make a little effort to repay ye, now me friends are in town. We can't give but very small dinners in this bit of a place, which is a pity. But I'm thinking of a saries of tays."

"Mamma," said Priscilla in an undertone, with a blush and look of horror. Their mother was too ready-witted, however, to correct herself.

"Of tays." Is it too Irish I am?" she said, with her round, pleasant laugh. "The first of them is this day week, me dear lady—and I hope to see the Colonel and some of the officers; and if the young ones like to amuse themselves on the lawn—sure, it wants to be well cut first," she added, breaking off;

"and I hope you won't forget to tell Patrick's children. In a general way I like to see the grass grow, me dear ma'am—I'm fond of nature, though I'll allow it's a strange taste—and I hope we shall have the honor of Mrs. Mulgrave's company," said Lady Louisa, with a gracious bow. "But if I were you I'd tell Patrick at once, me dears, before you forget," she added, turning to Norah. Patrick was the famous stable-boy who was of so much use in the cooking; and certainly such a lawn for the young people to amuse them-

selves upon, I never saw. The grass must have been ankle-deep at least.

Norah, however, did not move. She had some object of her own in following out this conversation. "If you mean dancing, mamma," she said, "there are plenty of ladies—but I don't know where the men are to come from, unless you mean the Colonel to order down his whole regiment."

Poor Norah! I saw in a moment that this little speech was made to call forth the mention of one name.

(To be continued.)

OUR LABOR-SYSTEM AND THE CHINESE.

It is impossible to deal justly with the Chinese labor question without a fair examination of our entire labor-system.

The United States, in their relations to labor, stand alone among all the countries of the earth. The very principles of freedom and equality, upon which we depend for our cohesion, are adverse to a practical labor-system. Whereas other nations find their labor-market supplied by the peasant order, or by a system of serfdom or slavery, we have no such resource, and are forced to look abroad for paid substitutes for those who, in other countries, are presumed to feel some slight interest in the land and people they serve.

We have no peasantry; and since our native-born population have been disinclined to turn their attention to menial labor, it has followed that we must look for assistance to the refuse population of older and overcrowded countries, in order that we might develop the resources of our own.

Hitherto we have found no difficulty in supplying our need, in so far as quantity has been concerned. Mere bone and muscle were to be had for the asking; and in millions we have asked and received. While the land needed only those elements for its development, this was all very well.

But the simple fact of our own isolation from menial pursuits has left us free to advance in other directions; and the result has been, that in the short space of a century we

have won a position equal to that of nations enriched by the achievements of a thousand years. Meanwhile our labor-system has not kept pace with us. While the lords of the soil have progressed intellectually, the tillers have remained stagnant upon the same plane which they occupied at the period of the first immigration.

This would be all well enough, if it were not that inventive genius and intellectual power require instruments of some mental capacity to make them profitable. The truth is, that while, in the first period of our existence, we needed only brute force, and the muscular power that could fell trees and hoe potatoes, now we must have intellectual and skilled labor to utilize our inventions, to develop our manufactures, and to enrich our land with intelligent agriculture. Agriculture, horticulture, and manufacture, which were at first conducted with a view to absolute necessity, are now followed, in a degree, as fine arts, needing all the adjuncts which the mind can offer to advance them.

For such advancement our present labor-system is incompetent; and this leads to the first proposition to be offered in this article, viz.: that *our present labor-system is intellectually inadequate to the necessities of the people and the capacity of the country and period.*

Again, not only has our labor-system failed to advance in value and capacity with our advancing resources; not only is it a dead-weight upon invention and improvement; but it has

also been the occasion for the introduction into our social and political organization of an element fraught with danger to our welfare and position as a nation. Forced to depend for the labor which built our residences and our warehouses, and which tilled our fields and worked our manufactories, upon the refuse of the ignorant lower orders of Europe, or, in default of these, upon a peasantry imbued to a large extent with the *sans-culotteism* of the times, we have seen our servants educated to overturn their masters, and the worst features of despotic injustice introduced into our republican law, by the very ones who had fled from their own homes to escape the workings of similar unjust dispensations. This brings us to a second proposition, which is, that *the interference of ignorant labor with politics is dangerous to society, injurious to operatives, and practically impedes the progress and advancement of labor itself.*

Hitherto our labor-market has been a monopoly with no competitors; and the consequence has been—as must ever be the case under similar circumstances—labor improperly and grudgingly performed, and exorbitant compensation insolently demanded. There should be nothing freer than labor. Our market should be open to the world, since only by that means can the natural laws which regulate it gain opportunity for their working.

Contemplating the question of labor from these standpoints, it is within the bounds of possibility that the subject of Chinese labor, instead of being a problem, may become the solution of a problem; and it is in this light that it is proposed to treat it in the present article.

The three classes of labor to be considered are—agricultural, manufacturing, and domestic. Beginning with the last, it will be admitted that domestic service in this country has at length become a simple condition of tyranny on the part of the servant over the master. Gradually, our republican theories, as applied to a foreign and intractable element, have borne fruit in a drawing-in of the lines of division, until it is impossible to tell where subordination begins and supremacy ends. The fact is, that in domestic service there is little or no adhesion by good feeling,

but only the temporary sustenance of an apparent servitude, for the sake of an interest which culminates in real mastery. A monopoly of wages and service exists to such an extent, that while servants may demand any compensation, they are bound by no laws and held by no agreement. The performance of the least amount of labor, with the largest degree of license, and the most exorbitant pay, is the rule. Faithful service, and real interest in a situation on account of the one served, are conditions we read of in old country literature with doubt—having no illustrating cases in our own life.

Next, as to the manufacturing interest. While this same condition of monopoly obtains here, it is aggravated by the scarcity of skilled labor at any price, and the combinations which the laboring classes are enabled to form at any moment, disorganizing and deranging our whole system of manufacture, forcing employers into heavy losses or agreement with unjust terms, demoralizing entire communities, and bringing poverty and disaster upon innumerable families; and all these evils for want of legitimate competition.

Now as to agriculture. The abolition of slavery was certainly productive of results, as regards our agricultural progress, whose bitter and injurious effects must be felt for an indefinite period of time, unless some other form of labor shall take the place of the one so summarily annihilated. And yet this act of emancipation, ruinous to our agricultural interests as it must be at the outset, cannot but result favorably in the end, provided it be made the stepping-stone to a more advanced and intelligent system. The colored population of the South, ignorant and brutish as a mass, can never be anything more to our soil than the blind workers, whose labor must be fruitless except as directed by a higher intelligence. The necessity for this kind of labor is being rapidly obviated by the introduction of machinery; and it becomes obvious that what will be needed hereafter in this direction is a much higher standard of intelligence, combined with education, and a marked degree of aptitude for the duties required.

The vastness of our agricultural resources

makes necessary a similarly comprehensive mode of treatment, in which brute power shall play only a minor part; while education, natural intelligence, and adaptation of the best means to the greatest end, may result in a development far beyond our present powers of conception.

These three classes of labor—the domestic, agricultural, and manufacturing—may be said to control our future chances of advancement in happiness and prosperity. The millions of acres of fertile land which are being opened for cultivation by our new and extensive lines of railway must hereafter become the homes of a vast population, whose labors shall go to enrich or impoverish the nation. It becomes us, therefore, in so far as it may lie in our power, to endeavor so to direct the course of emigration and the growth of this population as to strengthen and sustain ourselves. While we profess to throw our ports open to the world, and to accept willingly, and in a spirit of brotherly kindness, the waifs and estrays from every nation, there is no need that we should offer special advantages to crime and poverty, or throw obstacles in the way of such a class of emigrants as would benefit our country. Heretofore, the chief immigration to America has been twofold—the class of small farmers from the villages of Germany, who brought money with them and labored to obtain a foothold upon the soil for themselves and their families; and the poverty-stricken peasantry of Ireland, whose only desire was to escape a condition which they rightly believed could hardly be made worse. Of these two classes, while one has supported itself, we have had to support the other; neither being precisely what we require to strengthen and improve the country. The German element, while it has, to some extent, developed our agricultural resources, has done so in a small way and purely for self. The Irish has served too largely to fill our prisons and reformatories, and to introduce into the political system of our large cities the worst features of European mobocracy. It is true that Italy sends us organ-grinders, and Germany lager-beer brewers; but it may be questioned if this admixture largely strengthens our body politic.

One of the results of the late European

war is likely to be an extensive emigration to this country. The land which has been overrun and devastated by the invaders, will for years be in no shape to offer a sufficient support to its unfortunate inhabitants. The consequence must be emigration, and the natural tendency will be hitherward; a tendency which should certainly be encouraged by all who have the future progress of their country at heart.

It happens, too, that the advantages which present themselves in favor of such an emigration are just now of the strongest character. The Southern States, prepared by their necessities, and by the natural elasticity of their people, to rise out of the condition of prostration into which they were thrown by the events of the late war, are anxious to receive such an immigration as shall aid in restoring them to a condition of prosperity.

It is manifestly to their advantage to induce those accustomed to agricultural labor to lavish it upon their magnificent and fertile lands, now lying idle and unproductive. Such a course, properly systematized and sustained, will go far towards drawing a population towards the South which shall be of incalculable value to her, and a long step towards the solution of our labor-problem.

To produce this result, various forces should be at once set in motion. Accurate and discriminating statements, covering the advantages of Southern immigration, should be translated into the French language, and disseminated through those sections of country most likely to be affected by them. The most liberal propositions should be at once made, for the encouragement of those who desire to emigrate. Intelligent agents should be sent out to strengthen these statements and propositions by personal evidence and advice. Transportation should be effected at the lowest possible cost, and thrown open to these unfortunate people who are thus forced to seek subsistence in a foreign land. The great point being to encourage the growth of rice, cotton, sugar, and tobacco, capital can hardly find a better investment than by forwarding a movement of this character.

And this brings us to the consideration of the question which is attracting such profound

attention at the present day—the question of the introduction into this country of Chinese labor.

Disclaiming all intention of treating this subject exhaustively, it is proposed, rather, to present its salient points, and their bearing upon our necessities and future well-being. Assuming, in the first place, that the broad system of welcome to the foreigner, which obtains in our constitution and national policy, offers the same privilege to the Chinaman that it does to the scum of Liverpool and London and the refuse of Ireland, we shall present no arguments in favor of the rights of domicile in this country of Chinese emigrants, since they need none. Neither do we propose to show that Chinese immigration is or is not a matter to require consideration with the design to legislate its cessation, because we are perfectly convinced that if it be in the intention of the Power that decrees such movements, none of our puny efforts can avail aught. When it is considered that this immigration is not an accidental occurrence, occasioned by the existence of temporary influences, but, possibly, a vast swaying hitherward of forces which, similarly directed heretofore, have changed the fate of nations and altered the aspect of the earth, it should be seen that it is taken at once out of the control of humanity; though it may still, in a measure, be directed for good or evil under intelligent judgment.

It becomes, therefore, our purpose to show that its tendency in our direction may be made productive of the most beneficent results; and, so far from being opposed or repulsed, should be encouraged and protected by every means which our laws and social restraints can render potent in such cases.

Having endeavored heretofore to show in what degree our labor-system needs reforming, we shall now offer such evidence in favor of this class of labor as the facts of history and observation supply. The deficiencies of our system of labor have been already alluded to, and are well known; they may be briefly summed up in the words ignorance and brutality; the one resulting from the other. The day when these elements could sway the social and political system of a nation has

nearly passed by; it becomes us now to look for something which shall take their place. From what we know of the Chinese, we can fairly say they are neither ignorant nor brutal. Without the advantages which we possess, with few of the aids which these advantages have given to us, they have reached a high condition of civilization; while in many of the arts they have advanced far beyond any of the more liberally-endowed peoples. While they have had their wars and their rebellions, the experience of the past ten years in Europe and America does not leave us much to boast of in comparison in that direction. If the occasional outbreaks which occur in their seaports—against the representatives of nations which seek to impose upon them a new religion and a widely different civilization in spite of themselves—be taken as evidences of native brutality, let us refresh our memories with the "opium war," and our own treatment of the American Indians.

The Chinese, in their every tradition, experience, and thought, are a race totally different from that with which it is now proposed they should mingle. In philosophy, religious belief, and social laws, their ancient views are all to be overthrown and new ones set up. Yet by what means can this be done so well as by constantly increasing social and political intercourse, and the establishment of mutual interests between them and ourselves?

Again: we have, on the one side, a vast territory, comprising the most fertile lands, waiting to be tilled; manufacturing advantages of power and inventive capacity unequaled elsewhere, demanding instruments to render them fruitful; and thousands of families in want of domestic servants. On the other, we have a great agricultural population, the best practically informed in the world; a nation noted for its power of imitation, expertness, and ingenuity; and the most industrious, docile, and intelligent servants known. Surely there could be no better judgment used for the advantage of both, than would be comprised in the bringing of these two together.

The Chinese are expert tillers of the soil, and with only the rude appliances that have

been in use in their country for centuries, will get more out of an acre of ground than we do, with all our new machinery and improved methods of working. Yet, when placed in charge of labor-saving machines, they are found quick to learn and intelligent to operate. Personal observation and the experience of travelers justify us in considering them among the most intelligently industrious people of the world. They are, too, faithful to a remarkable degree to those for whom they labor. Experience is daily proving this in the few instances where they are employed among us; while in California they have long been noted for their just and upright dealings. A gentleman who did business among them for four years in San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, reports that he knew of but one case of a Chinese merchant failing to fulfill his contract from dishonesty of purpose.

The causes of Chinese emigration are to be found mainly in an oppressive government, over-crowded settlements, and the difficulties of living at home, where the wages for a Coolie laborer are about eight or ten dollars a year, out of which he has to support his family, pay taxes, and restore all implements of his employer which he may break or lose. Yet the Chinese love their country, believe it to be the greatest on the face of the earth, and leave it only to obtain means to return in better condition.

They come to America only because they have heard good accounts of the country from those who have lived here; and because their "Companies," settled at San Francisco, are an assurance that they will be well treated, protected, and fairly paid for their labor. While there is no radical change in the working of the Chinese system of government, they will gladly avail themselves of every opportunity to come here, and be relieved from poverty and from tyranny. There is little probability of such a change occurring, but should it occur there will be no further emigration from China; it would seem as though the condition of things in both countries had been arranged to match the wants of either at this precise juncture. To the representations and labors of "Mandarin" Ward and the

late Anson Burlingame do we owe it that the Chinese are so favorably acquainted with America and the Americans. Ward is now a Chinese god, and Burlingame will be remembered in China when Ward is forgotten. Chiefly is it owing to the efforts of his Imperial Majesty's late Ambassador to the great Powers that America stands so high in the celestial opinion; and if his advice, so often and so earnestly given, were followed by us, such a union with China would be brought about as would at once enrich and strengthen both these great nations.

Such a result can certainly be best promoted by the effectual acquaintance to be produced by immigration and intercommunication. The Chinese, in coming from their own country, bring with them their native arts and education, exchanging them for those which they obtain in the new world. To what extent Chinese agriculture or manufacture may be made useful and valuable to us, remains to be seen; yet there is good reason to suppose that through this agency new industries and interests may be introduced among us, of the greatest possible value and importance. Of such possibilities we may mention the growth of tea and the silk-worm, the two most important industries of China, so far as the rest of the world is concerned. The importation of tea from China into the United States amounted in 1869 to 36,000,000 pounds. The character of soil and climate of several of our States for the production of this important staple is being tested; and comparisons are being made with those of tea-growing countries, with a view to discover the best locality for encouraging the growth. In Tennessee, some ten miles east of Knoxville, a Mr. James Campbell had started a plantation before the war; the plants were doing well, but during the late struggle were of course neglected. A recent letter from this gentleman to the Commissioner of the General Land Office expresses the most sanguine hopes for the result of his experiment, based upon its progress since a renewal of the labors necessary to make it productive. He suggests the scope of country, embracing North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, as offering

the best field for the tea-culture. A number of other experiments in tea-culture of a late origin in different parts of this country are reported as promising good results.

The most promising and successful of these enterprises is that reported by Sherman Day, Esq., Surveyor-General of California.

In El Dorado county in that State, about half a mile north-east of Gold Hill, a small mining town, and about half-way between the larger towns of Placerville and Coloma, Mr. J. H. Schnell, a German gentleman, who had resided some ten years in Japan as an attaché of his national Legation, has commenced the cultivation of the tea-plant. He has brought with him his Japanese wife and a number of Japanese laborers, familiar with the tea-culture in their native land. Mr. Schnell is not satisfied that the soil upon which his experiments have been inaugurated is the best in the neighborhood. He supposes, however, that well-drained, loose, gravelly soils are preferable for tea-culture. By the enlargement of his operations from year to year, it will not be difficult for him to obtain an aggregate of a million of plants, each averaging about a pound of good tea per annum.

The indications observed, both in the older system of culture in Oriental Asia and in the experiment in this country, go to show that this business may be profitably pursued as a supplement to other agricultural enterprises. Each farmer may raise enough for his domestic consumption; for ten or twelve trees will furnish enough tea to meet the wants of an ordinary family. The question of competing with China and Japan in the markets of the world by the production of tea is of course problematic. We have not yet seen enough of our tea-production to judge of its ultimate capacity. But its introduction as a new industry is strictly a question appertaining to the consideration of our labor-system. Again, the possibility of its acting as an incentive to the general introduction and encouragement of Chinese labor, as best qualified to take charge of it, renders it of unquestionable importance in this connection.

Being made a matter of domestic industry and private experiment, the aggregate results of our tea-culture cannot fail to be very con-

siderable. The price of labor, the continuance of tariff duties, and the decreasing cost of transportation, are all to be taken into consideration in estimating the efficiency of our tea industry as a separate branch of agriculture; but the labor necessary to cultivate a few tea-plants will only go to absorb the odds and ends of a farmer's time, which might otherwise run to waste. The feasibility of growing tea seems to be sufficiently settled in the United States. In different portions of the country the healthy and promising growth of plants has been secured. We may expect that by degrees this important industry will be established, adding to the wealth and natural resources of the American people.

In such a case, it will be readily seen that the introduction of Chinese labor from the tea-growing districts, familiar with every process of the growth and manufacture, would be a most important step towards success in the enterprise.

The growth of the mulberry-tree and the cultivation of the silk-worm have attracted more attention and received a much wider scope in California than the tea interest. There are at present four millions of trees in the State; and the foreign demand for eggs has been so great as to impede the local manufacture of silk. As the State has offered premiums both for the production of the trees and the eggs, and in every way sought to encourage this industry, there is little doubt that it will soon compete favorably with foreign countries.

Here, again, the introduction of skilled labor from China could not but be of the greatest possible advantage to the culture.

In every capacity in which the Chinese laborers have been tried in this country, they have proved a success. In the mines of California and New Mexico they have worked, and worked faithfully, where Americans and Europeans have given up in despair, either from unremunerative returns or unhealthy conditions in the locality. In their little market-gardens in California, in their laundries, and in their own peculiar manufacturing avocations, they have ever been found earnest, industrious, and persevering.

The Central Pacific Railroad would be to

day a thing of the future had it not been for the labors of the Chinese. And in the few manufactories in the Eastern States where enterprise has been found sufficient to press their employment, they have proved themselves to be diligent workers and sober, temperate human beings.

The first Chinese who came to San Francisco were fugitives from their masters in Peru, who took passage at Callao on the pretense that their term of service had expired. These were veritable "coolies;" and it is thus, and in no other way, that we owe the immigration of Chinese into California to the coolie system. It may be as well to state here that the United States not only have laws to prevent the encouragement of the coolie trade, but that their treaty with China explicitly enforces such prevention in a specific article. From the few delinquent coolies from Peru—about twenty—who arrived in San Francisco in 1849, sprang the enormous emigration from China which has since continued. Attracting to themselves stray cooks and servants of their own nationality who chanced to come into port on Chinese ships, these men obtained work at first in San Francisco, and afterwards in the mines, and saved money. Returning to China at a later period, they gave such extravagant statements concerning the new country and its wealth as seemed good to them, and thus indicated the road which their oppressed and poverty-stricken but intelligent countrymen were only too glad to follow.

While there were numerous emigrations of the Chinese to Siam, Java, and Malacca from the earliest periods, it was not until 1847 that the first cargo set sail from Macao for Callao, and inaugurated the coolie-trade.

That this trade grew and flourished to an enormous extent, and was carried on with barbarities, injustice, and treachery equaling anything the human mind can conceive, is as true as are the same facts in connection with the African slave-trade. An emigration amounting to an enforced expatriation, made peculiarly obnoxious by utter ignorance on the part of the unhappy coolies of their point of destination, was accompanied by the most outrageous and brutal treatment during the voyage, and by all the worst hor-

rors of slavery on their arrival at the scene of their future labors—and death. Few of the hundreds that were crowded into ill-conditioned vessels for this voyage arrived at port; and of the 150,000 who are known to have arrived, not five hundred ever returned to their homes. The new trade introduced corruption of the most fearful character into the interior of China; civil war being encouraged, in order that prisoners might be captured and sold into slavery; even mandarins and other high government officials combining in the encouragement of this execrable traffic. The coolie-trade still continues, though it is now confined to Macao, and is there sustained by the clan-fights which take place in the interior, after which the defeated are sold to the river "man-buyers," who are always in waiting for their prey. The shipments of coolies from Macao, Canton, Hong-Kong, Swatow, and Whampoa to Cuba, Java, Peru, other parts of South America, the Indian Archipelago, and Australia, from 1847 to 1870, amounted, in round numbers, to 269,000, of which 57,000 were exported during the past two years.

But the present coolie-trade is conducted under so many restrictions as to deprive it of many of its worst features. Thus all arrangements for coolies are made under the supervision of the officers of the foreign or native governments at the various ports; as the Portuguese at Macao, the Chinese at Canton, and the English at Hong-Kong.

Agents of emigration at the different ports charter vessels to proceed to China for cargoes of coolies; there the agents employ brokers—Portuguese or English—and obtain permission from the officials to open "barracoons" or depots for the coolies, where they shall be brought by the brokers. The vessels are only allowed to remain in port for a certain number of days, and are inspected by the authorities to see that they are in a satisfactory condition. The brokers take *lorchers*,—boats specially appointed for the traffic,—and go up the coast after men. Various formalities ensue before the cargo can be removed from port, but the general result is,—and in spite of all "regulations" to prevent it,—that the coolie has sold himself for eight

or ten years of slavery, his term of service being transferable, like that of any other animal.

The coolie for Peru costs about \$120 on board ship, and for Havana somewhat more. In Peru, the *haciendado* or planter pays from \$300 to \$400 per man, and on transferring his labor to another, makes a profit on the operation. The agents pay all expenses, and run all risks, depending upon the companies which send them out for reimbursement.

This is, in brief, the coolie-system; but the Chinese emigration to California is very different. In the first place, it is entirely voluntary. The Chinaman, disgusted with the injustice and poverty of his life, seeks to escape to the rich and generous country of which he has heard; and if he has not the passage-money from Hong-Kong or Canton, mortgages his wife and family, giving his notes with large interest, and commission for brokerage, bribery, etc., payable a certain length of time after his arrival in America. This insures his passage to San Francisco, where he is immediately taken in hand by the company from his district.

The companies in San Francisco are five, their names being "Yung Wo," "Si Yap," "Sam Yap," "Yan Wo," and "Ning Yeung." These companies are the connecting-link between the Chinese emigrants and their native land. Maintaining a sort of "intelligence office" on a large scale, they effect engagements for the Chinamen; look after their interests here and at home; are their bankers and brokers; see that they are cared for in sickness; and return their embalmed bodies to their families in China after death. For these services they are paid by a percentage on wages received, acting in fact as a sort of general assurance office for the benefit of their clients. The companies are entirely honorable and trustworthy; and will, if desired, guarantee the conduct of those whom they supply for positions. Of course they have a firm hold upon the Chinese immigrants, as a threat to dissolve connection with them would be equivalent to robbing them of their only trusted protector. At present the remuneration of Chinese labor and service is exceptionally high, owing to

their having adopted the standard of San Francisco, which has always been much higher than in the Eastern States. As emigration continues and increases, this matter will regulate itself, and prices assume a downward tendency. At present, too, Chinamen are unwilling to come East in individual cases, or except in gangs of twenty-five or fifty. This is natural enough, since they know nothing of those whom they will meet on removal from their own settlement, and hesitate to cut the last cords which unite them to their home.

The advent of a few such gangs, however, as have already established themselves in New Jersey and Massachusetts, will go far towards encouraging others; and before long we may anticipate their arrival here in such numbers as may be desired by employers.

As regards the character and temperament of the Chinese, it may be stated here that, so far from sharing the universal lawlessness and dishonesty peculiar to the Turkish and Arab Oriental, they are, if anything, less dishonest than the same class of other nations.

On the Pacific mail steamships, where they have long been employed both as seamen and waiters, this peculiarity is marked. They are more honest than the average run of such *employés* of other nations. They are patient, kindly-disposed, lively in manners, reticent in speech, given to minding their own business as well as that of their employers; and their constant and persistent industry is remarkable and exceptional.

From 1852 to 1870, 90,000 Chinese emigrants arrived in San Francisco; and there are probably 75,000, in round numbers, distributed through the United States at present. In the South they have proved as satisfactory as elsewhere; and it is probable that another year will see their employment in manufactories and on plantations widely extended.

Recently, a number of cotton planters in one of the Southern States have combined and chartered a ship which is at the present writing on its way to China for a cargo of emigrants. It is well understood that this is the best and most economical way of obtaining them, since they are procurable at Hong Kong on contract for about half the wages demanded

at San Francisco; but it must be in cargoes numbering from 200 to 500. In the present instance it is the intention of the planters importing them to employ them as cotton-pickers, a labor for which their peculiar handiness, industry, and perseverance, as well as their mechanical accuracy and adaptability, would seem to specially qualify them.

Having been already introduced into service upon several Southern railroads, they have been found to give entire satisfaction; and arrangements are pending to obtain a widely-extended use of their services in this class of labor. The operations upon the Northern Pacific Railroad, from Duluth, on the shore of Lake Superior, to Puget Sound, will offer another opportunity for rendering available this class of labor, which will hardly fail to be seized by the enterprising and shrewd managers of this new and vast construction.

Of late, renewed efforts have been made in San Francisco to discountenance not only the employment of the Chinese, but their immigration; and these efforts, sustained by unfaithful servants of the law, have been so far successful as to occasion a great falling off in the arrivals of Chinese emigrants in that city. The only result of such action will be the changing of the depot of reception for the Chinese emigrants from San Francisco to some other port. If their labor is needed in this country, not all the feeble struggles of our present laboring class can prevent its reception. Such enactments as that recently offered in the legislature of the State of New York, to the effect that Chinese laborers should not be employed in the State, carry with them their own remedy, and, if passed, might be found to act as a two-edged sword, cutting both ways. Such laws, like curses and chickens, "come home to roost," and can in no wise permanently disturb the immutable laws of labor.

Among the objections which are frequently made to the employment of Chinese laborers, and particularly to their employment as domestic servants, are their personal habits. Now the fact is, that by those who make this objection little or nothing is really known concerning their personal habits. Popular superstition defines them as a race filthy and rat-eating.

The truth is, that while they are excessively unclean in their private domestic arrangements, they are scrupulously neat in their personal appearance, and attend carefully to their personal cleanliness. Chinese women are the dirtiest people conceivable; and the effect which a slatternly woman will produce on a household over which she has jurisdiction is too well known to need comment. But it has been noticed that where Chinese men are employed to perform the menial duties usually given to female servants, they perform them with a rigid exactitude of order and care really remarkable.

The habit of mind of the Chinese is strict order and neatness in details; and it may be accepted as a certainty that when one of them has once been shown the proper method of performing any duty, he will not swerve from that method in a hair's breadth, no matter how frequently or for how long a period its repetition may be exacted of him. As to the rat-eating propensities of the Chinese, the only authority for the popular belief rests on the fact that rat-catchers in China, whose sole duty is to rid localities of these vermin, carry a string of their victims on a pole, as a sign of their calling. That they will, when in danger of starvation, resort to these small animals for food, is doubtless as true as it was of the inhabitants of beleaguered Paris under similar circumstances.

The usual food of the Chinese is rice, fish, poultry, and vegetables; and on this diet, or any portion of it, they are capable of prolonged efforts in labor which would put to shame many of our stalwart beef-eaters. The Chinaman works for a motive, the strongest possible to his race; his sole wish and design is to obtain sufficient money by his savings to enable him to return to his family, and live in comparative comfort and ease for the rest of his days. He is therefore economical and abstemious. A few hundred dollars in gold will accomplish all his needs and his desires, and if he can save this amount in three or five years he is satisfied. Again, he is content with the current market price for labor, and such an idea as a combination or "Union" to enforce a higher standard of wages, is not only unknown to

him, but is foreign to all his instincts and repugnant to his feelings. Naturally peaceable, he shrinks from conflict, and, as his past history has proven, will put up with oppression, contumely, and wrong for the longest before he will strive to relieve himself; and then only by flight. Meanwhile, he will of course seize every legitimate means for bettering his condition, and will not work for one employer for less pay than another is willing to give him for the same amount of labor.

The Chinese is as tractable in matters of religion as he is in everything else. Already, in New Jersey, he is found willing, and even desirous to attend church, and in North Adams the Chinese laborers are taught in a Sunday-school, to which they are devotedly attached and scrupulously attentive.

If for no other purpose than the breaking up of the incipient steps towards labor combinations and "Trades Unions," which are beginning to assume authority in this country, the advent of Chinese labor should be hailed with warm welcome by all who have the true interests of labor and the laboring classes at heart. The terrible evils and injustice of which this system is the cause have risen to such a height in England, and have been so vividly portrayed by Charles Reade in his recent novel, *Put Yourself in his Place*, that we should eagerly accept the warning, and beware of putting ourselves in a similar place.

It is noteworthy that, no sooner is there the appearance of an immigration from China, than there occurs a great uprising among the class heretofore chiefly benefited by the utter freedom of our shores, and an outcry against what they term an effort on the part of the heathen "to take the bread out of their mouths."

Our great cities cry out against the despotisms by which they are ruled;—the offspring of European emigration, whose bartered votes and bastard naturalization have given them the power they wield. Our packed prisons, our myriads of liquor-shops,—all the corruption which to-day permeates society,—are a fit comment on the present condition of our labor-system.

From the license which has been given to ignorant brutality to interfere in our politics, has arisen the vast flood of corruption which threatens to overrun our whole country. From the single fact that the votes of our laboring classes can be purchased and wielded successfully for the establishment and sustenance of any wrong, however vital, of any corruption, however vile, has arisen a condition of things in political life unprecedented in the history of nations.

It is, therefore, not only for the convenience to society, the advantage to our national welfare, the healthy competition in labor which it promises, that the new element should be welcomed and sustained, but also for the fact that it promises to eradicate the most pernicious features of our present political life. There is no danger that the Chinese will interest themselves in our politics or mode of government. The experience of California is a sufficient guarantee on that head.

Accustomed to be governed, and to have no word or voice in the laws or their execution, they have only a desire to be allowed freedom to pursue their own avocations, and personal safety while engaged in the pursuit. Of votes, and candidates, and caucuses, and primary elections, torch-light processions, nominations, jobs, and rings, they are in blessed ignorance. And since we know them to be intelligent, there is the less fear of their influence, when they do arrive at this height of learning and experience, than if it were accompanied by that condition of ignorance which cannot discern the difference between right and wrong, except when a greenback is placed between them.

The present condition of our labor-system is to be feared of all men. That any improvement can come to it, except by means of the freest competition, is impossible. That closely bound up in it are our present happiness and future prosperity is a plain truth, obvious to all.

As no great event can take place in this world without a wise ulterior design, it may be that the final solution of the labor-problem will be found in the advent into the West of the "Heathen Chinee."

UNFLEDGED.

THE egg of a little bird
 Fell at my feet to-day,
 And the life within it stirred,
 Throbbled once, and sank away.

A song fell out of a heart
 Into the hands of men;
 They broke it all apart
 And none would know it then.

Poor little bird in the grass!
 Poor little trembling song!
 Beside you both I pass;
 And the way, the way is long.

Poor little wren so brown,
 Twittering over her loss!
 Poor little heart cast down,
 Thine is the greater cross!

BEN: A STORY FOR MAY-DAY.

BEN stood pressing his face against the glass.

It was neither night nor day-dawn nor twilight that greeted Ben on that morning of the first of May. It should have been daylight by the old clock that he could hear striking five on the mantel-piece in the room below. But what Ben saw, with his face pressed so close against the eight by ten glass of the gable-window in that half-story upper room of the dingy old farm-house, was fog; a dripping, saturating, Ohio River fog. Why Ben pressed his face so close to the glass it would be hard to tell. If there had been no fog he would have seen a lovely landscape, but it was one that he had seen every day for years from that identical hillside, a landscape associated in his mind with toil and hard treatment ever since he had come at nine years of age to be a "bound boy" in the family of "Old Man Pogue." So that there was no need of pressing his face to the glass to see beauties to which ten years of drudgery had made him insensible.

But there was the big strapping fellow with

his face against the glass, staring out through that gable-window into a fog that was so dense as to hide the apple-tree bough which he could have touched if the window had been open. Staring into the fog, trying to see something, Ben Lamson was only giving outward expression to the mental act within. For to him the future and the purposes of his own life were befogged. And it seemed to him that his soul was staring out of a little gable-window trying to find the right road, but unable to do so. If only the fog would lift!

All his clothes were packed in the great yellow cotton handkerchief by his feet. Evidently the rule of "Old Man Pogue" had been too bitter for the bound boy, and unwilling to wait for the two years to pass that should bring him to his majority, he was thinking of fleeing with the little bundle out into the fog.

But something held him back. And that which held him back was also that which impelled him. For a revival preacher, whose theology was confused, whose grammar was mixed, whose rhetoric was wild, but whose

heart was earnest, had done for the bound boy at "Old Man Pogue's" what I am afraid neither of the courses of Boston lectures could have done. He had waked up the man in him. And when the manhood was awake slavery became intolerable. The first effect of Christianity on a downtrodden man is not patience. That comes afterward. The primary result is resistance.

But poor Ben Lamson was so unsophisticated as to think that the precepts of the Christ were meant to be obeyed, and that his example was intended to be followed. (If he had been an educated man or a man of business he would have known better.) His judgment was not clear, but his conscience was sensitive and true. He hesitated whether to stay and serve, or to escape. But when he tried to see the right way, there was only a dense fog seen through the dusty gable-window of his soul.

After a while the wind lifted the fog that rested on the landscape, rolling it up like a curtain, disclosing the green pasture and the brook, the leafy trees on the southern exposure of the Indiana hills, the freshly-plowed cornfields, "the beautiful river," margined here and there with lofty white-and-green-trunked sycamores, and beyond the river the Kentucky hills, their cold northern slopes not yet much touched with vernal influences. And right in the valley on the Indiana side, and on the upper terrace of the level ground, lay the beautiful village of New Geneva, with its two or three mills, its vine-covered cottages, its yards full of trees, and the neighboring vineyards that had been planted by its first settlers, who were Swiss.

For the first time since he had lived and worked on "Pogue's Hill," Ben took in the beauty of the landscape, wondering, as he saw the rising sun shimmering on the river and gilding the windows of the village, that he had been blind so long. And the peace of the sun and sky and river entered into his soul as he stood staring out of that gable-window. He postponed the solution of the problem of duty, unpacked his bundle, and went to the morning's work.

New Geneva had come of late years to be more of an onion-growing than wine-growing

place. And seven o'clock found Ben with his hoe in hand looking down the long rows of the onion-beds, while his back ached to think of the day's work before him. For May-day is holiday for all village children and young people in this Ohio River country. Not that they dance about a May-pole in a stiff conventional way, as I imagine our English forefathers did; or run about the streets pinched and shivering with a few make-believe paper flowers, as the Boston children do. But they adjourn their schools and devote themselves to ransacking the forests for wild-flowers, of which, in this latitude, they are able to bring home their arms full.

So it happened that Ben, the bound boy, now nearly a man, did not put his hoe into the onion-bed with his usual alacrity on this May-day morning. For out of the village there came the school children, younger and older, in an irregular noisy swarm. Poor Ben had only been in school three months, and that during the last winter. He, who had never known a holiday, now watched eagerly the throng of his schoolmates who went shouting and laughing up the hill on the opposite side of the brook. Ben was leaning on his hoe, looking at them with a lump in his throat. For there were all the boys. And there was Sally Little—he knew her hat—actually waving her handkerchief at him! He swung his old cap around his head. They could not see his tears. That was good.

And—yes—there was Mary Patterson, standing still. Now she shielded her eyes from the sun and looked. Ben did not know whether to wave or not. He was so confused. To have Mary Patterson look at him was worth more than everything else in the world. She waved her handkerchief! Poor Ben! He wished Pogue's onion-beds in the river. He was just debating whether he should not take French leave of the onions and go to the woods, when he was startled by the harsh voice of Pogue himself.

"What a good-for-nothin' gawk you air, Ben Lamson. You don't airn enough to pay for your salt, let alone your clo'es. Ef you want to be a boy and trot off with that air passel of fools, why just git! I'll give you the day, but see that you git 'round peart

towards night. Mind you come back time enough to do the choores. Put out, now!"

Whether the old grind guessed something of Ben's plans of running away I cannot tell. But he doubtless thought it politic to give him a holiday, and it was characteristic of him to do it as ungraciously as possible.

But Ben, who had never known a holiday before, stood not on the manner of the giving. As soon as the old man said "put out," Ben took him at his word. He did put out. He put the hoe out of his hands, he put himself out of the onion-patch by jumping the "ten-rail" fence at a bound, and he put himself out of the reach of recall by running swiftly across the pasture, leaping another fence and taking a path through the woods that enabled him to intercept the party which had already entered the forest at the top of the hill.

His unexpected appearance in front of the party was the signal for a general cheer from the boys and for hearty congratulations from the girls, for Ben, despite his awkwardness, was liked for his generous good-nature.

Sally Little, before referred to, was a sister to my old chum, whose name was Harry, but who was called for short on the family record William Henry Harrison Little. (He was a punster to the extent of just one paradoxical pun, which, however, he aired very frequently. He often asserted that his name was not *Little*.) From one of "Sister Sally's" letters I make an extract, remarking that I am not to be held accountable for her style, though she was always famous in the village school for her "compositions," and she has printed several articles in that column of the *New Geneva Gazette* which the editor, with rare thoughtfulness, has labeled "Poetry."

"NEW GENEVA, May 24, 1856."

"It was a gorgeous day. There was not a cloud in the sky. The river, seen from the top of the hill, was splendid to behold. The little children kept to themselves and we had a splendid time. [If it were not for the delicacy I feel in changing the manuscript of an author already somewhat known by her contributions to the *Gazette*, I should certainly feel obliged to leave out some of her adjectives.] You see, Harry, Sam Sloan was there, making love to Henriette Voisier and Mary Patterson alternately, in his ridiculous way. Mary has grown even more delicate and splendid than she was when you saw her. Ben Lamson, Pogue's bound boy, fairly worships the ground

she walks on. I don't think Sam cares two straws for her, except for the fun of flirting with the prettiest girl in the crowd. And Mary is splendid, and no mistake. If you could have seen what a scramble there was after Mary's hat when it went over the cliff! I believe the wicked minx dropped it over a purpose. It lodged in the top of an ironwood that grew right under the cliff. All the boys made for it, except Ben. He had stepped out to pick an anemone. When he saw what had happened Sloan was already halfway down to the tree, and the rest were behind him. They had gone down by the path. But Ben just slid right down the steep ledge, kicking a shower of stones over the cliff. When the boys saw this daring feat of Ben's they all stopped short except Sloan, who ran on more furiously than ever. You know how little space there is on top of the cliff! We held our breaths and turned pale for fear Ben would go over, and indeed it was awful to see him. Teetlet* Moreau came near fainting, and she cried out, 'Ben will be killed!' But he had taken such a line in starting that he was able to check himself a little in two or three places, and to bring up with his boots against a rotten stump which stood on the edge of the cliff. By this time, however, Sloan was up the tree halfway to Mary's truant hat. If Ben had stopped to get down the cliff by any of the paths he would have been beaten. But there was a cedar tree that had stood on the precipice, and which had been partly uprooted, and now hung over the edge. Quick as thought Ben went down this to where it touched the trunk of the tree in the branches of which the hat rested, and by descending a few feet further was able to seize the hat just as Sam had reached his hand out to shake it to the ground. It was splendid! Such cheers as Ben got! And when he came back there was an ugly gash on his hand, made by a broken limb of the cedar. Of course there was nobody to tie it up but Teetlet, who is always our Sister of Charity, and who does such things splendidly.

"But poor Teetlet had become so excited that she could hardly do it. I never saw her flurried before. I could see her brown Swiss curls tremble as she tied up the wounds of the knight who had risked his life for another girl. Her cousin Estelle cried out, '*Qu'avez-vous, Teetlet?*'—which did not help matters. As for Mary, she expressed her pity for Ben, and he drank in her words, while his handsome face was suffused with blushes. It was a splendid incident, and I am writing a poem on it for the *Gazette*.

"You'll say, Harry, that I have another hero, and that I make him a hero on small provocation. Maybe so. But hear me. I saw him under fire. Sam Sloan made sport of him all the rest of the day, with that mean, rough sarcasm of his. He laughed at his old hat, and asked Ben if he slept in it at night. He told him he ought to stop growing, and wait for his roundabout. In fact, Pogue's people are too stingy to buy him a new jacket, and his arms reach some inches too far through the sleeves, while the body does not meet

* "Teetlet," short for Petite Lettie.

his pants. It is what you used to call 'the white belt.' But Sloan made the most fun of his pantaloons by parodying Holmes's lines into—

"And his shocking ugly hat,
And his breeches and all that
Are so queer!"

"Which in truth they are, for Mrs. Pogue never could cut. She gives them the same bagged shape that old man Pogue's have, and you know how they look. But Ben bore all Sam's hard jokes patiently. Not a word did he speak back. Of course everybody joined in the laugh that Sam raised. Everybody but Teetlet. All the rest were cowards, and Sloan's ridicule is like a whip, and they are all afraid of it. It is awful. But Teetlet, noble soul, took his part. As for Mary Patterson, she kept still, and I could not tell whether it was to conceal her love or because she hadn't any. Ben loves her, anyhow.

"When we got to Tardy's field (you remember what oceans of flowers grow there among the young honey-locusts), the boys all fell to gathering flowers for the girls. Sam Sloan gave a splendid bouquet to Mary Patterson, and so did Ben, and for that matter so did half a dozen others, until she was obliged to leave some of them behind. But she held on to Ben's and Sam's. Ben gave his second one to Teetlet as an acknowledgment of surgical services rendered, and she blushed and looked half happy. Teet did not want for flowers, though, for there is hardly a boy or girl in town who is not under some obligation to her. But poor Sarah Jane Gray did not get any at first. You know what a wilted weed she was when you saw her. She has grown more limp, and jealous, and fretful than ever. She is an old maid of the sour kind, though she is not sixteen yet. Her calico dress hangs about her in slovenly wrinkles that go well with the pucker in her face. Sam Sloan was mean enough to call her a dried peach, in an undertone. But just as she was putting on an expression more forlorn than ever at finding herself neglected, Ben handed her a handsome bunch of flowers, not a whit less beautiful than the one he had given to Mary. And Mary looked approvingly at him until Sam was mean enough to whisper, so as to be heard by half a dozen, that Sarah Jane would wilt those flowers if she looked at them much.

"But the best thing I have to tell is to come yet. When we all got to playing 'Oats, peas, beans and barley grow,' and Ben was chosen, I saw the struggle in his face. He cast one longing, adoring look at Mary, but turned away and chose poor wilted Sarah Jane, who actually looked happy, or at least looked less miserable when she found herself chosen at all, for the poor girl is generally left out altogether. Wasn't that splendid of him?

"When we got to the top of the hill, on our return, the party divided, as you know. Ben and the Poynes and myself go down the west path, and the rest go straight down into the village, except Mary Patterson, who can go either way. For a wonder, Mary plucked up courage enough to face Sloan's ridicule.

"'I'm going home with you, Ben,' she said, and turned down the path by his side.

"'That's right,' cried Sam after them, 'two spooney fools together.'

"This cut Mary to the quick, and Ben no sooner saw it than he got red in the face, and dashed up the hill after Sam, who ran like a good fellow, dropping his new beaver, which Ben, boy-like, pitched into the top of a thorn-tree, and all the cowards who had laughed with Sam now laughed at him, and left him to recover his hat as he could. As for Ben, he did not walk on the ground last night, with Mary by his side. I never saw a fellow worship a girl as he does.

"So much for my hero, of whom you are growing tired. . . .

"SARAH LITTLE."

Of course you think, gentle reader, that the handsome poor boy got over his awkwardness, courted Mary, was shot at by her father, carried her off with a rope ladder, married her, begged old gentleman's pardon, made a fortune, &c., &c., &c. But you are wrong there; I know better. Mary's father was dead, and the story did not come out that way. Is not this my story, and can I not end it as I please? Could I not make Mary die and have Ben marry Sarah Little, who admires him so much? Couldn't I send Ben to sea and bring him back rich, and have old Pogue lose all his money, and Ben buy the whole country, and Sam Sloan go to the Penitentiary? And couldn't I have it discovered that Ben was the son of a Duke, and heir to vast estates in the West Indies, and several castles in Spain? Of course I could, but what I shall do is to tell exactly the simple facts in the case, though they may not be half so interesting as any of the plots suggested above.

When Ben had finished the "choores," and climbed to his loft, and looked again out of the gable-window, it was not with a peaceful heart. The moon was shining on the green pasture, the low-murmuring brook ("branch" they call it in the "dialect") looked like a thread of silver, the trees on the hill were asleep, and even the long tresses of the weeping willow among the ghost-like gravestones were not swayed by a breath; and the bosom of the river lay all white and pure and peaceful in the light. But is there any such thing as peace in physical expression? For to Ben, chafing under his limitations, stimulated by his passion, and now thoroughly aroused by

the desire so to cultivate himself that he might hold up his head when Mary Patterson looked at him—to Ben Lamson that great, deep picture framed by the little gable-window was full of troublous tokens. The brook was fretting at the stones, the willows were bemoaning the sorrow of the world, the dark maple trees were threatening giants against the sky, and the “ghostly sycamores” by the river’s brink were palisades to shut him in.

As soon as every one was asleep, which was soon after eight o’clock, he crept out over the shed kitchen with all his worldly gear in one cotton handkerchief, for it is an advantage that poverty hath that it strikes no roots and is easily transplanted.

Ben started to the river. To get a chance to “work his passage” in a steamboat until he reached Cincinnati, or any other place, indeed, was the first object in view. But it was yet early, and in Ferry Street, under the hoimely black locust-trees that shaded the streets of New Geneva, he met Teetlet, returning from visiting some sick person.

“Why, Ben, where are you going?” she cried.

I find it difficult just here to make my readers understand the simplicity of manners in an old western village. To Teetlet Ben unfolded everything—his love, his hardships, his purposes. Who among the boys and girls in New Geneva did not seek Teetlet’s confidence?

She very quickly took in Ben’s case, and sent him that very night to a lawyer, where he found that there was a better road than the one he was traveling.

In so many points had the indenture been violated, that Pogue was easily terrified into releasing Ben, and paying the two hundred dollars that he was bound to pay when Ben attained his majority.

II.

Four years, and another May-day.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to use part of another letter written by Sarah Little to William Henry Harrison Little, Esq., Attorney-at-Law in Beachville. I insert it, adjectives and all:—

“NEW GENEVA, April 27th, 1860.

“We have the greatest time studying French. It’s just splendid. You know that since Teetlet’s father died she teaches French and Music. And Teetlet’s a splendid teacher. She is a regular Sister of Charity, too. There are five of us in the French class, and the best scholar of all is my old hero Ben Lamson. You know he has come to be assistant editor and part owner of the *Gazette*. It beats all how splendidly he gets along in his studies and in his business. You’ll say I’m in love with him, but there’s no chance for me. He worships Mary Patterson. For the first two years Mary did not seem to think so much of him, but now she takes his attentions in a way that makes me sure they are engaged. Teet knows all about it, I think, for Ben tells her everything. Mary’s splendid looking enough, but Ben’s too good for her. You’ll say I’m jealous, but I am not. Ben has started a library in town, and he leads off in very many things. Teet thinks Ben is splendid. So do I. So does everybody indeed. Teetlet is as good as ever to everybody. She sat up every other night for three weeks with Mrs. Gray, before she died. There’s a wife for you.

“O! I wish you were here for the first of May. Mary Patterson came home three days ago, looking splendid as ever, and Ben has fixed up a May-day picnic out to Tardy’s field. Would you believe it? They say Ben has kept the course of studies of Mary’s school before him, and that, besides all the rest he has learned, he has studied through every book she went through without letting her know it. Won’t he make a husband? I do think he is splendid.

“SALLIE.”

The week before this May-day was a week of disillusion to Ben. He had seen little of Mary since she went away, and any lack of sympathy, when together, he was inclined to attribute to his own lack of culture. There had been an engagement for a year. But now Ben found it hard talking to Mary. She had passed a good examination, but hers was emphatically a boarding-school education.

When Mr. Blank sends Henrietta Blank to the Robinsontown Female College and receives reports of her standing in her classes, it never occurs to him to doubt that the quantity of fact stored in her memory is a true measure of her culture. It never occurs to him to suspect that the president of the institution would be guilty of veneering, or that cramming and education are processes quite diverse. Perhaps he may afterward feel something of the disappointment that Ben felt in Mary. But Ben stifled it and struggled

against it loyally, and by all the jugglery that his imagination was capable of he tried to cheat himself into the belief that this was an educated girl. He knew that her graduation was the solemn stamp of the regular authorities certifying that her education was the genuine article, up to grade, first quality, A No. 1, fourth proof, and all that. Nevertheless his talk of books wearied her, his enthusiasm for nature or art met no response, and his noble purposes seemed to her evidences of mental unsoundness. To enjoy herself and display the learning she had acquired, going through her paces whenever it was requested, was the sole purpose of life. She was pleased with Ben's growing distinction, and thought him in every way ornamental to herself.

Ben spent the night of April 30th in a great struggle. The battle of the gable-window and the fog was as nothing to this. That was a boy's trouble; this was a man's great fight.

I think the result was that Ben reached this conclusion:—"I am bound in honor; I will make the best of it. After all, Mary is perhaps as good as women generally are, except Teetlet and a few others, who are meant to be saints and die old maids."

May-day morning found the school children in one group, and Ben's party of older ones in another. Mary was very gracious and very beautiful. Ben felt her beauty, and did it homage. He forgot his doubts, and resolved to be happy. There was one little occurrence, however, that had its effect upon him. I will copy from another of Sarah Little's "splendid" letters:—

"MAY 2d, 1860.

"DEAR HARRY: It was a splendid day, and we had a grand time. But there was one curious thing happened. You know the grape-vine swings, by the old log-house on the hill. Well, we had just had a splendid swing, when Mary and her school-chum began to talk French. Evidently, they did not know that we understood them. You see it's just splendid to understand French. But what did they do but compare Ben with other beaux of Mary! And there was Ben, looking right in my eyes all the time. Finally, Mary's friend said, '*Mais il est bon,*' which means, you see, 'But he is good.' (I wish you understood French.) And Mary answered, as cool as a cucumber, '*Oui, il a des qualités, mais j'en ai un grand ennui.*'

"Which is, that she was dreadfully tired of his

goodness. I wish you could have seen Ben's eyes at that moment. He came round and stood before her, and looked straight at her, and said, '*Moi, j'ai aussi un grand ennui. Adieu! Marie.*' Which means that he was as much bored as she was. And he just walked off, and began to talk to Sarah Jane Gray. And Mary clasped her hands and said, 'Dear me! how did he learn French, too?' So it is all up between them. It was really funny. Good-bye. Your affectionate sister,
SARAH LITTLE."

Of course Ben ought to have committed suicide; or at least he ought to have felt desolate. He knew that he ought to feel so, and he tried to feel so, just as you have tried your best to feel solemn and sorry when some miserable scoundrel had died. Ben felt disappointed, but he also felt relieved. "He might have gone farther and fared worse," if he had married tresses without tenderness, and eyebrows without brains! So he was dejected to have the one great hope of his life die, but thankful that he was not chained to the corpse.

What did he do? He worked harder, if possible, than before. He took a great deal of interest in all public affairs, and became a sort of good Samaritan. I find it quite fashionable for disappointed heroes in novels to solace themselves with benevolence. That is what Ben has done for the rest of his life, up to this time; and I am glad, therefore, that my truthful story is in the style. In fact, Ben has founded a religious and charitable order.

Are you satisfied, my reader? You wanted to hear more about good Teetlet. I would like to tell you one incident.

She came in at nine o'clock one night, about three months after the May-day. It was a warm evening, and she had just carried down some ice-cream to Mrs. Jennings, who had washed her lungs away, trying to pay off a mortgage of twenty-five dollars held by the richest merchant in the town. She sat down in her rocking-chair and pushed her brown hair off her forehead. I must stop to say that it was as fine a Swiss face as I ever saw. Seeing a letter on her table, she opened it and read:—

"NEW GENEVA, August 3, 1860.

"MY DEAR TEETLET: When I was a boy, uncultivated and passionate, I loved a pair of eyebrows and a head of hair. As I grew, my imagination supplied the character. I have come out of the chrysalis

shell; I am a man. I am in love, this time with no blindness of passion. I know one in whose life I see reflected the Christ-life. My worshipful love for that one isn't like my other passion at all, and I wonder that the poverty of human language should compel me to call the two by the same name.

"You showed me how to get free from Pogue. The French you taught me was the charm that set me free from the spell of a false love. Now, help me once more by sending me some amulet that will enable me to win the love of ————well, I shall come to see you to-morrow evening, and tell you all about it. Henceforth, 'by your leave,' I am

"YOUR BEN."

I am not going to give you a picture of Teetlet's agitation. That would be "sentimental," and there is nothing with which the market is so overstocked as sentimentalism. Besides, a Swiss brunette face is full of vivacious expression, and tears spoil it. Let us skip the five minutes that followed the read-

ing of the letter. Teetlet was looking at a dry sprig of cedar. She enclosed it in a note which read :—

"Aug. 3, 1860.

"BEN : I took this bit of cedar from your coat more than four years ago, when I tied up your torn hand. I brought it home in the bouquet you gave me. It was to have been burned if you had married Mary. It is the most precious amulet I have. Come.

"TEETLET."

Ben came the next evening, and they founded that religious and charitable order that I spoke of, and Abbot Ben (they call him Major since the war) and Abbess Teetlet have wrought many changes in New Geneva. There is an academy on Pogue's Hill, and the county poor-house has been reformed, and a thousand other good things have been done by this Order. For after all men's clumsy devices the family is God's appointed "Order of Religion and Good Works."

WHAT THE DEVIL SAID TO THE YOUNG MAN.

O! YOUTH, so brave and strong,
The maiden's looks belie her;
Though she seem shy, a song—
A kiss—well, only try her!

Love is the wine of life
That flows alone for pleasure;
Dull husband and tame wife
Know not the sparkling measure.

Discovery—that's crime;
No sin but this, no sorrow;
No punishment in time—
None in the far to-morrow!

Drink off the golden cream
Of youth, and wealth, and pleasure;
Then spill life's purple stream,
And drop the empty measure!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from Vol. I., page 672.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLEY AT OXFORD.

I HAVE no time in this selection and combination of the parts of my story which are more especially my history, to dwell upon that portion of it which refers to my own life at Oxford. I was so much of a student of books while there, and had so little to do with any of the men except Charley, that save as it bore upon my intellect, Oxford had little special share in what life has made of me, and may in the press of other matter be left out. Had I time, however, to set forth what I know of my own development more particularly, I could not pass over the influence of external Oxford, the architecture and general surroundings of which I recognized as affecting me more than anything I had yet met, with the exception of the Swiss mountains, pine-woods, and rivers. It is, however, imperative to set forth the peculiar character of my relation to and intercourse with Charley, in order that what follows may be properly understood.

For no other reason than that my uncle had been there before me, I went to Corpus Christi, while Charley was at Exeter. It was some days before we met, for I had twice failed in my attempts to find him. At length, one afternoon, as I entered the quadrangle to make a third assay, there he was coming towards the gate with a companion.

When he caught sight of me, he advanced with a quick yet hesitating step—a step with a question in it: he was not quite sure of me. He was now approaching six feet in height, and of graceful, though not exactly dignified carriage. His complexion remained as pale and his eyes as blue as before. The pallor flushed and the blue sparkled as he made a few final and long strides towards me. The grasp of the hand he gave me was powerful, but broken into sudden almost quivering relaxations and compressions. I could not help fancying also that he was using some little

effort to keep his eyes steady upon mine. Altogether, I was not quite satisfied with our first meeting, and had a strong impression that if our friendship was to be resumed, it was about to begin a new course, not building itself exactly on the old foundations, but starting afresh. He looked almost on the way to become a man of the world. Perhaps, however, the companionship he was in had something to do with this, for he was so nervously responsive, that he would unconsciously take on for the moment any appearance characterizing those about him.

His companion was a little taller, and stouter-built than he; with a bearing and gait of conscious importance, not so marked as to be at once offensive. The upper part of his face was fine, the nose remarkably so, while the lower part was decidedly coarse, the chin too large, and the mouth having little form, except in the first movement of utterance, when an unpleasant curl took possession of the upper lip, which I afterwards interpreted as a doubt disguising itself in a sneer. There was also in his manner a degree of self-assertion which favored the same conclusion. His hands were very large, a pair of merely blanched plebeian fists, with thumbs much turned back—and altogether ungainly. He wore very tight gloves, and never shook hands when he could help it. His feet were scarcely so bad in form; still by no pretense could they be held to indicate breeding. His manner, where he wished to conciliate, was pleasing; but to me it was overbearing and unpleasant. He was the only son of Sir Giles Brotherton, of Moldwarp Hall. Charley and he did not belong to the same college, but, unlike as they were, they had somehow taken to each other. I presume it was the decision of his manner that attracted the wavering nature of Charley, who, with generally active impulses, was yet always in doubt when a moment requiring action arrived.

Charley, having spoken to me, turned and

introduced me to his friend. Geoffrey Brotherton merely nodded.

"We were at school together in Switzerland," said Charley.

"Yes," said Geoffrey, in a half-interrogatory, half-assenting tone.

"Till I found your card in my box, I never heard of your coming," said Charley.

"It was not my fault," I answered. "I did what I could to find out something about you, but all in vain."

"Paternal precaution, I believe," he said, with something that approached a grimace.

Now, although I had little special reason to love Mr. Osborne, and knew him to be a tyrant, I knew also that my old Charley could not have thus coolly uttered a disrespectful word of him; and I had therefore a painful though at the same time an undefined conviction that some degree of moral degeneracy must have taken place before he could express himself as now. To many, such a remark will appear absurd, but I am confident that disrespect for the preceding generation, and especially for those in it nearest to ourselves, is a sure sign of relaxing dignity, and, in any extended manifestation, an equally sure symptom of national and political decadence. My reader knows, however, that there was much to be said in excuse of Charley.

His friend sauntered away, and we went on talking. My heart longed to rest with his for a moment on the past.

"I had a dreary time of it after you left, Charley," I said.

"Not so dreary as I had, Wilfrid, I am certain. You had at least the mountains to comfort you. Anywhere is better than at home, with a meal of Bible oil and vinegar twice a day for certain, and a wine-glassful of it now and then in between. Damnation's better than a spoony heaven. To be away from home is heaven enough for me."

"But your mother, Charley!" I ventured to say.

"My mother is an angel. I could almost be good for her sake. But I never could, I never can get near her. My father reads every letter she writes before it comes to me—I know that by the style of it; and I'm

equally certain he reads every letter of mine before it reaches her."

"Is your sister at home?"

"No. She's at school at Clapham—being sand-papared into a saint, I suppose."

His mouth twitched and quivered. He was not pleased with himself for talking as he did.

"Your father means it for the best," I said.

"I know that. He means *his* best. If I thought it *was* the best, I should cut my throat and have done with it."

"But, Charley, couldn't we do something to find out, after all?"

"Find out what, Wilfrid?"

"The best thing, you know;—what we are here for."

"I'm sick of it all, Wilfrid. I've tried till I'm sick of it. If you should find out anything, you can let me know. I am busy trying not to think. I find that quite enough. If I were to think, I should go mad."

"Oh, Charley! I can't bear to hear you talk like that," I exclaimed; but there was a glitter in his eye which I did not like, and which made me anxious to change the subject. "Don't you like being here?" I asked, in sore want of something to say.

"Yes, well enough," he replied. "But I don't see what's to come of it, for I can't work. Even if my father were a millionaire, I couldn't go on living on him. The sooner that is over, the better!"

He was looking down, and gnawing at that tremulous upper lip. I felt miserable.

"I wish we were at the same college, Charley!" I said.

"It's better as it is," he rejoined. "I should do you no good. You go in for reading, I suppose?"

"Well, I do. I mean my uncle to have the worth of his money."

Charley looked no less miserable than I felt. I saw that his conscience was speaking, and I knew he was the last in the world to succeed in excusing himself. But I understood him better than he understood himself, and believed that his idleness arose from the old unrest, the weariness of that never satisfied questioning which the least attempt at thought was sure to awaken. Once invaded by a

question, Charley *must* answer it, or fail and fall into a stupor. Not an ode of Horace could he read without finding himself plunged in metaphysics. Enamored of repose above all things, he was from every side stung to inquiry which seldom indeed afforded what seemed solution. Hence, in part at least, it came that he had begun to study not merely how to avoid awaking the Sphinx, but by what opiates to keep her stretched supine with her lovely woman-face betwixt her fierce lion-paws. This also, no doubt, had a share in his becoming the associate of Geoffrey Brotherton, from whose company, if he had been at peace with himself, he would have recoiled upon the slightest acquaintance. I am at some loss to imagine what could have made Geoffrey take such a liking to Charley; but I presume it was the confiding air characterizing all Charley's behavior that chiefly pleased him. He seemed to look upon him with something of the tenderness a coarse man may show for a delicate Italian greyhound, fitter to be petted by a lady.

That same evening Charley came to my rooms. His manner was constrained, and yet suggested a whole tide of pent-up friendship which, but for some undeclared barrier, would have broken out and overflowed our intercourse. After this one evening, however, it was some time before I saw him again. When I called upon him next he was not at home, nor did he come to see me. Again I sought him, but with like failure. After a third attempt I desisted, not a little hurt, I confess, but not in the least inclined to quarrel with him. I gave myself the more diligently to my work.

And now Oxford began to do me harm. I saw so much idleness and so much wrong of all kinds about me, that I began to consider myself a fine exception. Because I did my poor duty—no better than any honest lad must do it—I became conceited; and the manner in which Charley's new friend treated me, not only increased the fault, but aided in the development of certain other stems from the same root of self-partiality. He never saluted me with other than what I regarded as a supercilious nod of the head. When I met him in company with Charley, and the latter

stopped to speak to me, he would walk on without the least change of step. The indignation which this conduct aroused, drove me to think as I had never thought before concerning my social position. I found it impossible to define. As I pondered, however, a certainty dawned upon me rather than was arrived at by me, that there was some secret connected with my descent, upon which bore the history of the watch I carried and of the sword I had lost. On the mere possibility of something, utterly forgetful that, if the secret existed at all, it might be of a very different nature from my hopes, I began to build castles innumerable. Perceiving of course that one of a decayed yeoman family could stand no social comparison with the heir to a rich baronetcy, I fell back upon absurd imaginings; and what with the self-satisfaction of doing my duty, what with the vanity of my baby manhood, and what with the mystery I chose to believe in and interpret according to my own desires, I was fast sliding into a moral condition contemptible indeed.

But still my heart was true to Charley. When, after late hours of hard reading, I retired at last to my bed, and allowed my thoughts to wander where they would, seldom was there a night on which they did not turn as of themselves towards the memory of our past happiness. I vowed, although Charley had forsaken me, to keep his chamber in my heart ever empty, and closed against the entrance of any other. If ever he pleased to return, he should find he had been waited for. I believe there was much of self-pity, and of self-approval as well, mingling with my regard for him; but the constancy was there notwithstanding, and I regarded the love I thus cherished for Charley as the chief saving element in my condition at the time.

One night—I cannot now recall with certainty the time or season—I only know it was night, and I was reading alone in my room—a knock came to the door, and Charley entered. I sprang from my seat and bounded to meet him.

"At last, Charley!" I exclaimed.

But he almost pushed me aside, left me to shut the door he had opened, sat down in a chair by the fire, and began gnawing the head

of his cane. I resumed my seat, moved the lamp so that I could see him, and waited for him to speak. Then first I saw that his face was unnaturally pale and worn, almost even haggard. His eyes were weary, and his whole manner as of one haunted by an evil presence of which he is ever aware.

"You are an enviable fellow, Wilfrid," he said at length, with something between a groan and a laugh.

"Why do you say that, Charley?" I returned. "Why am I enviable?"

"Because you can work. I hate the very sight of a book. I am afraid I shall be plucked. I see nothing else for it. And what will the old man say? I have grace enough left to be sorry for him. But he will take it out in sour looks and silences."

"There's time enough yet. I wish you were not so far ahead of me: we might have worked together."

"I can't work, I tell you. I hate it. It will console my father, I hope, to find his prophecies concerning me come true. I've heard him abuse me to my mother."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so of your father, Charley. It's not like you. I can't bear to hear it."

"It's not like what I used to be, Wilfrid. But there's none of that left. What do you take me for? Honestly now?"

He hung his head low, his eyes fixed on the hearth-rug, not on the fire, and kept gnawing at the head of his cane.

"I don't like some of your companions," I said. "To be sure I don't know much of them!"

"The less you know, the better! If there be a devil, that fellow Brotherton will hand me over to him—bodily, before long."

"Why don't you give him up?" I said.

"It's no use trying. He's got such a hold of me. Never let a man you don't know to the marrow pay even a toll-gate for you, Wilfrid."

"I am in no danger, Charley. Such people don't take to me," I said, self-righteously. "But it can't be too late to break with him. I know my uncle would—I could manage a five-pound note now, I think."

"My dear boy, if I had borrowed—"

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But I have let him pay for me again and again, and I don't know how to rid the obligation. But it don't signify. It's too late, anyhow."

"What *have* you done, Charley? Nothing very wrong, I trust."

The lost look deepened.

"It's all over, Wilfrid," he said. "But it don't matter. I can take to the river when I please."

"But then you know you might happen to go right through the river, Charley."

"I know what you mean," he said, with a defiant sound like nothing I had ever heard.

"Charley!" I cried, "I can't bear to hear you. You can't have changed so much already as not to trust me. I will do all I can to help you. What have you done?"

"Oh, nothing!" he rejoined, and tried to laugh; it was a dreadful failure. "But I can't bear to think of that mother of mine! I wish I could tell you all; but I can't. How Brotherton would laugh at me now! I can't be made quite like other people, Charley? You would never have been such a fool."

"You are more delicately made than most people, Charley,—'touched to finer issues,' as Shakspeare says."

"Who told you that?"

"I think a great deal about you. That is all you have left me."

"I've been a brute, Wilfrid. But you'll forgive me, I know."

"With all my heart, if you'll only put it in my power to serve you. Come, trust me, Charley, and tell me all about it. I shall not betray you."

"I'm not afraid of that," he answered, and sunk into silence once more.

I look to myself presumptuous and priggish in the memory. But I did mean truly by him. I began to question him, and by slow degrees, in broken hints, and in jets of reply, drew from him the facts. When at length he saw that I understood, he burst into tears, hid his face in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Charley! Charley! don't give in like that," I cried. "Be as sorry as you like; but don't go on as if there was no help. Who

has not failed and been forgiven!—in one way if not in another.”

“Who is there to forgive me? My father would not. And if he would, what difference would it make? I have done it all the same.”

“But God, Charley——” I suggested, hesitating.

“What of him? If he should choose to pass a thing by and say nothing about it, that doesn’t undo it. It’s all nonsense. God himself can’t make it that I didn’t do what I did do.”

But with what truthful yet reticent words can I convey the facts of Charley’s case? I am perfectly aware it would be to expose both myself and him to the laughter of men of low development who behave as if no more *self-possession* were demanded of a man than of one of the lower animals. Such might perhaps feel a certain involuntary movement of pitifulness at the fate of a woman first awakening to the consciousness that she can no more hold up her head amongst her kind: but that a youth should experience a similar sense of degradation and loss, they would regard as a degree of silliness and effeminacy below contempt if not beyond belief. But there *is* a sense of personal purity belonging to the man as well as to the woman; and although I dare not say that in the most refined of masculine natures it asserts itself with the awful majesty with which it makes its presence known in the heart of a woman, the man in whom it speaks with most authority is to be found amongst the worthiest; and to a youth like Charley the result of actual offence against it might be utter ruin. In his case, however, it was not merely a consciousness of personal defilement which followed; for, whether his companions had so schemed it or not, he supposed himself more than ordinarily guilty.

“I suppose I must marry the girl,” said poor Charley, with a groan.

Happily I saw at once that there might be two sides to the question, and that it was desirable to know more ere I ventured a definite reply.

I had grown up, thanks to many things, with a most real although vague adoration of

women; but I was not so ignorant as to be unable to fancy it possible that Charley had been the victim. Therefore, after having managed to comfort him a little, and taking him home to his rooms, I set about endeavoring to get further information.

I will not linger over the affair—as unpleasant to myself as it can be to any of my readers. It had to be mentioned, however, not merely as explaining how I got hold of Charley again, but as affording a clew to his character, and so to his history. Not even yet can I think without a gush of anger and shame of my visit to Brotherton. With what stammering confusion I succeeded at last in making him understand the nature of the information I wanted, I will not attempt to describe—nor the roar of laughter which at length burst bellowing—not from himself only, but from three or four companions as well to whom he turned and communicated the joke. The fire of jests, and proposals, and interpretations of motive which I had then to endure, seems yet to scorch my very brain at the mere recollection. From their manner and speech, I was almost convinced that they had laid a trap for Charley, whom they regarded as a simpleton, to enjoy his consequent confusion. With what I managed to find out elsewhere, I was at length satisfied, and happily succeeded in convincing Charley, that he had been the butt of his companions, and that he was far the more injured person in any possible aspect of the affair.

I shall never forget the look or the sigh of relief which proved that at last his mind had opened to the facts of the case.

“Wilfrid,” he said, “you have saved me. We shall never be parted more. See if I am ever false to you again!”

And yet it never was as it had been. I am sure of that now.

Henceforth, however, he entirely avoided his former companions. Our old friendship was renewed. Our old talks arose again. And now that he was not alone in them, the perplexities under which he had broken down when left to encounter them by himself, were not so overwhelming as to render him helpless. We read a good deal together, and Charley helped me much in the finer affairs of the

classics, for his perceptions were as delicate as his feelings. He would brood over a Horatian phrase as Keats would brood over a sweet pea or a violet; the very tone in which he would repeat it would waft me from it an aroma unperceived before. When it was his turn to come to my rooms, I would watch for his arrival almost as a lover for his mistress.

For two years more our friendship grew; in which time Charley had recovered habits of diligence. I presume he said nothing at home of the renewal of his intimacy with me: I shrunk from questioning him. As if he had been an angel who had hurt his wing and was compelled to sojourn with me for a time, I feared to bring the least shadow over his face, and indeed fell into a restless observance of his moods. I remember we read "Comus" together. How his face would glow at the impassioned praises of virtue! and how the glow would die into a gray sadness at the recollection of the near past! I could read his face like a book.

At length the time arrived when we had to part—he to study for the bar, I to remain at Oxford another year, still looking forward to a literary life.

When I commenced writing my story, I fancied myself so far removed from it that I could regard it as the story of another, capable of being viewed on all sides, and conjectured and speculated upon. And so I found it, so long as the regions of childhood and youth detained me. But as I approach the middle scenes, I begin to fear the revival of the old torture; that from the dispassionate reviewer I may become once again the suffering actor. Long ago I read a strange story of a man condemned at periods unforeseen to act again and yet again in absolute verisimilitude each of the scenes of his former life: I have a feeling as if I too might glide from the present into the past without a sign to warn me of the coming transition.

One word more ere I pass to the middle events, those for the sake of which the beginning is and the end shall be recorded. It is this—that I am under endless obligation to Charley for opening my eyes at this time to my overweening estimate of myself. Not that he spoke—Charley could never have reproved

even a child. But I could tell almost any sudden feeling that passed through him. His face betrayed it. What he felt about me I saw at once. From the signs of his mind, I often recognized the character of what was in my own; and thus seeing myself through him, I gathered reason to be ashamed; while the refinement of his criticism, the quickness of his perception, and the novelty and force of his remarks convinced me that I could not for a moment compare with him in mental gifts. The upper hand of influence I had over him I attribute to the greater freedom of my training, and the enlarged ideas which had led my uncle to avoid enthralling me to his notions. He believed the truth could afford to wait until I was capable of seeing it for myself; and that the best embodiments of truth are but bonds and fetters to him who cannot accept them as such. When I could not agree with him, he would say, with one of his fine smiles, "We'll drop it then, Willie. I don't believe you have caught my meaning. If I am right, you will see it some day, and there's no hurry." How could it be but Charley and I should be different, seeing we had fared so differently? But alas! my knowledge of his character is chiefly the result of after-thought.

I do not mean this manuscript to be read until after my death; and even then,—although partly from habit, partly that I dare not trust myself to any other form of utterance, I write as if for publication,—even then, I say, only by one. I am about to write what I should not die in peace if I thought she would never know; but which I dare not seek to tell her now for the risk of being misunderstood. I thank God for that blessed invention, Death, which of itself must set many things right; and gives a man a chance of justifying himself where he would not have been heard while alive. But lest my manuscript should fall into other hands, I have taken care that not a single name in it should contain even a side look or hint at the true one. *She* will be able to understand the real person by almost every one of them.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY WHITE MARE.

I PASSED my final examinations with credit,

if not with honor. It was not yet clearly determined what I should do next. My goal was London, but I was unwilling to go thither empty-handed. I had been thinking as well as reading a good deal; a late experience had stimulated my imagination; and at spare moments I had been writing a tale. It had grown to a considerable mass of manuscript, and I was anxious, before going, to finish it. Hence, therefore, I returned home with the intention of remaining there quietly for a few months before setting out to seek my fortune.

Whether my uncle in his heart quite favored the plan, I have my doubts, but it would have been quite inconsistent with his usual grand treatment of me to oppose anything not wrong on which I had set my heart. Finding now that I took less exercise than he thought desirable, and kept myself too much to my room, he gave me a fresh proof of his unvarying kindness. He bought me a small gray mare of strength and speed. Her lineage was unknown; but her small head, broad fine chest, and clean limbs, indicated Arab blood at no great remove. Upon her I used to gallop over the fields, or saunter along the lanes, dreaming and inventing.

And now certain feelings, too deeply rooted in my nature for my memory to recognize their beginnings, began to assume color and condensed form, as if about to burst into some kind of blossom. Thanks to my education and love of study, also to a self-respect undefined, yet restraining, nothing had occurred to wrong them. In my heart of hearts I worshiped the idea of womanhood. I thank Heaven, if ever I do thank for anything, that I still worship thus. Alas! how many have put on the acolyte's robe in the same temple, who have ere long cast dirt upon the statue of their divinity, then dragged her as defiled from her lofty pedestal, and left her lying dishonored at its foot! Instead of feeding with holy oil the lamp of the higher instinct, which would glorify and purify the lower, they feed the fire of the lower with vile fuel, which sends up its stinging smoke to becloud and blot the higher.

One lovely spring morning, the buds half out, and the wind blowing fresh and strong, the white clouds scudding across a blue gulf

of sky, and the tall trees far away swinging as of old, when they churned the wind for my childish fancy, I looked up from my book and saw it all. The gladness of nature entered into me, and my heart swelled so in my bosom that I turned with distaste from all further labor. I pushed my papers from me, and went to the window. The short grass all about was leaning away from the wind, shivering and showing its enamel. Still, as in childhood, the wind had a special power over me. In another moment I was out of the house and hastening to the farm for my mare. She neighed at the sound of my step. I saddled and bridled her, sprang on her back, and galloped across the grass in the direction of the trees.

In a few moments I was within the lodge gates, walking my mare along the graveled drive, and with the reins on the white curved neck before me, looking up at those lofty pines whose lonely heads were swinging in the air like floating but fettered islands. My head had begun to feel dizzy with the ever-iterated, slow, half-circular sweep, when just opposite the lawn, stretching from a low wire fence up to the door of the steward's house, my mare shied, darted to the other side of the road, and flew across the grass. Caught thus lounging on my saddle, I was almost unseated. As soon as I had pulled her up, I turned to see what had startled her, for the impression of a white flash remained upon my mental sensorium. There, leaning on the little gate, looking much diverted, stood the loveliest creature, in a morning dress of white, which the wind was blowing about her like a cloud. She had no hat on, and her hair, as if eager to join in the merriment of the day, was flying like the ribbons of a tattered sail. A humanized Dryad!—one that had been caught young, but in whom the forest-sap still asserted itself in wild affinities with the wind and the swaying branches, and the white clouds careering across! Could it be Clara? How could it be any other than Clara? I rode back.

I was a little short-sighted, and had to get pretty near before I could be certain; but she knew me, and waited my approach. When I came near enough to see them, I could not mistake those violet eyes.

I was now in my twentieth year, and had never been in love. Whether I now fell in love or not, I leave to my reader.

Clara was even more beautiful than her girlish loveliness had promised. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Philip Sidney; eyes of which I have said enough; a nose more delicate than symmetrical; a mouth rather thin-lipped, but well curved; a chin rather small, I confess;—but did any one ever from the most elaborated description acquire even an approximate idea of the face intended? Her person was lithe and graceful; she had good hands and feet; and the fairness of her skin gave her brown hair a duskier look than belonged to itself.

Before I was yet near enough to be certain of her, I lifted my hat, and she returned the salutation with an almost familiar nod and smile.

"I am very sorry," she said, speaking first—in her old half-mocking way, "that I so nearly cost you your seat."

"It was my own carelessness," I returned. "Surely I am right in taking you for the lady who allowed me, in old times, to call her Clara. How I could ever have had the presumption I cannot imagine."

"Of course that is a familiarity not to be thought of between full-grown people like us, Mr. Cumbermede," she rejoined, and her smile became a laugh.

"Ah, you do recognize me then?" I said, thinking her cool, but forgetting the thought the next moment.

"I guess at you. If you had been dressed as on one occasion, I should not have got so far as that."

Pleased at this merry reference to our meeting on the Wengern Alp, I was yet embarrassed to find that nothing more suggested itself to be said. But while I was quieting my mare, which happily afforded me some pretext at the moment, another voice fell on my ear—hoarse, but breezy and pleasant.

"So, Clara, you are no sooner back to old quarters than you give a rendezvous at the garden gate—eh, girl?"

"Rather an ill-chosen spot for the purpose, papa," she returned, laughing, "especially as the gentleman has too much to do with his horse to get off and talk to me."

"Ah! our old friend Mr. Cumbermede, I declare!—Only rather more of him!" he added, laughing, as he opened the little gate in the wire fence, and coming up to me shook hands heartily. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Cumbermede. Have you left Oxford for good?"

"Yes," I answered—"some time ago."

"And may I ask what you're turning your attention to now?"

"Well, I hardly like to confess it, but I mean to have a try at—something in the literary way."

"Plucky enough! The paths of literature are not certainly the paths of pleasantness or of peace even—so far as ever I heard. Somebody said you were going in for the law."

"I thought there were too many lawyers already. One so often hears of barristers with nothing to do, and glad to take to the pen, that I thought it might be better to begin with what I should most probably come to at last."

"Ah! but, Mr. Cumbermede, there are other departments of the law which bring quicker returns than the bar. If you would put yourself in my hands now, you should be earning your bread at least within a couple of years or so."

"You are very kind," I returned heartily, for he spoke as if he meant what he said; "but you see I have a leaning to the one and not to the other. I should like to have a try first, at all events."

"Well, perhaps it's better to begin by following your bent. You may find the road take a turn, though."

"Perhaps I will go on till it does, though."

While we talked Clara had followed her father, and was now patting my mare's neck with a nice, plump, fair-fingered hand. The creature stood with her arched neck and small head turned lovingly towards her.

"What a nice white thing you have got to ride!" she said. "I hope it is your own."

"Why do you hope that?" I asked.

"Because it's best to ride your own horse, isn't it?" she answered, looking up naively.

"Would *you* like to ride her? I believe she has carried a lady, though not since she came into my possession."

Instead of answering me she looked round at her father, who stood by smiling benignantly. Her look said—

"If papa would let me."

He did not reply, but seemed waiting. I resumed.

"Are you a good horsewoman, Miss—Clara?" I said, with a feel after the recovery of old privileges.

"I must not sing my own praises, Mr.—Wilfrid," she rejoined, "but I *have* ridden in Rotten Row, and I believe without any signal disgrace."

"Have you got a side-saddle?" I asked, dismounting.

Mr. Coningham spoke now.

"Don't you think Mr. Cumbermede's horse a little too frisky for you, Clara? I know so little about you, I can't tell what you're fit for.—She used to ride pretty well as a girl," he added, turning to me.

"I've not forgotten that," I said. "I shall walk by her side, you know."

"Shall you?" she said, with a sly look.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "your grandfather would let me have his horse, and then we might have a gallop across the park."

"The best way," said Mr. Coningham, "will be to let the gardener take your horse, while you come in and have some luncheon. We'll see about the mount after that. My horse has to carry me back in the evening, else I should be happy to join you. She's a fine creature, that of yours."

"She's the handiest creature!" I said—"a little skittish, but very affectionate, and has a fine mouth. Perhaps she ought to have a curb-bit for you, though, Miss Clara."

"We'll manage with the snaffle," she answered, with, I thought, another sly glance at me, out of eyes sparkling with suppressed merriment and expectation! Her father had gone to find the gardener, and as we stood waiting for him, she still stroked the mare's neck.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold," I said, "without your bonnet?"

"I never had a cold in my life," she returned.

"That is saying much. You would have me believe you are not made of the same clay as other people."

"Believe anything you like," she answered carelessly.

"Then I do believe it," I rejoined.

She looked me in the face, took her hand from the mare's neck, stepped back half-a-foot, and looked round, saying:

"I wonder where that man can have got to. Oh, here he comes, and papa with him!"

We went across the trim little lawn, which lay waiting for the warmer weather to burst into a profusion of roses, and through a trellised porch entered a shadowy little hall, with heads of stags and foxes, an old-fashioned glass-doored bookcase, and hunting and riding-whips, whence we passed into a low-pitched drawing-room, redolent of dried rose-leaves and fresh hyacinths. A little pug-dog, which seemed to have failed in swallowing some big dog's tongue, jumped up barking from the sheepskin mat, where he lay before the fire.

"Stupid pug!" said Clara. "You never know friends from foes! I wonder where my aunt is."

She left the room. Her father had not followed us. I sat down on the sofa, and began turning over a pretty book bound in red silk, one of the first of the *annual* tribe, which lay on the table. I was deep in one of its eastern stories when, hearing a slight movement, I looked up, and there sat Clara in a low chair by the window, working at a delicate bit of lace with a needle. She looked somehow as if she had been there an hour at least. I laid down the book with some exclamation.

"What is the matter, Mr. Cumbermede?" she asked, with the slightest possible glance up from the fine meshes of her work.

"I had not the slightest idea you were in the room."

"Of course not. How could a literary man with a Forget-me-not in his hand be expected to know that a girl had come into the room?"

"Have you been at school all this time?" I asked, for the sake of avoiding a silence.

"All what time?"

"Say, since we parted in Switzerland."

"Not quite. I have been staying with an aunt for nearly a year. Have you been at college all this time?"

"At school and college. When did you come home?"

"This is not my home, but I came here yesterday."

"Don't you find the country dull after London?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Did they give you riding lessons at school?"

"No. But my aunt took care of my morals in that respect. A girl might as well not be able to dance as ride nowadays."

"Who rode with you in the park? Not the riding-master?"

With a slight flush on her face she retorted,

"How many more questions are you going to ask me? I should like to know, that I may make up my mind how many of them to answer."

"Suppose we say six."

"Very well," she replied. "Now I shall answer your last question and count that the first. About nine o'clock, one—day——"

"Morning or evening?" I asked.

"Morning, of course—I walked out of—the house——"

"Your aunt's house?"

"Yes, of course, my aunt's house. Do let me go on with my story. It was getting a little dark,——"

"Getting dark at nine in the morning?"

"In the evening, I said."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you said the morning."

"No, no, the evening;—and of course I was a little frightened, for I was not accustomed——"

"But you were never out alone at that hour,—in London?"

"Yes, I was quite alone. I had promised to meet—a friend at the corner of—— You know that part, do you?"

"I beg your pardon. What part?"

"Oh——Mayfair. You know Mayfair, don't you?"

"You were going to meet a gentleman at the corner of Mayfair—were you?" I said, getting quite bewildered.

She jumped up, clapping her hands as gracefully as merrily, and crying—

"I wasn't going to meet any gentleman.

There! Your six questions are answered. I won't answer a single other you choose to ask, except I please, which is not in the least likely."

She made me a low half-merry half-mocking courtesy, and left the room.

The same moment her father came in, following old Mr. Coningham, who gave me a kindly welcome, and said his horse was at my service, but he hoped I would lunch with him first. I gratefully consented, and soon luncheon was announced. Miss Coningham, Clara's aunt, was in the dining-room before us. A dry, antiquated woman, she greeted me with unexpected frankness. Lunch was half over before Clara entered—in a perfectly fitting habit, her hat on, and her skirt thrown over her arm.

"Soho, Clara!" cried her father; "you want to take us by surprise—coming out all at once a town-bred lady, eh?"

"Why, where ever did you get that riding-habit, Clara?" said her aunt.

"In my box, aunt," said Clara.

"My word, child, but your father has kept you in pocket-money!" returned Miss Coningham.

"I've got a town-aunt as well as a country one," rejoined Clara, with an expression I could not quite understand, but out of which her laugh took only half the sting.

Miss Coningham reddened a little. I judged afterwards that Clara had been diplomatically allowing her just to feel what sharp claws she had for use if required.

But the effect of the change from loose white muslin to tight dark cloth was marvellous, and I was bewitched by it. So slight yet so round, so trim yet so pliant—she was grace itself. It seemed as if the former object of my admiration had vanished, and I had found another with such surpassing charms that the loss could not be regretted. I may just mention that the change appeared also to bring out a certain look of determination which I now recalled as having belonged to her when a child.

"Clara!" said her father in a very marked tone; whereupon it was Clara's turn to blush and be silent.

I started some new subject, in the airiest

manner I could command. Clara recovered her composure, and I flattered myself she looked a little grateful when our eyes met. But I caught her father's eyes twinkling now and then as if from some secret source of merriment, and could not help fancying he was more amused than displeased with his daughter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RIDING LESSON.

By the time luncheon was over, the horses had been standing some minutes at the lawn gate, my mare with a side-saddle. We hastened to mount, Clara's eyes full of expectant frolic. I managed, as I thought, to get before her father, and had the pleasure of lifting her to the saddle. She was up ere I could feel her weight on my arm. When I gathered her again with my eyes, she was seated as calmly as if at her lace needlework, only her eyes were sparkling. With the slightest help, she had her foot in the stirrup, and with a single movement had her skirt comfortable. I left her to mount the horse they had brought me, and when I looked from his back, the white mare was already flashing across the boles of the trees, and Clara's dark skirt flying out behind like the drapery of a descending goddess in an allegorical picture. With a pang of terror I fancied the mare had run away with her, and sat for a moment afraid to follow, lest the sound of my horse's feet on the turf should make her gallop the faster. But the next moment she turned in her saddle, and I saw a face alive with pleasure and confidence. As she recovered her seat, she waved her hand to me, and I put my horse to his speed. I had not gone far, however, before I perceived a fresh cause of anxiety. She was making straight for a wire fence. I had heard that horses could not see such a fence, and if Clara did not see it, or should be careless, the result would be frightful. I shouted after her, but she took no heed. Fortunately, however, there was right in front of them a gate, which I had not at first observed, into the bars of which had been wattled some brushwood. "The mare will see that," I said to myself. But the words were hardly through my mind before I saw them fly over it like a bird.

On the other side she pulled up and waited for me.

Now I had never jumped a fence in my life. I did not know that my mare could do such a thing, for I had never given her the chance. I was not, and never have become, what would be considered an accomplished horseman. I scarcely know a word of stable-slang. I have never followed the hounds more than twice or three times in the course of my life. Not the less am I a true lover of horses—but I have been their companion more in work than in play. I have slept for miles on horseback, but even now I have not a sure seat over a fence.

I knew nothing of the animal I rode, but I was bound at least to make the attempt to follow my leader. I was too inexperienced not to put him to his speed instead of going gently up to the gate; and I had a bad habit of leaning forward in my saddle, besides knowing nothing of how to incline myself backwards as the horse alighted. Hence, when I found myself on the other side, it was not on my horse's back, but on my own face. I rose uninjured, except in my self-esteem. I fear I was for the moment as much disconcerted as if I had been guilty of some moral fault. Nor did it help me much towards regaining my composure that Clara was shaking with suppressed laughter. Utterly stupid from mortification, I laid hold of my horse, which stood waiting for me beside the mare, and scrambled upon his back. But Clara, who, with all her fun, was far from being ill-natured, fancied from my silence that I was hurt. Her merriment vanished. With quite an anxious expression on her face, she drew to my side, saying,

"I hope you are not hurt?"

"Only my pride," I answered.

"Never mind that," she returned gayly.

"That will soon be itself again."

"I'm not so sure," I rejoined. "To make such a fool of myself before *you*!"

"Am I such a formidable person?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "But I never jumped a fence in my life before."

"If you had been afraid," she said, "and had pulled up, I might have despised you.

As it was, I only laughed at you. Where was the harm? You shirked nothing. You followed your leader. Come along, I will give you a lesson or two before we get back."

"Thank you," I said, beginning to recover my spirits a little; "I shall be a most obedient pupil. But how did you get so clever, Clara?"

I ventured the unprotected name, and she took no notice of the liberty.

"I told you I had had a riding-master. If you are not afraid, and mind what you are told, you will always come right somehow."

"I suspect that is good advice for more than horsemanship."

"I had not the slightest intention of moralizing. I am incapable of it," she answered, in a tone of serious self-defence.

"I had as little intention of making the accusation," I rejoined. "But will you really teach me a little?"

"Most willingly. To begin. You must sit erect. You lean forward."

"Thank you. Is this better?"

"Yes, better. A little more yet. You ought to have your stirrups shorter. It is a poor affectation to ride like a trooper. Their own officers don't. You can tell any novice by his long leathers, his heels down and his toes in his stirrups. Ride home, if you want to ride comfortably."

The phrase was new to me, but I guessed what she meant; and without dismounting, pulled my stirrup-leathers a couple of holes shorter, and thrust my feet through to the instep. She watched the whole proceeding.

"There! you look more like riding now," she said. "Let us have another canter. I will promise not to lead you over any more fences without due warning."

"And due admonition as well, I trust, Clara."

She nodded, and away we went. I had never been so proud of my mare. She showed to much advantage, with the graceful figure on her back, which she carried like a feather.

"Now there's a little fence," she said, pointing where a rail or two protected a clump of plantation. "You must mind the young wood though, or we shall get into trouble."

Mind you throw yourself back a little—as you see me do."

I watched her, and following her directions, did better this time, for I got over somehow and recovered my seat.

"There! You improve," said Clara. "Now we're pounded, except you can jump again, and it is not quite so easy from this side."

When we alighted, I found my saddle in the proper place.

"Bravo!" she cried. "I entirely forgive your first misadventure. You do splendidly."

"I would rather you forgot it, Clara," I cried ungallantly.

"Well, I will be generous," she returned. "Besides, I owe you something for such a charming ride. I *will* forget it."

"Thank you," I said, and drawing closer would have laid my left hand on her right.

Whether she foresaw my intention, I do not know; but in a moment she was yards away, scampering over the grass. My horse could never have overtaken hers.

By the time she drew rein and allowed me to get alongside of her once more, we were in sight of Moldwarp Hall. It stood with one corner towards us, giving the prospective of two sides at once. She stopped her mare, and said,

"There, Wilfrid! What would you give to call a place like that your own? What a thing to have a house like that to live in!"

"I know something I should like better," I returned.

I assure my reader I was not so silly as to be on the point of making her an offer already. Neither did she so misunderstand me. She was very near the mark of my meaning when she rejoined,

"Do you? I don't. I suppose you would prefer being called a fine poet, or something of the sort."

I was glad she did not give me time to reply, for I had not intended to expose myself to her ridicule. She was off again at a gallop towards the Hall, straight for the less accessible of the two gates, and had scrambled the mare up to the very bell-pull and rung it before I could get near her. When the porter appeared in the wicket—

"Open the gate, Jansen," she said. "I

want to see Mrs. Wilson, and I don't want to get down."

"But horses never come in here, Miss," said the man.

"I mean to make an exception in favor of this mare," she answered.

The man hesitated a moment, then retreated—but only to obey, as we understood at once by the creaking of the dry hinges, which were seldom required to move.

"You won't mind holding her for me, will you?" she said, turning to me.

I had been sitting mute with surprise both at the way in which she ordered the man, and at his obedience. But now I found my tongue.

"Don't you think, Miss Coningham," I said—for the man was within hearing, "we had better leave them both with the porter, and then we could go in together? I'm not sure that those flags, not to mention the steps, are good footing for that mare."

"Oh! you're afraid of your animal, are you?" she rejoined. "Very well. Shall I hold your stirrup for you?"

Before I could dismount she had slipped off, and begun gathering up her skirt. The man came and took the horses. We entered by the open gate together.

"How can you be so cruel, Clara?" I said. "You *will* always misinterpret me! I was quite right about the flags. Don't you see how hard they are, and how slippery therefore for iron shoes?"

"You might have seen by this time that I know quite as much about horses as you do," she returned, a little cross, I thought.

"You can ride ever so much better," I answered; "but it does not follow you know more about horses than I do. I once saw a horse have a frightful fall on just such a pavement. Besides, does one think *only* of the horse when there's an angel on his back?"

It was a silly speech, and deserved rebuke.

"I'm not in the least fond of *such* compliments," she answered.

By this time we had reached the door of Mrs. Wilson's apartment. She received us rather stiffly, even for her. After some common-place talk, in which, without departing from facts, Clara made it appear that she had

set out for the express purpose of paying Mrs. Wilson a visit, I asked if the family was at home, and finding they were not, begged leave to walk into the library.

"We'll go together," she said, apparently not caring about a *tête-à-tête* with Clara. Evidently the old lady liked her as little as ever.

We left the house, and entering again by a side door, passed on our way through the little gallery, into which I had dropped from the roof.

"Look, Clara, that is where I came down," I said.

She merely nodded. But Mrs. Wilson looked very sharply, first at the one, then at the other of us. When we reached the library, I found it in the same miserable condition as before, and could not help exclaiming, with some indignation,

"It is a shame to see such treasures mouldering there! I am confident there are many valuable books among them, getting ruined from pure neglect. I wish I knew Sir Giles. I would ask him to let me come and set them right."

"You would be choked with dust and cobwebs in an hour's time," said Clara. "Besides, I don't think Mrs. Wilson would like the proceeding."

"What do you ground that remark upon, Miss Clara?" said the housekeeper, in a dry tone.

"I thought you used them for firewood occasionally," answered Clara, with an innocent expression both of manner and voice.

The most prudent answer to such an absurd charge would have been a laugh; but Mrs. Wilson vouchsafed no reply at all, and I pretended to be too much occupied with its subject to have heard it.

After lingering a little while, during which I paid attention chiefly to Mrs. Wilson, drawing her notice to the state of several of the books, I proposed we should have a peep at the armory. We went in, and, glancing over the walls I knew so well, I scarcely repressed an exclamation: I could not be mistaken in my own sword! There it hung, in the centre of the principal space—in the same old sheath, split half way up from the point! To the hilt

hung an ivory label with a number upon it. I suppose I made some inarticulate sound, for Clara fixed her eyes upon me. I busied myself at once with a gorgeously hilted scimitar which hung near, for I did not wish to talk about it then, and so escaped further remark. From the armory we went to the picture-gallery, where I found a good many pictures had been added to the collection. They were all new, and mostly brilliant in color. I was no judge, but I could not help feeling how crude and harsh they looked beside the mellowed tints of the paintings, chiefly portraits, amongst which they had been introduced.

"Horrid!—aren't they?" said Clara, as if she divined my thoughts; but I made no direct reply, unwilling to offend Mrs. Wilson.

When we were once more on horseback, and walking across the grass, my companion was the first to speak.

"Did you ever see such daubs!" she said, making a wry face as at something sour enough to untune her nerves. "Those new pictures are simply frightful. Any one of them would give me the jaundice in a week, if it were hung in our drawing-room."

"I can't say I admire them," I returned. "And at all events they ought not to be on the same walls with those stately old ladies and gentlemen."

"Parvenus," said Clara. "Quite in their place. Pure Manchester taste—educated on calico-prints."

"If that is your opinion of the family, how do you account for their keeping everything so much in the old style? They don't seem to change anything."

"All for their own honor and glory! The place is a testimony to the antiquity of the family, of which they are a shoot run to seed—and very ugly seed too! It's enough to break one's heart to think of such a glorious old place in such hands. Did you ever see young Brotherton?"

"I knew him a little at college. He's a good-looking fellow."

"Would be, if it weren't for the bad blood in him. That comes out unmistakably. He's vulgar."

"Have you seen much of him, then?"

"Quite enough. I never heard him say

anything vulgar, or saw him do anything vulgar, but vulgar he is, and vulgar is every one of the family. A man who is always aware of how rich he will be, and how good-looking he is, and what a fine match he would make, would look vulgar lying in his coffin."

"You are positively caustic, Miss Coningham."

"If you saw their house in Cheshire! But blessings be on the place!—it's the safety-valve for Moldwarp Hall. The natural Manchester passion for novelty and luxury finds a vent there, otherwise they could not keep their hands off it; and what was best would be sure to go first. Corchester House ought to be secured to the family by Act of Parliament."

"Have you been to Corchester, then?"

"I was there for a week once."

"And how did you like it?"

"Not at all. I was not comfortable. I was always feeling too well bred. You never saw such colors in your life. Their drawing-rooms are quite a happy family of the most quarrelsome tints."

"How ever did they come into this property?"

"They're of the breed, somehow—a long way off though. Shouldn't I like to see a new claimant come up and oust them after all! They haven't had it above five-and-twenty years, or so. Wouldn't you?"

"The old man was kind to me once."

"How was that? I thought it was only through Mrs. Wilson you knew anything of them."

I told her the story of the apple.

"Well, I do rather like old Sir Giles," she said, when I had done. "There's a good deal of the rough country gentleman about him. He's a better man than his son, anyhow. Sons will succeed fathers though, unfortunately."

"I don't care who may succeed him, if only I could get back my sword. It's too bad, with an armory like that, to take my one little ewe-lamb from me."

Here I had another story to tell. After many interruptions in the way of questions from my listener, I ended it with the words—

"And—will you believe me?—I saw the sword hanging in that armory this afternoon—

close by that splendid hilt I pointed out to you."

"How could you tell it among so many?"

"Just as you could tell that white creature from this brown one. I know it, hilt and scabbard, as well as a human face."

"As well as mine, for instance?"

"I am surer of it than I was of you this morning. It hasn't changed like you."

Our talk was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman on horseback approaching us. I thought at first it was Clara's father, setting out for home, and coming to bid us good-bye; but I soon saw I was mistaken. Not, however, until he came quite close, did I recognize Geoffrey Brotherton. He took off his hat to my companion, and reined in his horse.

"Are you going to give us in charge for trespassing, Mr. Brotherton?" said Clara.

"I should be happy to *take* you in charge on any pretense, Miss Coningham. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Here he looked in my direction.

"Ah!" he said, lifting his eyebrows, "I thought I knew the old horse! What a nice cob *you've* got, Miss Coningham!"

He had not chosen to recognize me, of which I was glad, for I hardly knew how to order my behavior to him. I had forgotten nothing. But, ill as I liked him, I was forced to confess that he had greatly improved in appearance—and manners too, notwithstanding his behavior was as supercilious as ever to me.

"Do you call her a cob, then?" said Clara. "I should never have thought of calling her a cob.—She belongs to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Ah!" he said again, arching his eyebrows as before, and looking straight at me as if he had never seen me in his life.

I think I succeeded in looking almost unaware of his presence. At least so I tried to look, feeling quite thankful to Clara for defending my mare: to hear her called a cob was hateful to me. After listening to a few more of his remarks upon her, made without the slightest reference to her owner, who was not three yards from her side, Clara asked him, in the easiest manner—

"Shall you be at the county ball?"

"When is that?"

"Next Thursday."

"Are you going?"

"I hope so."

"Then will you dance the first waltz with me?"

"No, Mr. Brotherton."

"Then I am sorry to say I shall be in London."

"When do you rejoin your regiment?"

"Oh! I've got a month's leave."

"Then why won't you be at the ball?"

"Because you won't promise me the first waltz."

"Well—rather than the belles of Minstercombe should—ring their sweet changes in vain, I suppose I must indulge you."

"A thousand thanks," he said, lifted his hat, and rode on.

My blood was in a cold boil—if the phrase can convey an idea. Clara rode on homewards without looking round, and I followed, keeping a few yards behind her, hardly thinking at all, my very brain seeming cold inside my skull.

There was small occasion as yet, some of my readers may think. I cannot help it—so it was. When we had gone in silence a couple of hundred yards or so, she glanced round at me with a quick, sly half look, and burst out laughing. I was by her side in an instant; her laugh had dissolved the spell that bound me. But she spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said, with a slow interrogation.

"Well, Miss Coningham?" I rejoined, but bitterly, I suppose.

"What's the matter?" she retorted sharply, looking up at me, full in the face, whether in real or feigned anger I could not tell.

"How could you talk *of* that fellow as you did, and then talk *so* to him?"

"What right have you to put such questions to me? I am not aware of any intimacy to justify it."

"Then I beg your pardon. But my surprise remains the same."

"Why, you silly boy!" she returned, laughing aloud, "don't you know he is, or will be, my feudal lord? I am bound to be polite to him. What would become of poor grandpapa

if I were to give him offence? Besides, I have been in the house with him for a week. He's not a Crichton; but he dances well. Are *you* going to the ball?"

"I never heard of it. I have not for weeks thought of anything but—but—my writing, till this morning. Now I fear I shall find it difficult to return to it. It looks ages since I saddled the mare!"

"But if you're ever to be an author, it won't do to shut yourself up. You ought to see as much of the world as you can. I should strongly advise you to go to the ball."

"I would willingly obey you—but—but—I don't know how to get a ticket."

"Oh! if you would like to go, papa will have much pleasure in managing that. I will ask him."

"I'm much obliged to you," I returned. "I should enjoy seeing Mr. Brotherton dance."

She laughed again, but it was an oddly constrained laugh.

"It's quite time I were at home," she said, and gave the mare the rein, increasing her speed as we approached the house. Before I reached the little gate she had given her up to the gardener, who had been on the lookout for us.

"Put on her own saddle, and bring the mare round at once, please," I called to the man, as he led her and the horse away together.

"Won't you come in, Wilfrid?" said Clara, kindly and seriously.

"No, thank you," I returned; for I was full of rage and jealousy. To do myself justice, however, mingled with these was pity that such a girl should be so easy with such a man. But I could not tell her what I knew of him. Even if I *could* have done so, I dared not; for the man who shows himself jealous must be readily believed capable of lying, or at least misrepresenting.

"Then I must bid you good evening," she said, as quietly as if we had been together only five minutes. "I am *so* much obliged to you for letting me ride your mare!"

She gave me a half-friendly, half-stately little bow, and walked into the house. In a few moments the gardener returned with the mare, and I mounted and rode home in anything but a pleasant mood. Having stabled her, I roamed about the fields till it was dark, thinking for the first time in my life I preferred woods to open grass. When I went in at length I did my best to behave as if nothing had happened. My uncle must, however, have seen that something was amiss, but he took no notice, for he never forced or even led up to confidences. I retired early to bed, and passed an hour or two of wretchedness, thinking over everything that had happened—the one moment calling her a coquette, and the next ransacking a fresh corner of my brain to find fresh excuse for her. At length I was able to arrive at the conclusion that I did not understand her, and having given in so far, I soon fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN CHANGE.

WE remember Paris as she was a year ago to-day. The glory of the Spring was upon her. All the day and all the night long the roll and roar of wheels resounded in her streets. Gay throngs crowded the sunny Boulevards; bonnes and babies gossiped and frolicked under the fresh shadows of the garden of the Tuilleries; ten thousand carriages swept and sparkled up the incline of the Champs Elysées, and rolled down the Avenue de l'Impératrice to the Bois; exhibition after exhibition attracted multitudes to the Palais de l'Industrie; all the places of amusement were filled with pleasure-seekers; there was high revel in the Jardin Mabille and kindred haunts of dissipation, and all seemed prosper-

ous and safe. There was not even a cloud so large as a man's hand to give portent of the war which was so soon to burst in flame upon the doomed city and the nation which it represented. Among the gay throngs moved the Emperor—silent, assured, determined. The confident smiles of the Empress illuminated her pathway through admiring and devoted hosts. The little Prince Imperial rode his velocipede in front of the palace in his hours of solitary amusement—the admiration and envy of the humbler-born children who looked on from afar, and the hope and expectation of parental eyes that regarded him from the windows. With all the signs of discontent and rebellion among the bad classes of the city, and the local outbursts of disorder,

the empire never seemed stronger to the eye of a stranger than then. The empire was not only confident in and for itself, but it stretched still its hand over Rome, and held the quaking Pope in his seat, against the will of his subjects. It was a splendid, impressive power, armed to the teeth, and, by the menace of its arms, keeping all Europe awake and prepared for any possibility of conflict.

A few weeks passed away, and then came an event. A Prussian prince was brought forward as a candidate for the Spanish throne; and this event was seized upon by France and manipulated with a patent determination to make it a cause of war. Nothing in the whole history of the conflict that followed has been more evident than that the French government and people brought upon themselves, wantonly and without excuse, every woe which they have suffered. However much we may deplore the overwhelming spoliation and humiliation that have come upon France, we cannot but confess that her punishment is just. Precisely as the Prussian armies have marched from the Rhine to Paris, and marched into and through Paris, did the French army propose to march from the Rhine to Berlin, and into and through Berlin. "On to Berlin!" was their watchword. "On to Berlin!" was their inspiring song. Precisely as Prussia has taken from France her territory on the Rhine, did France propose, without the slightest provocation, to take from Prussia her territory on the Rhine. With a poetic justice that grows into something awfully divine, has Prussia inflicted upon France every evil which France, in her vanity and blood-thirsty hatred, had designed to inflict upon Prussia.

Spring has come again; but the change that has swept over France was not wrought by winter or by tempest. The empire is fallen, the people are starved or impoverished, the proud man of the Tuileries is an exile in disgrace, the French armies are destroyed, their material of war is captured, and the long heritage of glory bequeathed by manlier generations has been surrendered to the overshadowing power of the enemy. The Emperor is Emperor no more, but the number of Emperors is not less. William, who came out a King, goes back a Kaiser; and united Germany greets him with huzzahs and hallelujahs. A power that stood among the first, and looked down with proud contempt on all rival nationalities, is now no power at all. Her prestige is gone, her wealth is wasted, her armies are destroyed, her pride is humbled, her territory is rent, and tens if not hundreds of thousands of her bravest fill the graves of soldiers or pine in pestilential hospitals. A whole generation cannot repair the losses of the last few months.

This triumph of Prussia over France has a broader significance than appears to the unthinking observer. It revolutionizes the leading influences of Europe. It is the triumph of the Teuton over the Latin, of Protestantism over Romanism, of the new civilization over the old. The Latin races, with their intriguing priesthood, their ignorant, poor, and superstitious

peoples, their monkeries and nunneries, and relics and shams, are sinking to decay. Italy, France, and Spain are all in trouble, while Portugal is hardly counted among the nations, so insignificant and powerless has she become. All are bankrupt, and neither seems to hold within itself the power of recovery. France is a republic to-day, nominally; but those who know France well, will be surprised if she remain a republic for a year. The whole head of France is sick, and the whole heart is faint. The Latin blood, wherever it flows, seems to be weak and corrupt. There are men of ideas and pure life and noble aspirations in all these countries; but what are they, and what can they do, against a church organization hoary with experience and perfectly united in its object—that object being the perpetuation of its own power, at whatever cost, against all the encroachments of freedom and free thought? Spain knows, Italy knows, and poor France will know within a twelvemonth. Nothing but universal education—instituted, controlled, and directed by the State—and a free Bible with free men to preach its truths, can save the whole Latin race from fatal degeneration and decay. Without these regenerating influences France will follow Spain and Italy into a powerlessness that will be alike her protection from national jealousy and her degradation from the world's respect. Bound as these peoples are by so many chains, it is impossible for them to hold a respectable footing in the race of freer nations for power and greatness. The Teuton blood, with its affiliations, is the blood of the future. The Teutonic languages are the languages of the future; and Protestant civilization, under various forms and phases—moving through various modes of progress—is the civilization of the future. Does any one doubt it? Let him point to a single Catholic nation that is making progress to-day, and to a single Protestant nation that is not!

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

A PECULIAR feature of the legislation of the past winter has been the unprecedented number of measures designed to secure more general and more regular attendance of children at school. Not only in the National Legislature, but in several of the State Legislatures, bills have been introduced for the promotion of public education by devices ranging from penalties for non-attendance at school, as proposed in the State of New York, to rewards for regular attendance (by remission of taxes), as proposed in Illinois. Though these schemes have been, for the most part, unsuccessful,—the time not being ripe for them, as their friends allege,—they have shown very clearly the drift of public opinion. The nation has been aroused to a sense of its educational poverty, and is earnestly casting about for a cure. It has learned that some millions of its population are illiterate; that millions of children are growing up unschooled; that ignorance is everywhere associated with, if not related to, poverty and crime; and that the productive force of the com-

try is seriously weakened by lack of intelligence. The natural inference is, that a wider diffusion of elementary instruction would go far to inaugurate a happier state of things. And the inference is just. But when people assume, as the advocates of compulsory schooling do, that the instruction now given in the schools is a certain cure-all for the evils noticed, and that the one thing needful is some means of bringing all the children into the schools and keeping them there, then their position may be reasonably questioned. It is by no means evident that such an extension of the scope and power of the public schools would be an advantage. Indeed there are reasons for suspecting that it might prove a national calamity unless a radical change were first made in the matter and methods of popular teaching. Let us not be charged with hostility to public schools. We believe in them firmly. It is not only the wisest policy but the highest duty of the community to make education a public concern, and to see to it that no poverty, indifference, or greed shall be suffered to deprive the young of suitable opportunities for instruction and culture. We believe, further, that a well-devised and properly-conducted system of public schools is the directest, cheapest, surest, and best means for securing the instruction of all classes. Nevertheless, we seriously question whether the existing system is anywhere near that state of perfection which would warrant us in stereotyping it, and enforcing it on all children. We are by no means sure that the instruction given in the schools is, in the main, such as the children need. We doubt whether the mental habits fostered by the schools are really beneficial to inhabitants of a working world like ours. We doubt whether instruction is offered at the most suitable times and for the most suitable periods. In short, there is not a feature of the popular school system that we should not wish to have carefully reconsidered before extending its sphere and power. The perfection of the system is to be found in Boston. It is the professed desire of the advocates of compulsory education to secure, as far as possible, to all the children of the land, the school advantages provided by that city. In view of the testimony of the hundred and fifty physicians who have joined with the parents of the pupils in the Boston Latin School in protesting against the system of long hours and cramming enforced in that school in particular, and in the public schools in general, we may be pardoned for accounting those "advantages" something fearful. "I cannot doubt that the modern system of forcing the tender brain of youth lays the foundation for the brain and nervous disorders of after years—the cases of melancholia, paralysis, softening of the brain, and kindred diseases becoming so fearfully prevalent." So writes Dr. Clement A. Walker, Superintendent of the City Hospital for the Insane. Dr. George A. Stuart adds: "Of late years the majority of diseases seem to have assumed a nervous type, which in most cases may be traced to over-taxation of the mental powers of the young, both male and female." And Dr. J. B. Tread-

well: "Hundreds of pupils of our public schools are ruined in health every year; this I know from personal observation." And Dr. H. F. Damon: "The amount of vital power has its limits, and these limits, in my judgment, are far exceeded by the present system of overtasking the pupils in our public schools." Dr. E. B. Moore writes that he has a son now in the insane asylum, "the result of excessive study and disappointed ambition."

We do not infer that such would everywhere be the inevitable results of the proposed extension of public schooling, but such results would be possible, indeed probable, unless the system were materially modified; and we ought to be very cautious in erecting a national god so likely to turn out a Moloch. If the choice lies between healthy ignorance and "an overtaxed brain, a dwarfed body, a weakened intellect, a variety of diseases, and a premature grave,"—which Dr. P. D. Walsh says is the natural, or unnatural, result of the current system of schooling,—commend us to an abundance of healthy ignorance.

Even if much study were never a weariness to the flesh,—if the requirements of the schools could be complied with without any risk of broken health, the present cost of schooling would be needlessly great. The complaint that our schools are spoiling our more promising youth for work,—that they foster foolish ambitions and aversions to material pursuits, is not wholly without foundation. Ten or fifteen years of exclusive devotion to books is very apt to develop tastes and habits unfriendly to productive labor. The youth leaves school a young man (in his own estimation at least), and very likely with exaggerated notions of his own importance. He is too old, and too proud, and "too much of a gentleman" to begin at the bottom of any craft, and, by doing boy's work, acquire that familiarity with details on which the mastery of any business depends. Besides, in most cases, he cannot afford the time for such an apprenticeship. He must begin to earn wages at once. The consequence is, the country is full of unprofitably "educated" men, who, having neither rude strength nor skilled hands, are glad to get employment at lower rates than are paid to common laborers. The loss to the country from this needless diverting of youth from productive labor is beyond estimation. It is due very largely to the unwise requirements of the schools in the matter of time. They suffer no rivals. Their pupils must give the best part of the day, regularly, to school-work, or withdraw. It may ruin their health, and deprive them of opportunity to acquire the practical business training on which their future happiness and usefulness will chiefly depend. No matter: the character of the school is at stake, and the school, not the student, is the primary consideration. The Boston Board admit this inversion of the proper order of things with unconscious frankness, in their refusal to lessen the amount of study required of the Latin School boys. "It would be impossible," they plead, "to point out any eminent school of this

grade in which a less number of hours is found sufficient."

At the lower end of the social scale is another class of victims to the unwisdom of our school conductors. The records of our Board of Education show that half the children who enter the schools never pass beyond the primary grades; that is, they leave school before they can read a newspaper, or work a simple sum in fractions. Mrs. Holmes's "Children who Work," in our last number, tells what becomes of the most of them. Their sad condition justifies legislative interference; but it would be going to as injurious an extreme to compel them to stop work entirely, and go to school all day. They must live; and they must earn their living soon, if not now. The school of letters is to them a need, the school of labor is an absolute necessity; and, as things are, they cannot take both. Nevertheless, they could have, and should have, both; and we believe that the public schools ought to take the first step toward making this consummation possible, by offering instruction at such times, and for such periods, as shall least conflict with the primary requirements of the children. The current six-hour system is destructive at both ends, and in the middle. It is ruinous to health, it prevents the practical education of the well-to-do, and it shuts out from school privileges that large class which cannot command the whole day for book-learning. A system so doubtfully adapted to the circumstances of the case needs very careful looking to before it is made absolute in power and dominion. Indeed, our Boards of Education are in urgent need of some scores of Huxleys to insist, as Professor Huxley did at a late meeting of the London School Board, on a reconsideration, not only of the subjects and methods of elementary instruction, but of the hours given to schooling. Our public schools may never become perpetual fountains at which all may draw as they have opportunity; but they will cease, we hope, to hedge themselves about with needless exactions and impassable barriers. They will not insist on six hours' attendance a day, when three hours are the limit of profitable study; nor will they insist on three hours' study, or none, when any number of children can command but one hour.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION.

THE Black Sea Conference in London has reconstructed the Treaty of 1856 and adjourned, and before this Magazine reaches our readers it is probable that the Washington Conference—the "Joint High Commission," as its awkward official title is—will have completed the practicable portion of its work. A complete settlement of all the questions at issue between the United States on the one side, and Great Britain and her North American Colonies on the other, can scarcely be looked for at the present time. That would involve the independence, if not the annexation of Canada, for which neither England nor Canada is

yet quite prepared. But there is no reason why the International Commission cannot settle the disputes about boundary, fisheries, and the Alabama claims,—meaning by the latter all the controversies growing out of the unfriendly attitude of England toward us in the late civil war,—no reason, unless it be that the English government does not yet recognize the necessity that plainly lies before it. That necessity is to come to the American terms in the neutrality dispute, or else be forever hampered by the false position which England now finds herself in.

The appointment of the International Commission took both countries by surprise in early February, and was welcomed, for the first few weeks, in both countries. It was felt to be a great step towards a peaceful settlement of a long-standing quarrel that might, sooner or later, end in war. When the limited powers of the Commissioners became known, and the difficulties of the case began to be realized, there was a reaction from the first feeling; and since the unfortunate culmination of the quarrel between President Grant and Senator Sumner, a great many Americans and Englishmen have doubted still more seriously whether the Commission would result in an acceptable treaty. We believe that it will; though, as has been said, it may not be a treaty covering all the points in dispute. It was not at first intended by the British government, which proposed the Commission, that it should deal with any but Canadian questions. Indeed, the Commission, as first proposed, had a purely Canadian origin, and grew out of certain suggestions made by Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian premier, to the Imperial government, and by his friend, Sir John Rose, to our government. As originally contemplated by Lord Granville, the British and Canadian members were to be but three—Sir Edward Thornton and the two Canadian knights just mentioned. When, at the instance of Secretary Fish, the Alabama controversy was referred to the Commission, Earl de Grey and Prof. Montague Bernard were added, and Lord Tenterden, a grandson of Abbott, the famous lawyer, was made secretary. The latter, though a peer, is a clerk in the British Foreign Office; and Prof. Bernard, though he lectures at the Cambridge University, is also intimate with the Foreign Office papers, and in his book on "The Neutrality of Great Britain" is little other than the mouth-piece of the British government. In connecting these two men with the work of the Commission, the Ministry signified that the British side of the Alabama question should have full justice done it, for both Lord Tenterden and Prof. Bernard are perfectly familiar with the controversy and the British line of argument. The American side is represented, though not so forcibly, by Secretary Fish and his assistant in the State Department, Mr. Bancroft Davis, who acts as secretary of the American half of the Commission. It was a mistake, we think, not to have put on the Commission either Mr. C. F. Adams, Mr. Caleb Cushing, or Mr. George Bemis, who, with Senator Sumner, are the four Americans best informed in

regard to our whole controversy with England. But as Mr. Sumner has been consulted freely by several of the Commissioners, and will have a voice in ratifying the treaty made—as Mr. Cushing is on familiar terms with the State Department, and Mr. Bemis is the college class-mate and intimate friend of Judge Hoar, it is probable that the information and the abilities of three of these four persons have been really at the service of the American Commissioners, and have helped direct their deliberations. Mr. Adams stands a little aloof from public affairs, and probably would not have sacrificed his leisure to this work.

The whole Commission is able and respectable, without including, on either side, the men of most distinction in diplomacy or politics. The oldest of the American members, Judge Nelson, is an able and learned judge, politically affiliated with the Democratic party, and not specially familiar, so far as we know, with diplomatic affairs. The same is true of Gen. Schenck, who was a Republican leader in Congress more by force of will and character than by profound statesmanship. Secretary Fish has for two years rather reluctantly, and amid many difficulties, directed the diplomacy of the country, but cannot be said to have mastered his subject completely. Judge Hoar, who, in natural strength of mind, is inferior to no man on the Commission, has also but comparatively a recent acquaintance with the matter in hand; and Senator Williams is in the same category. Of the English Commissioners, Lord de Grey is the highest in rank and the most versed in official life, being the son of a peer and a prime minister, and early entered upon his course as a hereditary legislator and governor of England. Sir Stafford Northcote has long been in Parliament, and Sir John Macdonald has had intimate acquaintance with Canadian politics for many years; but no one of the three has ranked as an expert in diplomacy. Sir Edward Thornton and Prof. Bernard are thoroughly at home in some parts of the case they have had in hand, and so is Lord Tenterden. Perhaps the best way to describe the twelve Commissioners (including the two secretaries) is to speak of them as an able jury, some member of which is booked up on every point of the case.

The possible conclusions of the International Commission are three: either they will settle all points at issue, or none of them, or some and not others. Even if they should be so fortunate as to agree upon all in their own deliberations, it is by no means certain that the two countries will ratify their action. The anomalous position of Canada is likely to be the greatest obstacle to a complete settlement, and we have no right to expect that the obstacle will be wholly overcome. The probabilities, as we write, are that our countrymen will regain and extend the rights of fishery which they had by the treaty of 1783, and will secure free navigation of the British American waters. A cession of some portion of British American territory is not impossible, though what is more probable is the establishment of all British America as an independent nation, and the

withdrawal of the British flag, in this way, from our continent. Canadian independence, as a step towards commercial reciprocity and ultimate annexation, is regarded with favor by Gen. Grant and the State Department, and would be acceptable, no doubt, to the United States. It ought also to be acceptable to Canada herself and to England.

In the old controversy about the proclamation of neutrality, the fitting out of rebel cruisers, etc., England has already come more than half way over to our position. The Franco-Prussian war had scarcely begun when the British Government was forced to modify the neutrality laws of which we complained so much during our war, and they were modified wholly in the direction of our complaints. Had the new law existed in 1861, the rebel cruisers never would have left the shores of England. A formal recognition in the new treaty of this change in British law, and a reasonable compensation in damages for the depredations of the Alabama, and perhaps the other cruisers, would meet all the requirements of this portion of our claims, and it would seem that this would be granted. As to the proclamation of neutrality, the British claims for damages, and the questions arising out of the Fenian raids on Canada, it will not be impossible to come to an agreement if each side is willing to concede something. But, on the other hand, there are accidents that may interfere with any present settlement of some of these points, and if three out of four of the matters in dispute are amicably arranged, it will be enough to justify all the applause the Commission has received. Let us hope for this, at least, and for as much more as may be vouchsafed us.

MR. WELLS'S REPORT ON TAXATION.

THE appointment of a "Commission to Revise the Laws for the Assessment and Collection of Taxes" in the State of New York, is one of many indications that the country has grown restless under the load of taxation which has been imposed upon it partly by the war, and to a hardly less degree by the growth of expenditure—national, State, and local—for new objects. Much of this expenditure is quite defensible, as promoting the rapid development of the country and its communications, by means of which wealth has been created far more rapidly than it has been absorbed. But it is the vice of large expenditures of public money, even for the best objects, that they breed carelessness, if not corruption, in those through whose hands they pass—evils more threatening to the country than any other to which it is now exposed. If there were no other argument against high taxation, the host of corruptible servants which it involves, who are not in this country under any rigid responsibility or strict discipline, is so dangerous to the public virtue, as to demand the simplification of systems and the reduction of the number of agents.

As a people we have hitherto been so lightly taxed that the methods of taxation have been less regarded

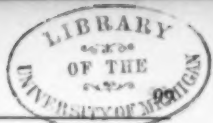
than they must be hereafter. The sole aim has been to get the money, without much thought as to the effect of the process upon the earning capacity of the people. Hence our methods of taxation have been clumsy and devoid of principle, and the laws which established them have been openly violated or widely departed from in practice. In the older countries of Europe, on the contrary, the *incidence* of taxes,—how they fall upon classes of property or of persons, and their effect upon production and trade,—is a question long discussed, and lying at the bottom of most of the measures of revenue reform.

The Governor of New York, with a view to getting the best help for the solution of this difficult problem, placed at the head of his commission a gentleman of political sentiments opposed to his own, but of distinguished reputation, won while serving the General Government as Special Commissioner of Revenue. The name of Mr. Wells was a guaranty that the work of the Commission would not be of a partisan character, and that it would be prosecuted with thoroughness and impartiality. The report now presented justifies the public expectation. It presents a mass of facts respecting the assessment and collection of taxes in this country which has not hitherto been accessible to the people. If the Commissioners had rested there, they would have materially lightened the task of future reformers; but their office being "to revise the laws," and not merely to present facts, they have proceeded to draw most important deductions from these facts, and to make recommendations which, whether adopted or not, will no doubt influence future legislation.

They find that there are three principal objects of taxation in this country—namely, real property, personal property, and corporate franchises. The first and last of these are either visible or incapable of being concealed, and there is no difficulty in reaching them for assessment. The second class—personal property—is only in part tangible, or open to scrutiny against the will of the owner; and this it has been found impossible to reach and tax fairly by the most skillful devices of legislation. Nothing short of the constable with his search-warrant will compel an unwilling man to disclose what he has in his pocket. Taxation of personal property is therefore dependent on the rack and the thumb-screw, and the Book of Martyrs is full of instances of men who, in defiance of torture, have died and made no sign. But if it were free from this difficulty, it is very doubtful whether this species of property ought to be as heavily taxed as the other classes named. It is the active, movable wealth of the country, the tools of every trade, the motive power of all industries. The profits of last year waiting to be invested in the next—technically the loan fund—on which all business depends, form a part of it. Taxation is friction, and friction is the worst enemy to machinery. How can the mill which grinds the nation's corn be expected to turn out its full capacity of grists if we are perpetually clogging the wheel, or putting stones into the hopper?

It would not, however, be just to exempt all personal property from taxation, for the wealth of many persons consists chiefly of it, and all citizens should contribute to the support of government. A large portion of it is invested in corporations, and these, where in the nature of monopolies, the Commissioners propose to tax. This is obviously just, as they exist only by law, and enjoy valuable privileges which they derive from the sovereign power of the people. Thus it is that the railway companies acquire the right of eminent domain, and banks the privilege of issuing their notes to circulate as money. Thus the aqueduct and gas companies get the right to dig up our streets; and thus all corporations alike are empowered to aggregate capital for important purposes without individual liability. The second proposition of the Commissioners is "to tax land, exclusive of buildings, at a uniform valuation of fifty per cent. of its true marketable or fair value." This proposition is arbitrary, but it has reference to the last proposition, which is the debatable feature of the scheme. It is suggested as an alternative, either to tax buildings at their full value, apart from the land on which they stand, as representing the property of the owner not invested in land; or, appraising both land and buildings at their full value, to assess the owner or occupant of them at three times the rent or rental value. These two propositions are not equivalent, and it is not easy to see why they are presented in the alternative. The whole value of a building is much more than three times its rental value, since the latter rarely exceeds ten or fifteen per cent. The Commissioners seem, however, to give no weight to the first plan, as they do not illustrate or discuss it, and it might well have been omitted from their report. The second plan, which they present with more confidence, has decided merit. It rests on the idea that the rental of a building, be it house, store, or workshop, indicates the means of its owner or occupant. Perhaps nothing, on the whole, indicates it so well. If this principle is admitted, and the rent is adopted as a unit of measure, it is of course quite unimportant whether the tax is assessed on three times the unit, or on a greater or less proportion.

This, in brief, is the system offered by the Commissioners as a substitute for the very unequal, arbitrary, over-reaching and under-reaching method of taxation now in use, not only in New York, but in all the States. It has simplicity, equality, certainty—the three elements demanded. It may not reach all classes of property or of persons, but it attains this end much more nearly than is done at present. If it is objected that many rich men are neither householders nor owners or occupants of buildings, the answer is, that such men are generally owners of corporate stocks taxed under the first head of Mr. Wells's system, or of United States bonds exempted from taxation on important public grounds. There will always be skulkers, and the ingenuity of man will never suffice to hunt them out. Laws and systems are devised for average men, and must not be condemned because



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they do not reach the exceptions. It is to be hoped that so able a report as this, on a subject of universal interest, will not be without its fruits; and that it is

received with more than usual favor is indicated by the fact that a new and enlarged edition of it has just been issued by the Messrs. Harper.

THE OLD CABINET.

OF the many who are watching with curious interest the growth of Wilfrid Cumbermede out of the weird romaunt of his childhood, through his sensitive, questioning youth up to the full manhood foreshadowed, perhaps there are some who think there never were, in all the world, two such boys as Wilfrid and his friend Charley; that such speculative, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" urchins do well enough in books, but are not to be found in the flesh, outside of them. Yet there are not a few who read the strange story with ever-growing wonderment; finding outspread here the secret record of their own early histories—the spiritual trials through which they passed, the mental agonies they endured. Manhood, with all its grave debates and burdens hard to be borne, has brought them nothing so terrible.—There are children whose days are darkened by no greater gloom than that of a petty disappointment. This is bad enough with some, Heaven knows. But there are others over whose lives a false notion of religion has thrown a pall which makes existence dreadful. Do you remember how little Marjorie Fleming pours out her soul in that quaint, sad journal of hers, written at the mature age of six: "O, what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin how could I resist it! O no I will never do it again—no no—if I can help it." "My religion is greatly falling off because I don't pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my character I despair for it." Almost daily she deplored her badness, and how the devil got the better of her. "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid I will fall a martyr to it." Poor, little Marjorie, suppose she had been left alone with her solemn Mentor, "Isa," had not enjoyed the roystering companionship of her great hearted man-lover, Walter Scott.—To us Gilfillan's lurid but whole-souled Essays are lovable chiefly on account of the memory there enshrined of that other sweet child whose young life was clouded by the unsolved questions of the ages respecting life, death, and the judgment to come.

Unhappy, indeed, for such a child, if for guide and teacher it has one unappreciative, unsympathizing, schooled only in the conventionalities of ghostly counsel. A morbid conscientiousness, bringing about an over-exact, forced, unloving observance of the religious regimen; a brooding introspection, leading to the madhouse, or, less sad alternative, an early grave; these are among the things to be feared. These, and something else; a soul driven by the reaction—perplexed

and wandering—into regions of skepticism and infidelity.

SOME people possess an unconscious art of exasperation which is almost a thing to admire. We may suffer from it more than words can tell, and yet there is a fascination in its fine perfection; there is a feeling of inferiority on the part of the sufferer that fills the soul with envy. But the admiration and envy are the after-surge. In the presence of the artist, that is the tormentor, there is only anguish and indignation.

We had occasion once to make some inquiries at the advertising desk of the *Daily Idiot*. We suppose the time occupied by our conversation with the clerk at that desk was not more than two minutes and thirty-five seconds, yet the memory of those two minutes and thirty-five seconds—be they more or less—we expect to carry with us to our grave. It was a season of trial and temptation; of smothered passion and resentment; of madness and misery, followed by remorse. We did not want to kill the gentleman on the other side of the counter. No! we are naturally of a quiet disposition, with an unconquerable bias against murder. We merely felt a gentle desire to crawl through the little glass window at which we were talking, seize the nape of that long, unlovely neck, and incontinently kick the advertising clerk of the *Daily Idiot*.

And pray, what had he done, you ask?

Well, he had "done" nothing, we suppose, nor had he said much. The "subject-matter" of discourse was entirely commonplace; a simple business affair, nothing of an out-of-the-way or exciting nature was said on either side; an observer might have failed to notice anything that was at all uncourteous in look or language. It was only that frigid air of insolence; that way of making an honest man feel like a pick-pocket; that inimitable art of exasperation!

We have often wondered how such people get along in the world. We once cherished a theory that their days of prosperity are soon numbered, a brief basking in the sunshine of success, and then they are cut down and perish like the flower of the field that withereth; a few years, at the most, of irritating arrogance, and the world wearies of them and flings them aside forever. But we were mistaken. Alas! no such moral can be pointed to the tale. They live and thrive, have their salaries increased, rise to places of greater dignity as well as profit. It is an inscrutable dispensation. We may not be spared, sensitive fellow-sufferers! We may not even kick—except in a mild, metaphoric way;—we can only mingle our

plaints and our sympathies. We can only cherish a vain wish that we were Great Men traveling incog.—something like a President of the United States, or an ex-Emperor, or a millionaire with an idiopathy for purchasing newspaper establishments and turning insolent subordinates into the streets.

By the by, is it not a queer thing how men apparently conspire to push certain ungracious dogs into position and wealth—and they snarling and snapping all the while? There are those whose good-nature and urbanity have done wonders for them. We have known a ready, ringing, hearty, appreciative laugh to be worth a fortune to a man. Properly dispensed, it is the most invincible flattery that can be devised. It breaks down all barriers; opens wide the flood-gates of good-fellowship. It will win and hold you friends by the hundreds. Some persons marveled at the extraordinary success of our friend Brown, who went abroad, before the war, on a confidential mission for the well-known house of Tight, Slack & Co. But it was no mystery to us. The fellow laughed his way through Europe. Mrs. Jarley's "crowned heads" themselves would have had to come down before the irresistible cheeriness of that laugh. The "Laughing Sergeant" of the Army of the Potomac was nothing to him. So much for the laugh. The smile—more subtle and seductive still—we know its power in society, its conspicuous emprises in the highest fields of politics. But if sweet temper and humanity are passports to prosperity, it does not follow that churlishness keeps a man down. There is old Gradgrind, one of the best hated men in the community—and one of the richest. Nor have his riches come from outsiders. His own unloving townspeople have poured them upon him. He is in the retail dry-goods trade—and a large trade it is—the largest in his line in all the town. He is a terror not only to his family and clerks, but to all shoppers. If you see him standing at the door of his store you slink past, and watch your opportunity to steal in and make your purchase when you are not likely to be met by his snarls and sour looks. Yet when young Stebbins—the manliest, most affable, and popular of his clerks—tired of his espionage and oppression, set up a stand of his own across the street, the public stoutly refused to buy young Stebbins's ribbons.

In the strangely querulous, stern face of her father (portrayed on page 26 of the magazine), one may read the

whole tragedy of Charlotte Brontë's life. Yet in the sombre web of her existence there shone one thread of silver, all the brighter and more blessed for the contrast—it was the warm, steady, unfailing friendship of her schoolfellow "E." "Ma bien aimée, ma précieuse E., mon amie chère et chérie," she calls her, in one of her earlier letters. "If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till death, without being dependent on any third person for happiness." "What am I compared to you?" she exclaims: "I feel my own utter worthlessness when I make the comparison. I am a very coarse, common-place wretch." But the affection that overflowed in such loving extravagance was no passing sentiment. As life deepened, and grew more and more intense—and fuller of pain—for each, the closer became their attachment, the more constantly Charlotte turned for sympathy and support to her faithful companion. "No more of that calm repose," wrote Charlotte once, when her friend had gone away after paying her a visit at Haworth. In her, indeed, she found all the greater rest and refreshment because of the difference in their natures. Her individuality colors the Caroline Helstone of *Shirley*. It was to her that nearly all the letters were written from which Mrs. Gaskell drew the materials for that wonderful biography. It is she who now, in these pages, repels the charge of irreligion ignorantly raised by some against her friend, and gratifies the desire, on the part of the thousands in America who hold dear the memory of Charlotte Brontë, to know something more of a genius moulded by such unique surroundings to ends so remarkable and renowned; of a life the lesson of whose suffering and heroism is one of the best legacies Heaven has granted to this generation.

It will interest many to know that "The House Charlotte Visited" (pictured on page 24 of this number), was the residence of her school-fellow, the author of the accompanying Reminiscences; and that Miss Wooler, Charlotte's teacher at Roe Head, is still in the land of the living. And here is something from Charlotte herself—a strongly characteristic epistle

Sub—

mission - courage - action when
practicable - there seem to be the weapons
with which one must fight life's long
battle
Yours faithfully
Charlotte

to "E."—which has never before appeared in print. It is one of her later letters, and, read in connection with the Reminiscences, helps to round out the story of her life:—

"DEAR E.—I am thankful to say that Papa's convalescence seems now to be quite confirmed. There is scarcely any remainder of the inflammation in his eyes. He begins even to look forward to resuming his duty ere long, but caution must be observed on that head.

"Martha has been very willing and helpful in Papa's illness. Poor Tabby is ill herself at present. Influenza has been almost universally prevalent in this district, and I have myself had a touch of it.

"I write to you about yourself rather under constraint and in the dark, for your letters, Dear E., are most remarkably oracular, dropping nothing but hints. I can hardly guess what checks you in writing to me. There is certainly no one in this house to whom I show your notes, and I do not think they are in any peril in passing through the post.

"Perhaps you think that as I generally write with some reserve you ought to do the same. My reserve, however, has its foundation not in design, but in necessity; I am silent because I have literally nothing to say. I might indeed repeat over and over again that my life is a pale blank, and often a very weary burden, and that the Future sometimes appalls me, but what end could be answered by such repetition, except to weary you and enervate myself? The evils that now and then wring a groan from my heart lie in position, not that I am a single woman and likely to remain a single woman, but because I am a *lonely* woman and likely to be lonely. But it cannot be helped and therefore imperatively must be borne, and borne, too, with as few words about it as may be. I write all this just to prove to you that whatever you would freely say to me, you may just as freely write. Understand, I remain just as resolved as ever not to allow myself the holiday of a visit from you till I have done my work. After labor—pleasure, but while work is lying at the wall undone I never yet could enjoy recreation.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"C. BRONTË."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE MODERN MAYING.

"IT was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a-Maying early on the first of May." This custom survives among ourselves, but in a mutilated form and with far different intent. Where is the householder in this highly favored land who has not at least once in the course of his life watched the slow dawn of May-day morning, perched, Marius-like, among piled-up household gods, one sad eye dwelling on their frangible perfections, the other cast wildly forth in search of the coming carman—coming and still to come?

It is in quest of this Hibernian blossom that we go a-Maying. Groups of doleful fellow-citizens confront us in the street, occupied after like manner in "bringing in" the merry month. Carts, high-piled, rattle past us. We notice the bureaus ingeniously packed a-top of the decanters, the soup-kettle performing a dance over the face of the looking-glass, and fellow-danger makes us wondrous pitiful. Somebody's Parian Psyche flies from the top of a van, and, describing the arc of the parabola, alights upon the poultice pavement with resounding crack. We remember our pet Venus in the entry at home, and groans, not loud but deep, escape us. Time presses. No. 37 must be evacuated ere nightfall, even though the skies tumble. Desperation wings our feet—we fly—we bribe—we protest—and trusting no promise, mount the hard-won vehicle beside the driver, and

"Lead the way
To light him to his prey."

Arrived at 37, what rueful spectacle presents itself? Smith, our successor, being a creature versed in rezeves, and an earlier bird than ourself, has picked up a fellow-worm with a wagon at some unconscionable hour in the morning, and here are his goods encumbering the side-walk. Worse!—here is his parlor carpet being dragged through the hall over our carefully stacked valuables. We remonstrate; nobody listens—

Hibernia takes the helm—a great wave of chairs and tables surges up the steps to meet a corresponding billow outward bound. Crash, bang! our treasures vanish—are in the car somewhere—somehow; the book-box on the china-box, the bootjack at leap-frog with the engravings, and springing to his exalted perch, the presiding genius picks up the reins and is off at a canter:—

Battle their bones
Over the stones,
It is nothing but furniture belonging to Jones!

Meantime, in a lonely up-town street the wife of our bosom awaits our coming. Like Sisera's mother, she looks from the window and cries, "Why tarry the wheels of the chariots?" The house is empty—unfurnished, save for an Etruscan card-receiver brought up the day before for safer keeping, and one empty blacking-bottle, relic of the late occupant. In the second story the children riot in high carnival—below stairs sit the servants with idle hands, growing hour by hour more sulky. At last wheels rumble. "They come," resounds from the watch-tower, and chaos begins. Higgledy-piggledy, the big, the little, the light, the heavy, are dumped in the hall. Nailed boots clatter up and down stairs, draughts pour in from open doors, a May dew of great density falls and baptizes the best furniture. As bodies tire, tempers rise. The children grow fractious and demand "dinner." Alas! the cooking utensils have been by mistake consigned to the very last cart. There is neither "horse-meat nor man-meat, nor a place to sit down," and night falls over the dreadful scene.

Next day brings agonizing discoveries. This article is found broken—that missing. Worse! all treasures have undergone a shabbifying process—more disheartening than absolute ruin. The favorite vase has lost a handle. Venus's nose betrays a dent. Everywhere are smears, nicks, stains—the Lares and Penates veil their faces and weep.

Such is our Maying! In place of painting poles with yellow and black, we paint ourselves (by simple

natural process) black and blue. The flours *we* strew emerge from capsized barrels; our May-dues wash clean the pocket instead of the complexion. And though Baal has lost place among the deities and is no longer propitiated by rites of custard and oatmeal cake, something of black shadow still lies on the day once considered especially his own. Brown bread is no longer broken into knobs and tossed in air with the invocation, "This I give to thee, O hooded crow—spare my lambs; this to thee, O fire—spare my dwelling"—but modern heathenism, could it only believe the spell effectual, would gladly compound for like observance: "This I give to thee, O Irishman—spare my china! This to thee, O cart, have pity on my glass!"

But neither brown loaf nor white, prayer nor oblation avail. The work of destruction goes on, charm we never so wisely, and till the millennial time shall come of peaceful firesides and settled homes, May-day must remain a festival of terror, and the "merry month" be "brought in" after the sad fashion here depicted.

MAKING THE BEDS.

SPRING has come, dear, teasing Spring! For six weeks past she has been swinging the door of Winter like any mischievous child; now popping her pretty head into sight with beckoning smile, and bird-call for distant bobolink; anon, with rush of icy wind slamming the portal to, and tweaking the noses of such incautious blossoms as have ventured forth to peep.

But now the door is wide open and she stands revealed. Day after day fresher tints dye the grass. The leafy spray on elm boughs grows more dense, the air breathes hopefulness. It behooves us to be about our work, and smooth the brown beds in which last Summer's darlings have lain so long, silent and asleep.

Here and there little faces peep from beneath the covering. Japan lilies are throwing off the clothes and preparing to jump up—brave fellows, always prompt to hear the rising bell. Violets! Oh, how blue, how ineffably sweet! The sharp fingers of hyacinths are thrusting through the mould. Soon the whole hand will be visible with a palm full of flowers. Crocuses were astir betimes this year. They got their spring work mostly done in March, but their airy golden and lilac bubbles still fleck the border. Vines are a-bud; spirea and hawthorn prickly with minute leaves adown their brown branches; all things are faithful to their time, and Winter has rendered up his trust.

We meanwhile must attend to ours. Forks must let out the imprisoned earth to taste the Sun. Heaps of compost have been waiting long months for this special moment. Barrow after barrowful, in it goes. Rakes fill the air with clear metallic scrapes, suggestive somehow of Spring, and so delightful. Now comes out a neat fagot of tiny sticks, whittled by the boys in Winter evenings, a basket of flower seeds, the shining trowel. Slender fingers smooth the sur-

face and scatter over it the mysterious articles within which lurk like enchained genii what marvels of bloom, of grace, of tint and fragrance! Now the soft soil is strewed and patted close; the label is written—"Mignonette"—"Nemophila"—"Aster"—"Pansy"—and to the warm hands of Spring we trust for the finishing touches.

And now, patience. It is never worth while to pull up either our radishes or our moral qualities to make sure that they grow; the roots strike best when left alone. Meantime there is plenty to do. Roses must be set free from their wrappings of straw or their subterranean hiding-places. The knife must be applied here and there. Near by the gardeners already are bending in the sun. Asparagus beds are being forked and salted; strawberry patches hoed and mulched; and, fed with refuse of weed and brier, gay little bonfires flicker in the sun.

And everywhere Spring's gentle touch supplements ours: tenderest of all in yonder woods, where hepatica and May-blossom and Quaker-ladies twinkle into life under her caressing fingers. In hidden coverts, wildest nooks, we see her at work, making gardens for the bees, and secret Edens which no eye save her own shall look upon. But even for us, her awkward helpers, she has a smile and a peculiar recompense all her own, never delaying nor denied to those who

"Go before to make
The paths of June more beautiful."

SALADS.

In early Spring the heart of man, by natural instinct, "lightly turns to thoughts of"—salad. Before the days of forcing-frames and canned tomatoes this instinct became a passion; people aspired after green food with a sort of thirst, watched for the first leaf eagerly as Noah; and when it came, like the little Bride of the Holly-Tree Inn, "abandoned of themselves to it with a perfect looseness." Even now, despite modern improvements, which give us green peas (slightly flavored with tin) in January, and hot-house strawberries at Christmas, the first crisp bouquet of real garden lettuce is an event—significant as a violet—forerunner of a long, delightful vegetable train.

There is poetry in salad. It has its literature—its history. The sage Evelyn did not disclaim to "discourse of Sallets," nor Sydney Smith to sing its praise in rhyme. Reputation has been won by a Mayonnaise, and place and ribbon not thought too good for the lucky inventor. The variety is infinite. From simple vinegar and sugar to Vivian Grey's cucumber, which, when complete, was thrown out of window, every note of the gamut of taste is sounded. "In the composition of a salad, every plant should come to bear its part like notes in music," says Master Evelyn. There is kind and degree to suit each various fancy, and a bard for every sauce.

First and best, because simplest, stands French salad made of vinegar and oil, three parts of the latter to one of the former, salt, and pepper. For the proper

composition of this, an old proverb asserts there are four persons required—a miser to measure the vinegar, a spendthrift the oil, a sage to judge of the salt, and a maniac to stir all together. The oil should be pure, the salad-bowl heaped with freshest cress and lettuce duly mixed, and if the manipulator is skillful, the result cannot but be delightful.

For people who dislike oil there is cream-dressing, made in this wise: the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs are rubbed very fine with a silver spoon; to these add a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard; blend the two thoroughly, then stir in a table-spoonful of melted butter and half a tea-cupful of thick cream, a little salt and cayenne, and, if desired, a dash of anchovy or Worcestershire sauce. Last of all, add little by little vinegar enough to make the whole a smooth, creamy mass, and pour it on the lettuce just before serving.

Salad Mayonnaise requires experience and a certain knack, which the French cooks say is a gift of Nature, and not to be acquired. Like the poet, a true salad-maker is set apart from his brethren by a mystic chris-

all his own. "The one essential of the Mayonnaise is oil—eggs boiled or raw form the basis of the mixture, the oil is added drop by drop till the paste is thick as custard and smooth as velvet—a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice complete it. Serve in a small silver dish by itself, or poured over the lettuce, or in a wine-glass set in the midst of the lettuce-bowl."

In the hands of a practiced housewife salad becomes one of the economies of the table, working up all manner of residuary scraps, which without it would be cast aside and wasted. String-beans, button onions, a stray mushroom or two, cold beets nicely sliced and seasoned, boiled potato, fragments of cold chicken or meat, all find a place in the salad and lend it variety and flavor.

A pretty ornament for the middle of a dinner-table is made by crowning a bowl full of green lettuce with blossoms of scarlet nasturtium. The flowers are submitted to the dressing as well as the leaves, and add a certain piquant pungency to the dish which must be tried before it can be appreciated.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

ENGLISH WATER-COLORS.

THE condition of English art is one of the most curious anomalies in the history of mental development. A school without masters; patronage such for munificence and extent as the world never saw before; governmental encouragement such as no nation ever before gave, but without producing improvement in its general condition or purposes; the most absolute freedom of aim and catholicity of pursuit without the production of a single dominant motive; the most extravagant appreciation without producing a standard of criticism which receives the least deference from public opinion—these are some of the dominant traits of this art epoch in England.

There are now open in London three regular winter exhibitions of water-color drawings, which have been preceded by one of oil-color pictures, and will be succeeded by one of mixed oil and water colors, two more of water-colors, and two great exhibitions—the "British" Society and the Academy—of which the greater part are oil-colors. All these must be of pictures never before exhibited, and of them the Dudley Oil Exhibition, now closed, had about 600 pictures—the same gallery, now open for water-colors, has 665 drawings, one of the water-color exhibitions; that of the Old Society has, in this winter exhibition, 389, and will have as many more in the spring opening; while the new Water-Color Society has, in its present collection, 355 drawings, with as many more to follow when it reopens in May; the new British Institution 350, and a new one, numbers unknown; the old Society of British Artists with about 600, and the Academy 1,200, making a total of about 5,000 exhibited, while at least an equal number will have been rejected, making a grand

total of 10,000 drawings and pictures painted for the season of '70, '71, to be followed by as many more next season, '71, '72. Then there are the local exhibitions in all the principal cities, the Scottish and Irish Academies. The French salon is a bagatelle to it!

Of this immense mass of product, it is almost pitiful to see how large a proportion is of work which no lover of art or human development can look on with hope or belief that the work was worth doing, or with any other feeling than one of regret that so many brains without ideas, and hands without power, should have been diverted from results of positive value to the production of work which has now no real value, and will, every year, have less and less pecuniary value. The development of water-color painting in England is so large, so original in many technical qualities, that it almost deserves the name of a school, and in it certainly are all the best results of the collective talent of the country. All the great masters of English art have arisen alone, and gone without a successful follower. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, have no pupils; but the great number of more than respectable artists who began the use of water-color in England as their proper medium of expression—Varley, De Wint, Prout, Fielding, David Cox, and their *confrères* of the last generation—developed a taste for pure, fresh nature and the expression of those qualities of freedom and unschooled energy which are more in accordance with the English mind than scholastic excellence or the qualities of well-trained completeness, which, while they help mediocrity, sometimes trammel genius, if not in production, yet in appreciation of its best. The innate tendency of the English mind is to respect power in any shape more than training, or any perfection of the

thing in its kind. If it attains culture it is from its own impulse more than, like the French, from the drift of a system. It diverges, refuses to associate, maintains individuality as the first of the traits of life, prefers being its own slave to being any other mind's follower, and follows so badly that we justify the choice sometimes.

All this one finds in English art, and especially in the water-color school, which came out of the need to do something without great training and with energy and freshness. We in America have most unjust prejudice against water-color painting. For small work it has every advantage of oils, and some which no manner of painting in oil will give. It has a purity with difficulty attainable—and only after a long time occupied in the process—in oil; it has at least equal solidity and greater durability; it has, *sometimes*, the least possible tendency to fade under strong light, but it never darkens, as all oil-color does; and it enables one to do work which could never be so well done in oil. It has another advantage equally noteworthy in the economic point of view: it gives in little space, and at less expense than in oil, the higher qualities of art equally well. There are two small drawings of Turner's hung in Mr. Ruskin's drawing-room, which are, in every respect except handling, as powerful and artistic as the *great* pictures of the National Gallery—the Apollo and Hesperides. Thus, for fragmentary work, rendering of effects, etc., water-color is far beyond oil.

In the water-color exhibitions now open, though neither of the three has the importance of the spring exhibitions, there are still so many different developments of power and quality that one unconversant with the material would hardly believe it to be the same in all the pictures exhibited. There is, in the Dudley Gallery, a strong, vigorously painted scene from Romeo and Juliet, by Miss Madox-Brown, painted in a solidly objective manner, dramatic and unaffected, and as vigorous as any oil picture can be; not far from it a large drawing by Madame Bodichon, as broad and masterly in treatment as the work of any living landscape painter in oil; and at the opposite side of the room is a large drawing of "Antigone giving the rites of Sepulture to her brother Polynices," by a Greek lady, Miss Spartali, as rich and intense in color, as replete with the *great* qualities of color as any oil picture which we shall see in the Academy exhibition next May. Yet it is more than doubtful if either of these ladies would have attained the purely mechanical mastery of oil-colors so as to give the same qualities in the same degree.

In the same room are some drawings of shells by a Miss Walker, which, for singular refinement of execution and lustrous local color cannot be excelled by any material—rapid, facile in execution and subtle in drawing. There are some pigs, by Briton Rivière, which remind one of Morland's. Two landscapes, by Miss Blunden, are as full of sunshine and glow of local color as any work of its kind by any painter in oils—as vigorous and effective, with a transparency in sky and water which belong to water-color only.

Its convenience, cleanliness, economy of time, labor, and material, and its portability, make it especially recommendable for women's work, and on every account it is to be acclimatized with us. The winter exhibitions of the water-color societies are nominally of "sketches and studies," and, though many elaborate works find their way into them, their chief interest is in those studies mostly from nature—rapid works which show in a most interesting manner how much may be done in a short time to tell largely and effectively the moods and phases of nature.

Amongst these are studies by Bramwhite, and some others which are absolutely indistinguishable from oil; others which, as especially some by Collingwood Smith, give an almost incomprehensible amount of result with so little labor; and again, studies of grave, tender twilight effects by Jackson, which are, for perfect tone, in treatment of simple picturesque material, unsurpassed by anything in modern painting, except the same class of subject treated by Turner.

Then, in the fresh, sparkling manner, more or less, of David Cox—blotchy, rapid, and decisive—are studies of woodland, by W. Burnett, which give a new phase of the material—depths of glade and leafy labyrinth, knee-deep herbage, and waist-deep ferns, with the moisture of the dew or the just-passed rain on them—the silvery grays of the old oak trunks, and the quiet gray greens of the inextricable foliage, all frankly and straightforwardly rendered, no rubbing out, no apparent reworking, no mystery but that of decision.

There are some skies by Moore, full of fine subtle form, luminous, glowing with sunlight, and exquisite in distance and aerial quality, danced to by sea-breakers full of freedom and swing;—grayer seas out in the open by Hayes, which have more of the surface and sparkle of brine than anything oil-color can do at its best, and of which one feels the drip and spray about the picturesque and well-drawn fishers' boats.

In figure-painting the results are less notably superior, yet even here one may find the best of the purely English work. T. Taylor, a remnant of the last generation of painters, has the firmness of drawing and freshness of execution which Cox and De Wint brought into landscape;—John Gilbert, for dramatic power in composition and power of drawing, within a limited range of feeling for character, has no superior in modern art. Of the minute and elaborate manner corresponding to Meissonier's, there are some pictures by Gow, well drawn and full of just action, painted with spirit, and yet great fidelity of detail—in some respects better than Meissonier;—some emulations of the style of Leys, by Pinwell, really remarkable for subtlety of drawing; and pictures by a pupil of Leys, Henry, whose fault it is, that Leys might have painted them. Of men more properly foreign in manner, but domesticated here, are Guido Bach, whose figures have a vigor and clearness of style one never sees in English art, a result of academic study and severe discipline,—and Carl Werner, whose architectural pictures bring all the purity and richness of water-

color to a system of study deliberate and complete. His Eastern views are the best architectural work of the day.

And besides all these, there is an immense amount of work in all English exhibitions which shows a curious fragmentary possession of power and entire ignorance of its true scope, so that we see artists who can merely succeed in imitating local color with success, remarkable in its kind, but not of a great kind, immediately set about historical or dramatic work—men who can make a good stereoscopic representation of any given inanimate object, give us feigned relief of the human face, in which fidelity to the surface passes for portraiture;—intense, but utterly superficial wandering over nature, in which the real aim and uses of art are quite forgotten, if ever comprehended.

The first impression of an artistically trained foreigner on coming into the English exhibition must be—What chaos, what indirection, what earnestness, what native power, and yet what utter ignorance! Of the stronger motives, and the greater men, we shall speak when the more important exhibitions are open.

The disturbances in France have driven to England a number of French painters, whose habitual participation in the exhibitions can but produce excellent effects on English art. There have been for a long time French exhibitions in London; but separate exhibitions will never have the result of those which place works so different in quality side by side, and the hitherto almost rigid exclusiveness of the Royal Academy (still too illiberal and short-sighted) in yielding to common sense and artistic hospitality will not be without admirable influence both on art and on public taste.

WE rejoice to know that the Olive Branch is again waving over the lands beyond the seas, and sincerely hope that the untold sufferings of the recent conflict may teach men lessons that will induce them to be less rash in unsheathing the bloody sword. But it will be some time before we shall be able to imagine Paris as other than the besieged and struggling, the suffering and starving city. Indeed it will require years for the gay capital to wipe out the marks made upon it and its surroundings by its own guns and those of the enemy. It is doubtful whether the present generation will again see that gay and brilliant capital in all the glory of its recent years, and with its many attractions for the crowd of pleasure-loving strangers from every quarter of the world.

The Champs Elysées, for a few days occupied by the German hosts, may soon resume their gay and thoughtless frivolities for the people;—and the puppet-plays will doubtless ere long gather their admiring crowds around them, for the Parisian masses when in gay good humor like nothing better than the moral lessons taught them by the automaton players of the booths, where suffering virtue always comes off triumphant, the weak conquers the strong, and the small the great; where the stern creditor is always outwit-

ted by the unhappy debtor, and the sharp wife punishes the weak or dissolute husband with the broomstick. The more the biter is bit, and the more frequently the blows are laid on during these miniature comedies, the greater is the delight of a genuine Parisian crowd. But in the higher circles society is so torn and lacerated, and its leaders for the last twenty years are so scattered or annihilated, that a long period must elapse before Parisian society under a new *régime* can find its landmarks, and attain that consistency and influence that will give it character and gather a court around it. It is very doubtful therefore whether the tens of thousands of strangers from all parts of the world will hasten to their old haunts during the transition period that must ensue; they gladly joined in all the frivolities of the Carnival epoch, but it is not so sure that they will enjoy the lenten one that follows.

During this era of sorrow France will at least welcome to its bosom some of its most patriotic children, whose voices have been drowned by the excitement and passions of the contest, and who found it necessary for the moment to retire from the arena of a strife where circumstances were too strong for them. Among these we soon expect to see at their accustomed posts Guizot, Laboulaye, and Gasparin—the latter two so well known among us for their interest in our own country during the Rebellion of the South. Gasparin has indeed been very active in Geneva during all the period of his exile, and has endeavored to gain the ear of his countrymen by means of the Press of that town. He is the well-known leader of the French Protestants in France, and of great influence with the moderate liberals of the country. He endeavored with all the force of his rare genius and brilliant pen to reconcile his countrymen to the inevitable loss of Alsace, and wrote with great power in favor of making all that territory neutral ground, if possible a republic, so that the German and French lines might nowhere touch. His darling object has not been gained, but time may demonstrate that his was the wiser counsel. He and his Protestant compeers at least return to Paris, and will doubtless exercise a controlling influence in the adoption of measures best calculated to revive a suffering and humiliated country and soothe the bitterness of its grief.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE rises like a phoenix from the ashes of its rival; but the victorious hosts return to their homes not as arrogantly exultant conquerors, but deeply impressed with the solemnity of their mission and the gravity of the work before them. As their venerable King has acknowledged the finger of Providence in the marvelous destinies that have overtaken his people, so do they seem inclined to thank God rather than their own swords for their victories. Their publicists, statesmen, and teachers are now all appealing to the people through the Press to rise to the dignity of the great task before them, and especially to obey the unwritten moral law of concord and unity that must now pervade every

heart in the solution of the problems before them. The great stumbling-blocks that have hitherto impeded their course have been the particular and separate interests of each individual State; but higher than these now rise the common interests of the different nationalities cemented by their mingled blood on the battle-field. Men who have bled together have a common sympathy, and the returning soldiers, whether of North or South Germany, cannot be kept in antagonism by the narrow-minded or scheming politicians of their respective States.

Germany now begins her work on a platform broader than ever before. She has not the least desire to revive the Empire of the Middle Ages, whose highest aim was to enslave the mind, teach the infallibility of human creeds, or exterminate heresy. It is to be a *New Empire* in word as in name, rooting in German soil alone, and bearing on its banner the mottoes of personal liberty in action and in conscience, and of equality before the law and the moral claims of the State. Its leaders totally disclaim any spirit of conquest beyond its own well-defined borders, and seem to be chiefly impressed with the necessity and policy of this judicious national creed.

A THORWALDSEN JUBILEE has been occupying the attention of the genial Danes of Copenhagen, who adopted the better part of celebrating the centennial of their great sculptor while neighboring nations were dealing in the art of destruction. Thorwaldsen bequeathed his large and valuable collection of sculpture to the State, which, in return for the fame and honor conferred on it by its favorite child, built a museum to receive them. The famous artist lives in the heart of the Danish people, and this festival was made an eminently popular one, as was proved by the universal interest in it exhibited by all classes. It took the form of a Jubilee Pilgrimage to the shrines of the master—first to his old home in Copenhagen, and then to the Thorwaldsen Museum, in the centre of which is the tomb of the cherished artist. The interior of the museum building is a broad, light hall covered with glass, and its most prominent attraction is a mound-shaped gravestone bearing the dates of his birth and death. The stone is covered round and round with luxurious ivy, and under it lies the vault containing the remains of the great sculptor. The sides of this hall are adorned with corridors, cabinets, and apartments filled with the creations of his genius. It seemed a spot created for the reception of just such an admiring throng as then filled it in respectful silence.

The elder citizens of Copenhagen have still a lively remembrance of the person of Thorwaldsen, for he died in 1844, and this celebration was made a touching homage to his personal worth as well as to his great genius. At the same time quite an effort was made by the artistic world to make it special testimony to him as an artist, with a view to revive an active love in his works that would result in more care of the Museum and a manifest improvement in some of

its accessories. For the last decade the Danish people have been so much engaged in their troubles with Prussia that they have insensibly neglected their art temple, and allowed it in some measure to assume a forlorn appearance. This celebration was partly intended to enlist the people of this lively capital in the project of a renewal of their shrine in several respects, so as to make it more attractive as a place of resort for citizens and strangers. Copenhagen, by the way, is a charming little city to visit, and we are glad to perceive that it is about to be brought into the direct line of European travel by the new steamers that will soon be plying between New York and Stettin, on the Baltic, which will, we think, touch at Copenhagen, though no announcement has yet been made to that effect.

VIENNA has also had its jubilee, and this time to a living hero, the aged poet Grillparzer. He has attained his eightieth year, and is yet as hale and fresh as our own Bryant. He has had a remarkable career in connection with the ruling house of Austria, for the freedom of his sentiments expressed so often in his verses made him no favorite with the ruling powers, although they greatly admired his genius and coveted it to their own uses. Grillparzer was a thorn in the side of the old Emperor Francis, and a great annoyance to Metternich. The poet was so popular with the people that they almost forced the court to give him an official position near it, and the Emperor was such a prosy old fellow that he could not bear the idea of having any one around him who was given to making verses. But, on the other hand, Grillparzer was so devoted to the House of Hapsburg, as was shown by his famous poem entitled "King Ottokar," that Francis was occasionally forced to cease his pointing and reward the poet with a smile. And thus Grillparzer, through a whole *régime*, wavered between smiles and tears, and was sometimes the only individual in Vienna who gave any political life or discussion to its *salons*.

Grillparzer, though a loyal Austrian, had far more sympathy with German culture than with Hungarian or Slavonic tendencies, and this made him antagonisms among these nationalities and at the Imperial court. But it gained for him warm hearts in Germany, whose poets and authors gladly reckoned him among their guild, as he wrote his great works in their tongue. He has led a most busy life, and given to the world a splendid collection of poems and dramas that will ever be an ornament to the language and an honor to his country. His eightieth year was thought by his many admirers a fitting occasion to give him a significant testimonial of their love, and his countrymen were delighted to find affectionate words flowing in from every quarter. In Vienna all factions forgot the conflicts with the poet in bygone years, and from court to workshop joined in the celebration. The poets, dramatists, and journalists of all German lands sent in their loving words in the form of letter or despatch, and claimed a place in his heart as he had long had

one in theirs; and even kings wrote to him autograph letters in such terms as these from the monarch of Bavaria:—"My dear Grillparzer!—To the Nestor and hero of the German poets I send, on the eightieth celebration of his birthday, my best and kindest greetings. Posterity will think with pride of your immortal works, which also fill me with high admiration.—Louis, King of Bavaria."

FAIR ITALY is beginning to attract more than ever the attention of literary tourists and sojourners, on account of the political regeneration that makes it more acceptable, or at least more accessible, to travelers in search of profit or pleasure. We notice that Adolph Stahr, long and favorably known as one of the most genial and generous writers about Italian affairs, has just added to other volumes on Italy one bearing the attractive title of *A Glimpse into Free Italy*. He rejoices like a child in the fact that this most glorious land, after centuries of heavy oppression and spiritual and moral death, is now to open its arms to new liberty and activity. His works of the past have furnished stores of wealth regarding this country, with every phase of which he is so familiar, and the present one will form a fine contrast with the pictures of earlier days.

Another splendid Cicerone for Italian travel has appeared on the stage in the person of Holty, whom we scarcely know whether to call poet or *littérateur*. He terms his book *Alpine Magic and Italian Pictures*, and its pages seem to fully justify the title. He possesses the peculiar gift of clothing reality in a garb so fanciful as to make it most attractive, without removing it from the sphere of the real. Read the accounts of a hundred tourists who chat of Lago Maggiore or of Como, of the views from the Apennines or the sunny shores of the Mediterranean; go with them through the busy streets of Naples, or ascend to the summit of Vesuvius, then read this *Alpine Magic*;

or let these Italian pictures pass in review before you, and you will exclaim that such a Cicerone in the highest sense of the term you had never imagined in the flesh. The Alpine charms are found mainly on the summit of the Righi and St. Gothard, and the pictures have such headings as *Isola Bella*, *Capri*, and *Pompeii*. What pleasant memories rise in the bosom of the tourist at the recurrence of these magic names, and how much the world owes to a man whose genius aids us in seeing new beauties and enjoying new sensations in the pleasures of other days! Travel is the watchword of the hour, but few who enjoy its pleasures possess the true art of extracting all its profit or real enjoyment; and a genial and faithful Cicerone, who can cultivate the sense of the beautiful without destroying the practical or warping the judgment from the truth, is a treasure both as companion and teacher.

WE suppose that Professor David Forbes, of England, knows as much about the interior of the earth as any man living. In a late lecture he insisted that all the objections brought by geology, mathematics, or astronomy, against the old theory that the earth is a molten mass surrounded by a crust about fifty miles thick, are quite untenable. He would have us believe, while the outer layer of melted matter, just below the earth's crust, may be a kind of glassy slag, that, not far below this layer, a salamander bent on discovery would find the pure molten metals, of which the heaviest—gold, platinum, etc.—would be at the earth's centre. Very likely the mass of the earth is molten iron; and this view is quite corroborated by the fact that the broken fragments of some disrupted world, which, in the form of *aérolites*, are continually falling from the sky, are often metallic iron. But what a tantalizing thought it is, that just under our feet are countless tons of the precious metals, only waiting for John Whopper to let us know the route by which he passed through to China.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

NILSSON.

BEFORE these pages reach the public eye, the song of the northern syren will be hushed for the summer, and, removed from the witchery of her presence, we shall have opportunity for a little sober musical retrospection. For we may as well acknowledge frankly that we cannot judge Miss Nilsson while she sings. During her tour through the country there has been very little real criticism upon either her voice or her style. There have been rhapsody and rapture, and a deal of enthusiastic nonsense; and there has been, now and then, some very sharp censure. When critics differ so widely, it is generally safe to say that the truth lies between the two extremes of opinion; but the difficulty in the present case is not that neither judgment is a just one, but that both are just. The cultivated musician is right when he tells you that Miss

Nilsson is not a great vocalist; that in all the technicalities of art her method is crude, and sometimes coarse; that she cannot even breathe properly; that despite the extensive range of her voice, she takes the higher notes with evident difficulty; that the upper and lower registers are not perfectly fused, but seem like two distinct voices. All this is quite true, and it is true also, that when she returned to New York, a few weeks ago, after long travel, and sickness, and fatigue, there was a veil over those beautiful notes which delighted us so in the autumn; and there were signs of weakness and lassitude which we could not see without pain. But, on the other hand, the enthusiasts are equally in the right when they protest that this clear, pure voice—we speak of it as we heard it in the first glory of the season, and as we hope to hear it again—falls upon the ear with a charm that other voices sel-

dom bring; and this fair face, and these pretty ways, and these indescribable little sentimental breathings of melody, all fitting so well together, have somehow fascinated all the world. No criticism can explain this fact away. Nilsson is not a great artist, but she has captivated the popular heart. What a round of applause would have shaken Steinway Hall, the other night, if all the audience could have heard the reply of an elegant young gentleman to a lady who found fault with the *Ah! fors' è lui!* "Not sing well! You talk sacrilege. I wish I could get down in the dust and kiss the hem of her garment."

That is but a slightly exaggerated expression of the feeling with which the great majority of cultivated people—the ladies and gentlemen of society, who love music without knowing a great deal about it—listen to Miss Nilsson's wonderful little Swedish melodies and homely ballads, and to the operatic fragments which she acts as well as sings with such fine dramatic expression. Many of these same people will tell you afterward that the performance was not perfect; they missed something, they knew not what. But for the time the spell was complete; the influence was irresistible. The perfect purity of her tones affected them, as sensitive minds are sometimes affected by the beauty of a quiet landscape in which there is neither life nor motion. The delicacy of her style was so peculiar that at first it was readily mistaken for tenderness of feeling. The expression was so refined and soft that it was termed pathetic or religious, when it was really neither. The effect of a sentimental delivery and a charming personal presence was misunderstood. People called the singer sympathetic when she was only fascinating, and believed that she moved their hearts when she only captivated their imaginations. How often does she win the eloquent applause of tears? Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair" is accepted as one of her most touching and devotional songs. As we write, how vividly we recall the beautiful vision of that September evening, the rapt expression of the deep-set eyes, the attitude of heavenly aspiration, as she stood before us in her white robes and golden hair; and for a moment—we know not how she did it, nor where the art lay concealed—"she seemed to divide in a dream from a band of the blest." But we think of the tableau rather than the song; the superb acting rather than the music. And notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, we do not believe that Miss Nilsson appreciates the dignity and the pathos of Handel's sublime conceptions, or that she can ever be so far lifted up and transfigured by the spirit of harmony as to deeply stir the soul. There are two great singers, well known to us here, who illustrate, in rare perfection, the two qualities which Nilsson lacks. Parepa sometimes seemed to be so filled with the majesty of song that her grandeur was almost pathetic. Adelaide Philipps is almost without an equal in the power to call forth that profound emotion of the heart which is half pleasure and half pain. When she gives utterance to the passionate

plaint of Orpheus, or to that exquisite poem of sorrow in "Rinaldo," we know that she is singing right out of her heart, and is filled for the time with the same pathos that inspired Gluck and Handel. This is what we mean when we say that there are tears in her voice.

Nilsson is rarely majestic, and never truly emotional. She is always conscious of her art, and her art is intellectual and dramatic. For this reason she does not satisfy us in the oratorio, and even in the miscellaneous concert-room she is at a disadvantage. The operatic stage is undoubtedly her proper sphere, and if she should grace the boards of our Academy of Music next season, we may expect to see a far more brilliant development of her powers than the great concert-tour of the past winter has permitted. In "Hamlet," in "La Traviata," in many operas which depend largely upon the personation of individual character, we should anticipate for her a triumph. In "Faust" she would probably delight the town; but we have already had proof that there is a deep tenderness in the music of Margherita which she comprehends imperfectly.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

No department of city journalism has shown more general improvement in the past ten years than that which is devoted to the drama. If any of our readers will take the trouble to compare the New York newspapers of to-day with those—say—of 1860, they will find that at so recent a date as the latter, dramatic criticism was not a constant and well-maintained feature of most of our leading dailies, while the reverse can truthfully be said of nearly all of them now. And while we bear in mind the fact that in 1860 some of our most brilliant journalists served the public and won fame for themselves by acting as both the interpreters and judges of the best performances on our stage, we cannot forget that these irruptions of first-class talent into this range of writing were exceptional.

This is not wholly an "aside." It serves to give us occasion to say, that the drama in its highest forms has secured a far more general recognition, and therefore has become a more important feature of discussion.

Since the beginning of the present season we have been favored with a great variety of very good acting. Just think of the actors who have been with us, you who are always talking about the "degeneracy of the drama!" First of all, because he has done and is doing most to elevate our stage, there is Edwin Booth. It is unnecessary to criticize him, for he has been analyzed, and praised, and condemned in every possible form of favorable and unfavorable expression. There may have been more nearly perfect Hamlets in those halcyon days which veteran play-goers see through such a mis- of cherished memories; but where is the other Hamlet, now, that could draw good houses a hundred successive nights in any city where Booth has been seen? We admit that we could wish for it a few bursts of such spontaneous phrenzy as used to drive the elder Booth's audiences into a temporary madness of admiration; but

we doubt if, on the whole, the elder Booth gave anything like as finished an interpretation of the Hamlet of the best modern criticism as his son does now. In the portrayal of such a character a colder temperament, a more analytical mind, and a more assiduous devotion to details may atone for a lack of abandonment to the doubtful and varying inspiration of the occasion.

† But it is Booth's *Richelieu* and *Benedick* that have been the talk of the past season. The former—a masterpiece of careful study, and the latter a failure from overmuch study, as well as from Mr. Booth's lack of humor and liveliness. The public are so largely indebted to him for the superb stage outfit which he has given to both "*Richelieu*" and "*Much Ado About Nothing*," that one reluctantly finds fault with either; but we must say that if Mr. Booth's animated surroundings in both plays were more in keeping, we could dispense with some of the upholstery and fine scenery. To call most of his subordinates "supporting" actors is to apply a very complimentary and inapplicable phrase. They are, to a painful degree, hindrances to the effects produced by his own acting and by the magnificent scenery which he has so liberally provided. But we bear in mind the great difficulty of obtaining good actors for subordinate parts in this country. As soon, indeed, as any one of them obtains a little prominence here, he finds it too easy to become a "star" in some of our distant cities. Yet we look to Mr. Booth, who has done so much for our drama, to finish his labors by making his theatre a school for stock-actors worthy to help him produce the best plays in the language.

We do not forget that before Mr. Booth's return we had the pleasure of again greeting our always fresh and beloved Jefferson. Of his inimitable creation of Rip Van Winkle (sketched in an earlier number), when will the people tire long enough to allow us to see him in some other character?

A far different genius early in the season surprised us by her almost absolute mastery of a language of which, three years ago, she knew scarcely a word—we mean, of course, *Janaushek*. A strong—almost masculine—energetic, and very marked actress, she had already won the coldest critics by her originality and boldness. She was just the sort of woman to attempt the mastery of our difficult language; though few anticipated anything like the success with which she astonished the public on her reappearance here in English. Her victory was signal, and a worthy reward of her daring and perseverance. As compared with any other foreigner who has undertaken to use our language, her English is extraordinarily precise. Indeed, almost the only criticisms that could be made were suggested by her very scrupulous exactness in the pronunciation of words that we handle with more freedom. She is often stiff and "stagey," but her capacity of expressing the depths of passion is so great that we readily forgive her obvious faults.

And this reminds us of a far different German actress, who first dawned on us a few weeks since, and who has

carried captive our hearts by her fine and touching delineations of the gentler phases of passion. Seebach made no sensation; she scarcely even drew large houses, but she illustrated one type of acting more beautifully than any one else whom we have seen for a long time. She, too, belongs to the "natural" school, and depends wholly on her fidelity to healthy and legitimate conceptions of the characters she assumes.

The reappearance of Mr. Forrest was another noteworthy event of the season. There seemed, indeed, a sadness in the circumstances of his visit. In the opinion of the best judges he never before acted so well, with so few violations of good taste, with so notable an absence of that overwrought physical passion which once filled the galleries with astonishment and delight. Time and the decay of his once too great physical powers had reduced him to a moderation that was grateful to refined tastes, while the undoubted genius of the man never shone with a steadier light. But his day has passed. A new generation of play-goers, to whom his ancient methods were distasteful, had come in. He neglected, too, almost all the usual means for obtaining the public attention. Still his performances were appreciated and enjoyed by many good judges, who were free to confess that, with all his faults, Edwin Forrest was still a great actor.

At Wallack's a rapid succession of the best comedies in the language have been given, as they can be given in no other theatre in this country or in England, and that they have been appreciated by a succession of large houses is another proof of the fact that the taste for the better forms of the drama has not died out, and is not likely to do so.

Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre is in the same general line of effort as Wallack's, and suits the tastes of very much the same class of audiences; but its success has been signalized by the remarkable run of an American comedy which, in defiance of the entire army of the critics has achieved a career of most remarkable length and prosperity. Mr. Howard's "*Saratoga*" is amenable to many severe criticisms, but it has conquered the principal requirement of a successful comedy—it has made people laugh. How much of its success has been due to the almost uniformly good cast given it, and how much has been owing to familiarity with the scenes and situations represented, we shall not attempt to point out. But its success should stimulate authors and managers to work in the field presented by the follies of our American life.

DARWINISM.

FOR some years the discussion of the origin of species has been progressing, but has rather avoided the real centre of interest, the question of the origin of man; although it has been plainly enough seen what was the tendency of the arguments, and that the main battle would be fought here. But within a few months the batteries have been unmasked and the question is squarely discussed. Mr. A. E. Wallace, who inde-

pendently announced what he called the great law of "Natural Selection," first came out with an argument to prove that man was descended from ape-like progenitors, but that he varied in so many respects from what might have been expected, that there were evident proofs that a Higher Intelligence had modified and directed the operations of natural law. The most important contribution, however, to this subject is Darwin's long-promised *Descent of Man*, just issued by D. Appleton & Co.

He is able to see nothing that cannot be explained by the laws of nature, and traces the probable ancestry of man through the monkeys of the Old World (probably not the gorilla nor one of the largest species), then the family of lemurs, then that of the kangaroos and opossums, then of the Ornithorhynchus, which was the son of a reptile, which was the son of a fish, which was the son of an Ascidian mollusk, which was the son of a worm, which was the son of a coccolith, which was the son of an amoeba, which was the son of—we don't know what; superficially, at least, quite a different genealogy from the biblical one, ending with "Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." But the main argument of Darwin—an argument so much made up of small points mutually strengthening each other, though of little weight alone—is the old familiar one used by geologists a generation ago, in reply to theologians who insisted on their chronology of the earth as only six thousand years old. They used to say, "Can it be believed that the God of Truth would have created the earth with such strata and fossils as it contains simply to deceive his creatures with the belief that they had been gradually deposited, and that all these animals and plants now extinct once actually inhabited the earth? Is the earth a lie?" This is just the substance of Darwin's argument. Is it credible that man can be a separate creation when he possesses so many rudimentary muscles and other organs, and exhibits so many variations, all perfectly explained in the theory that they are inherited from an ape-like ancestor, but in any other theory nothing less than a base deception?

We have put his argument in its most striking form. It will doubtless immediately call out a host of champions to assail its wealth of facts and its conclusions. Though the younger scientific men have been greatly attracted by the new theory, the older scholars have held more aloof, and insist that the old opinion, that man was a special creation of God, has other arguments than the generally received exegesis of Genesis. And it is reassuring to those who are worried by what seems to them the ungodly theory of Development, to find that so many of its ablest defenders, like Owen, Wallace, and St. George Mivart, believe they see abundant proofs that a Higher Power has modified the progress of development, compelling it to travel in certain fixed lines, and toward certain desired ends.

Just behind the question, whether one living species can be developed out of another by the ordinary forces

of nature, lies the most vexed question of all: whether nature will develop a living species at all out of dead matter. Scientific men, since Pasteur, have rather avoided the question, apparently not caring to shock too many prejudices at once. But it is about time that the question were met, and a few months ago Dr. Bastian, a respectable English physicist, seemed to have almost settled it, by experiment, in the affirmative. He partly filled some glass tubes with the chemical substances found in organic matter, and exhausted the air, thinking that a less pressure might allow a freer re-arrangement of particles, and requested Dr. Frankland, a distinguished chemist, to expose them for some hours to a heat considerably above boiling-point, for the purpose of destroying all germs of life. The tubes were then taken out, and after some weeks' exposure to light at a moderate temperature, the contents grew turbid, and a sediment settled, which, when examined by the microscope, showed clusters of cells, and particles in lively motion. This experiment he regarded as a conclusive proof of "spontaneous generation." But Professor Huxley publicly ridiculed his experiment, much to Dr. Bastian's disgust, insisting that the cell-clusters which he had found were utterly without life, and in fact seeming to prove that one of them, curiously fringed, was only a minute sprig of moss that had been accidentally put in with the solution. Dr. Frankland has just repeated the experiment. He took the same solution, exposed it for four hours to a heat of 310° F., and then gave it moderate heat and sunlight for five months. The contents became turbid, as in Dr. Bastian's experiment, and dropped a sediment. The tubes were then opened, and this sediment examined by himself and by Professor Huxley. The descriptions and figures of Dr. Bastian were found to be quite accurate; but the "figure of eight" particles, which he had described, were found to be entirely lifeless. The movement among them, which was noticed abundantly, was only what microscopists are familiar enough with, as the "Brownian movement," common to particles utterly devoid of life. The flocculent sediment consisted mainly of particles of glass, which the heat of the solution had corroded off from the sides of the tube. And so Professor Huxley appears in the new light of the successful champion of the old-fashioned notions against the pretensions of "modern science." Still he does not deny that Nature can evolve life without the special fiat of a Creator, but only asserts that she never yet has been seen to do it.

"THE UNKNOWN RIVER," ETC.

WORDSWORTH might like to come back to earth for a summer, and voyage with Philip Gilbert Hamerton down some "Unknown River!" If this supposition seem extravagant to any man, let him buy and read *The Unknown River, an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery*, by P. G. Hamerton: Roberts Bros., Boston. It is not easy to write soberly about this book while fresh from its presence. The subtle charm of the very title

is indescribable : it lays hold in the outset on the deepest romance in every heart : it is the very voyage we are all yearning for. When, later on, we are told that this "Unknown River" is the Arroux, in the eastern highlands of France, that it empties into the Loire, and has on its shores ancient towns of historic interest, we do not quite believe it. Mr. Hamerton has flung a stronger spell by his first word than he knew.

It is not too much to say that this book is artistically perfect, perfectly artistic, and a poem from beginning to end : the phrasing of its story is as exquisite as the etching of its pictures ; each heightens the other ; each corroborates the other ; and both together blend in harmonious and beautiful witness to what must have been one of the most delicious journeys ever made by a solitary traveler. The word solitary, however, has no meaning when applied to Hamerton—poet, painter, adventurous man, all in one, and with a heart for a dog ! There is no empty or barren spot on earth for such as he. The book cannot be analyzed nor described in any way which will give strangers to it any idea of its beauty. "The Unknown River," in the first chapter, is a tiny brook over which the dog Tom can jump at a bound. When we leave it it is a broad and stately river ; has flowed under arched bridges and lost itself in the Loire : between these two points we have voyaged many days and nights ; now slowly, a mile a day ; now swiftly on wheels, boat and traveler in a "spring cart," past such tangles of tree and rock as even Hamerton could not wind through by water :—now by lamplight, a lantern being fixed in the prow, and every tiny leaf and spray, and thread of stalk, flashing out like silver tracery on each side of the narrow green corridor through which the boat glided ;—now by twilight through smooth reaches, and broad still pools ; now among rough boulders and rapid currents where the waters "hissed and twisted like serpents ;"—now through dark galleries where no land could be seen, only close-locked boughs overhead and on each side ;—now between shores bright with heath and fern and broom, and shaded by gigantic oaks and chestnuts, and silent in uninhabited loneliness ;—now past hamlets which have not been touched or changed for five hundred years ;—now past old cities, half ruin, half town, where Gauls and Romans fought great useless fights long time ago ;—we do not know how many days and nights we have journeyed ; it is one of Hamerton's sweet bits of wisdom not to tell us. It is, perhaps, the greatest charm of his style, and in this, is close kinship to the charm of an etching, that the effects are produced by few touches ; no wearying details ; hint and suggestion being set so clearly before fancy, that the picture is filled out instantaneously, involuntarily, almost unconsciously. This was a noticeable excellence in the other book of Mr. Hamerton's which has been reprinted here, the *Painter's Camp*, but it is far more striking in *The Unknown River*. There seems also to be a decided increase of power in the description of incident.

There is exquisite pathos in the story of the peasant

whom he found living alone like a widower with his four children, and waiting for the return of his wife, who had gone four years before from Paris to Boston, in the service of some rich Americans. She had learned to write, that she might write to him, and she had sent him money enough to buy their cottage and two fields ; and now in a few months she was to return. The tears streamed down the man's face as he showed her picture, and kissed it tenderly, even in presence of the stranger. But we suspect that Philip Gilbert Hamerton is not long a stranger in any of the houses of the simple people through whose wild countries his love of nature carries him ;—the fineness and clearness of his artistic sense are of the sort which keep hearts and hands warm and ready to all men. In one of his books, probably in *The Painter's Camp*, we remember he says that the snail is the type of the truly artistic traveler,—carrying his house on his back, and very slow of pace ; and that therefore he (Hamerton) is disheartened sometimes, for fear "Death may catch him" before he has seen anything of the world. Long may that day be distant !

The latest volume in the "Library of Wonders" (Charles Scribner & Co.) is *The Wonders of Engraving*, containing not only a history of the art, but an interesting description of the various processes. The illustrations are extremely curious, and, in point of execution, probably superior to any which have yet appeared in the "Wonder" series. The same house has just published a seventh edition of Trench's standard work on *English, Past and Present*, and will soon publish a new book by Marion Harland, entitled *Common Sense in the Household, a Manual of Practical Housewifery*. The work, which is written in a sprightly and entertaining style, is dedicated to "My Fellow-housekeepers, North, East, South, and West." Scattered throughout the volume are gossipy chapters upon "Company," "Servants," "The Sick-Room," "The Nursery," &c., and it is evident that the professional demands upon the time of even a "popular author" do not always prevent the knowledge, practice, and intelligent preachment of all homely duties and accomplishments.

Mr. P. T. Quinn's reputation as not only one of the most talented and successful of our agriculturists, but also as an honest and precise expounder of the very best methods, insures a favorable reception for any work put forth under his authority. His *Pear Culture for Profit* has already taken its place among the standards ; and his new volume, *Money in the Garden* (published by the Tribune Association), on account of its more general application, no less than of its thoroughness, condensation, and entire reliability, is destined to still wider popularity and usefulness.

We understand that Prof. Dana is not the author of the Introduction to Molloy's work on *Geology and Revelation*. The title-page seems at first to imply that he is so, but it was not intended to convey this idea. Mr. Dana is author only of the Appendix to the volume.



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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A TALK WITH OUR READERS.

WE gave you in the April number our promises for the future of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY; and now we ask you to read the few words we have to say about the bound volume. The cover is of a handsome reddish-brown color, with an elegant gilt stamp on the back, and a plain stamp on the sides. The book contains nearly seven hundred pages of attractive reading matter, and nearly three hundred illustrations. There are choice poems, brilliant essays, short stories, two completed serials, and a portion of Mr. MacDonald's story, so complete in itself as not to mar the symmetry of the volume. The editorials alone are worth the price of the book.

The articles on Weather Telegrams and Storm Signals are peculiarly valuable to all who have any fancy to become good judges of the weather.

The Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Valentine Stories and the Christmas Poems will renew their value every season in the bound volume, whilst ETCHINGS will never grow old. Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question, to one who can read it well, furnishes an inexhaustible fund of amusement for the family or social circle. We advise everybody to buy the first volume, and to buy it of the nearest newsdealer. It only costs two dollars and a half. If you have the back numbers of the MONTHLY you can get the cover of the newsdealer for fifty cents, or we will send it to you by mail, postage-paid, but at your risk; any binder can insert the numbers at a trifling cost.

We have printed a small *carte de visite* portrait of MacDonald—to which we have appended an advertisement of the MONTHLY. It is an accurate likeness from a photograph, presenting a different view of the face from frontispiece in this number. We will send a package of fifty to any address on receipt of ten cents.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PULPIT.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD has prepared a spirited and good-natured protest against Mr. Wilkinson's "Bondage of the Pulpit," which presents forcibly his side of the question, and which we shall publish in the June number. It is not controversial, but it gives expression, undoubtedly, to the views of many of our clerical readers who felt themselves treated with undeserved severity by Mr. Wilkinson's pen.

KURTZ'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

WE take pleasure in calling attention to our portraits in this number of the magazine. Those of Durand and Huntington are from photographs taken by Mr. Kurtz (No. 872 Broadway), whose pictures are unrivaled for their extreme delicacy of gradation, their rich and strong effects, and wonderful sharpness in detail. Mr. Kurtz, besides, possesses the unusual faculty of so posing his subject as to get the very best result from every sitter.

THE NEW YORK TIMES may be called a model American newspaper. Independent and judicious in its treatment of social questions, reliable in all matters of news, and aiming at a national circulation, it is a welcome visitor in every household that has become acquainted with its merits.

THE INDEPENDENT, under its new management, has certainly surpassed anything hitherto known in religious journalism, in its array of contributors. With Whittier, Bryant, Phoebe Cary, and W. C. Wilkinson among its poets, Mr. Colfax, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Morrill, and Mr. Wilson leading in its discussion of public questions; Dr. Bushnell, Merle D'Aubigné, Père Hyacinthe, Bishop Huntington, Theodore Cuyler, Dr. John Hall, Gilbert Haven, and a host of worthy co-laborers representing all departments and shades of Protestantism, and reckoning among its miscellaneous writers Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Howe, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Swishelm, and other eminent writers too numerous to name, it really presents the most remarkable combination of attractions and excellencies that can possibly be had in a weekly paper. The INDEPENDENT has done some great things in the past, but with a personal knowledge of its leading editorial forces, under the new management, it is entirely legitimate for us to conclude and predict that the great history of the paper lies in the future.

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK—(how pleasantly suggestive the title is!)—in its issue of the 16th of March, contains two handsome cartoon engravings, "Content" and "Discontent," which are far more effective in their satire on a certain phase of the "Woman Question" than anything else we remember to have seen. The publishers promise a specimen number of the paper free, and we advise everybody to send for this number, at 27 Beekman street, New York.

THE ADMIRERS OF GEORGE MACDONALD, "the Walter Scott of this generation," will be glad to see the "Scottish American," a live Scotch-American newspaper. Send for a specimen number.

THE MAIL, one of the best of our evening papers, appeals to our readers with a most attractive programme.

HON. JAMES C. TAYLOR, of Richmond, Va., Attorney-General of the State, will continue to practice in the U. S. and State Courts at Richmond, and also in Montgomery and Floyd Counties.

AMERICANS GOING TO EUROPE will find letters of credit from the well-known house of Jay Cooke & Co., available all over the world.

MR. RUTHLING's boarding-house at Stuttgart in Germany, is warmly recommended by Dr. Charles Munde, formerly of Northampton, Mass. Refer to the advertisement on another page.

LADIES, try Milward's needles and Clark's thread.

THE U. S. PIANO is sent on trial for \$200. See advertisement.

LIFE INSURANCE.—It seems to be the fashion of the hour to rail at Life Insurance Companies, mainly, it would seem, because they have been too successful. We commend the exhibit of THE MUTUAL LIFE on our fourth cover page to the candid consideration of all thoughtful readers.

REAL ESTATE AT CHICAGO.—One of the most efficient agents to buy or sell Real Estate, and make loans at Chicago, is D. K. Pearson (Methodist Church Block). Mr. Pearson is favorably known in business circles at the East, and is not only a man of integrity and energy, but also of good judgment.

SOAP is one of the emblems of advanced civilization, entirely unknown among savage tribes. The latest advance in this direction seems to be the carboic acid soaps. This new agent, carboic acid, so destructive to insect life, promises to become a blessing to the human race, in a great variety of ways.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW LOAN is advertised in the present number of the Monthly. No one can claim to be a well-informed person who does not take the trouble to read and understand this advertisement.

PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The energy with which the building of this great thoroughfare is being pushed forward is an added guarantee of its early completion and its wise management. We learn from the financial agents of the road, Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., that, at the present date, the grading is nearly finished for 266 miles, from Lake Superior, through Central Minnesota, to the eastern border of Dakota; trains are running over 130 miles of completed track; the Mississippi River is bridged at Brainerd, and once more joined to the Lakes, by rail, and track-laying is rapidly progressing westward. By September next, trains will run to the Red River, and the grading will probably be far advanced toward the Great Bend of the Missouri River in Central Dakota.

In the meantime work has been commenced the present season on the Pacific coast; a large force of men is already employed in the valley of the Columbia River, in Washington Territory, and hereafter the work of construction will be pushed both eastward and westward, toward the centre, with such rapidity as the best interests of the road may justify.

Including its purchase of the St. Paul and Pacific road, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has 413 miles of road now in operation, and before the close of the present season the length of finished track will be at least 560 miles. The new highway to the Pacific is being constructed at the lowest cost compatible with first-class work.

BOOKS.

A complete set of the works of Charlotte Brontë, including her Poems and Life, in seven volumes, bound in green cloth with flexible covers, has been issued in London, and is for sale by Scribner, Welford & Co., of New York. Price \$1.25 per volume.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S GUIDE BOOK, advertised in another column, promises to supply a real want of a large and enterprising class of business men.

MOTHERS who want to keep their boys at home evenings, will find the *Wonder Books* of Chas. Scribner & Co. a never-failing source of delight and instruction. They should be kept out of the way of the fathers, lest they sigh to become boys again, and grow unhappy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Topics of the Time. By JAS. PARTON. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

Heartsease; or, the Brother's Wife. By Miss YONGE. 2 vols. Illustrated Edition. D. Appleton & Co. New York.

Blue Jackets; or, The Adventures of J. Thompson, A.B., Among the Heathen Chinee. A nautical novel. By EDWARD GREY. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Light at Eventide. A Compilation of Choice Religious Hymns and Poems. By the author of *Chimes for Childhood*, &c., &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

Travels in Central America, including Accounts of some Regions unexplored since the Conquest. From the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morlet. By Mrs. M. F. SQUIER. Introduction and Note by E. G. SQUIER. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams.

Roman Imperialism. Lectures and Essays. By J. R. SEELEY, M.A. Author of "Ecce Homo." Boston: Roberts Bros.

The Revelation of John, with notes, critical, explanatory, and practical, designed for both pastor and people. By Rev. HENRY COWLES, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Across America and Asia. Notes of a five years' journey around the world, and of residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. By RAPHAEI PUMFELLY. 5th ed., revised. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Episodes and Lyric Fancies. By ROBT. K. WEEKS. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Southland Writers. By IDA RAYMOND. Phila.: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. a vols.

Hans Breitmann as an Uhlan, with other new ballads. By CHAS. GODFREY LELAND. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bro.

The Kingdom of Heaven, What it is and Where it is. By JESSE H. JONES. Pub. by the author. For sale by Noyes, Holmes & Co. and Henry Hoyt & Co. Boston.

The Silent Partner. By ELIZABETH STUART PHILPS. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

Ad Fidem; or, Parish Evidences of the Bible. By E. F. BURR, D.D., author of *Ecce Cælum*. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

The Sisters of Orleans. A tale of Race and Social Conflict. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Ghardia; or, Ninety Days among the Beni Masah. Adventures in the Oasis of the Desert of Sahara. By G. NAPIER, M.D., A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. London: S. Low, Son & Marston.

Gutenberg. The Art of Printing. By EMILY C. PEARSON. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

Daisy Maynard's Four Promises. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros.

What Shawney did to the Light-House. By S. J. PRIGHARD. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros.

The Broken Bud; or, Reminiscences of a Bereaved Mother. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros.

Science, Philosophy and Religion. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By JOHN BASCOM. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The Story of my Life. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Success and its Conditions. By EDWIN P. WHIFFLE. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

M. or N., Similia Similibus Curantur. By J. G. WHYTE MELVILLE. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Press Comments on G. P. Putnam & Sons' New Books.

"One of the most attractive and useful of the recent French publications in the department of popular science is the work of M. Elisée Reclus, issued in Paris under the title of 'La Terre.' This work, with all its colored maps and profuse illustrations, has been published in England under the title of 'The Earth: A Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe,' translated and edited by Mr. Woodward, of the British Museum, and published in two octavo volumes. By arrangement with the London publishers it is issued simultaneously in the same form by G. P. Putnam & Sons. It is uniform with the very popular work of M. Guillemin, entitled 'The Heavens,' of which Messrs. Putnam and Messrs. Scribner & Co. are the American publishers. The same house have also ready a new edition of Capt. Bell's new 'Tracks in North America,' in one large volume, copiously illustrated."

"Prof. John Bascom, of Williams College, has completed a new work, entitled 'Science, Philosophy, and Religion,' including a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston, published by Putnam & Sons, uniform with his 'Psychology.' This theme—the relations of Science to Religion—is claiming more and more the attentive study of all thoughtful persons; and perhaps there are few persons better qualified than Prof. Bascom to present it in a broad and philosophical, yet reverential spirit, in a clear, commonsense style, and with logical ability."

"G. P. Putnam & Sons will shortly add to their series of Standard Historical Works a new edition of Hume's 'History of England,' complete in three volumes, large 12mo, uniform with their edition of Gibbon. This series of important books in economical editions, is published in connection with Alex. Murray & Sons of London, and now comprises Evelyn's 'Diary and Memoirs;' Pepys's 'Diary and Memoirs;' Aiken's 'Court of Queen Elizabeth;' Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' and other English classics worthy of all good libraries—printed in a compact form, with legible type, but less expensive than any former editions of these works."

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames' notable work, 'Eirene; or, A Woman's Right: a Story of New England,' so long expected, is now nearly ready for publication; but it depends wholly on the author. Mrs. Ames' card explains the delay as being caused by no fault of the publishers. Extraordinary and genuine interest has been manifested in this story in every part of the country, and the publishers have received a very large number of urgent inquiries as to its publication. The portion which appeared in Putnam's Magazine will be completed for the subscribers in a supplementary pamphlet. The latter part of the work is said to be full of lively incident.

The *New York Independent* said of the early chapters:

"Here is at last something that promises to be a genuine American novel, racy of the soil, and yet of such high universal interest as to claim adoption into the general literature of the English language."

The *Evening Post* remarks that

"The sketch of Buxyville has never been exceeded as a description of life in a New-England town."

Mr. Parke Godwin's admirable papers, collected in a handsome volume and named "Out of the Past," should not be overlooked in these days when very thin literature spreads over so great a surface.

Such a book as this gives a great amount of solid and wholesome intellectual food, and is appetizing besides.

The estimates of this volume by some of the critics are given on another page.

Dayard Taylor's last novel, "Joseph and His Friend," has reached the fourth edition. A Western critic thinks that "This quiet and characteristic story of Pennsylvania life is by far the best novel of the season."

"Dr. Naphegyi, a Hungarian gentleman, who published, a few years ago, a sumptuous folio, 'Album of Language,' and is the author of a book on Algiers, entitled 'Among the Arabs,' publishes (through Messrs. Putnam & Sons) a new book of African travel, of fresh and novel interest. It is called 'Ghardana' (the name of a place in the Oasis in the Desert), and is a record of travels across the Atlas Mountains, and of ninety days' adventure in the Great Desert of Sahara. This picture of life in regions rarely visited by Europeans, and where the thermometer often touches 130 degrees, is a curious contrast to the recent very readable account, by Kennan, of the Arctic deserts in a temperature of 60 degrees below zero. This latter book ('Test Life in Siberia') has reached a fifth edition."

The "Student's Own Speaker," by Paul Reeves, which forms the first of the Handy-Book Series, is notable among other points in giving "a great deal for the money." The amount of matter in this book, which is in clear and neat, though small type, fully equals that in other books of twice the size and cost. It contains many new pieces not to be found in any of the school text-books. It aims to meet the wants of a large number outside of the school-room, while it is also well adapted for school use.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* says of it:

"The general rules laid down and the suggestions thrown out are excellent, while the pieces furnished for declamation are well chosen. The book is one deserving a wide circulation."

Another good authority says:

"We have never before seen a collection so admirably adapted for its purpose. Prose and verse, humor, eloquence, description, alliteration, burlesque discourse of every kind. . . . For schools, clubs, and freetime amusement, it will be found an almost inexhaustible source of entertainment. . . . The instruction . . . is sensible and practical."

The late Mrs. Hawthorne's Journal and letters from England and Italy are re-issued in a revised edition, and will now be read with new interest—especially as they serve as a counterpart and complement to the English and Italian note books of her husband, the famous novelist—"the most profound and original of all American writers."

"The Unity of Italy" is the title of a handsome volume issued by Putnam & Sons. It includes all the addresses delivered at the recent great meeting at the Academy of Music, and a large number of letters and essays by eminent men—statesmen, theologians, and authors—relating to the history and progress of Italy. Some of these letters and essays are carefully elaborate in their details, and the volume will be of permanent historical interest.

By arrangement with Messrs. Trubner & Co. of London, Messrs. Putnam & Sons, will issue an American edition of a capital book for boys and young men, entitled "The Young Mechanic," by the author of "The Lathe and its Uses." It is a book to delight thousands of ingenious youths who have a "mechanical turn of mind," and only need a little practical instruction to become very good amateur (if not professional) carpenters and cabinet-makers. The American edition will be specially prepared for use in this country.

OUT OF THE PAST: LITERARY AND POLITICAL ESSAYS.

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"Few men have held a better position before the country as a powerful thinker, a forcible writer, an agreeable lecturer, and an accomplished editor, than Parke Godwin."

—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

"The whole book is richly worth reading. It is strong, masculine writing. As English prose it will compare favorably with the best of its time."—*N. Y. Times.*

"We know of no better model for young writers than the nervous English of Mr. Godwin, whose treatment ennobles whatever theme he touches. . . . The paper on Journalism should be read by every man who would comprehend the office and duty of the editor."—*College Courier.*

"The reader will find in this volume the fruit of ripe learning and profound meditation, enlivened by the fire of a manly enthusiasm and an honest passion for what is good and true."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"A noble volume of essays is Parke Godwin's 'Out of the Past.' When he publishes a book, we may be sure that it is not only worth having, but that it is among the best of its kind."—*Cincinnati Evening Chronicle.*

"No one can read these essays without pleasure, nor without gathering a mass of information at once valuable and entertaining."—*New Orleans Times.*

"In reading Mr. Godwin's papers we are not being informed by a passive and receptive guide, a mere medium of the understandings of other men; we are companioned by a peer of the popular masters of modern thought. As an essayist Mr. Godwin is not so ingenious and fanciful as Lowell; as a writer, not so original and unexpected as Ruskin; not so bold, terse, and graphic as Carlyle. But he is larger in aim, more judicious and genial and generous than either of the three writers we have mentioned. Not so exclusively literary as the first, more philosophical than the

second, less brusque, and with more faith in democracy than the last. . . . In Mr. Godwin's writings we discover a liberal and well equipped mind, a large breadth, so to speak, and a fervid and earnest statement of the most beautiful elements and of the most sacred bonds of man and society."

—*Louisville Commercial.*

"Parke Godwin is one of the most eminent of our journalistic literary men. For the last forty years he has been engaged in the earnest work of his profession. He labored for many years in the management of the *New York Evening Post*. He has contributed largely to the various magazines and reviews of the day, and his articles have been marked by unusual accuracy, learning, and vigor. He has deservedly attained high rank among the small class of intellectual, industrious, upright, and independent editors, who, acknowledging no allegiance to any power but right, have aimed to maintain and assert what they have considered truth, in spite of all opposition.

"He has lately gathered into a volume, published in elegant style by G. P. Putnam & Sons, of New York, a number of his essays upon various subjects that very forcibly illustrate these two peculiar traits of his literary powers. It is called 'Out of the Past,' and consists chiefly of historical and critical papers of permanent value and interest. They deserve, too, additional consideration, from the fact that they are what the author himself considers the best of his productions. No one can read them without enjoying the promise, given in the preface, that another volume is to follow, containing papers upon social and political topics."

"The critical essays in this volume are models of sound judgment, clear analysis, and felicity of expression. The reader will find here a master of the craft, who, in writing upon Goethe, Thackeray, Ruskin, Emerson, and Alison, gives something more than the titles of their works, a few facts of their external lives and vague and meaningless adjectives like charming, fine, brilliant, &c. The papers upon historical subjects, comprising a summary of the 'Events of the Past Half Century,' and a comprehensive statement of the 'Causes of the French Revolution,' are equally powerful and correct."

—*Extracts from a long review in the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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